THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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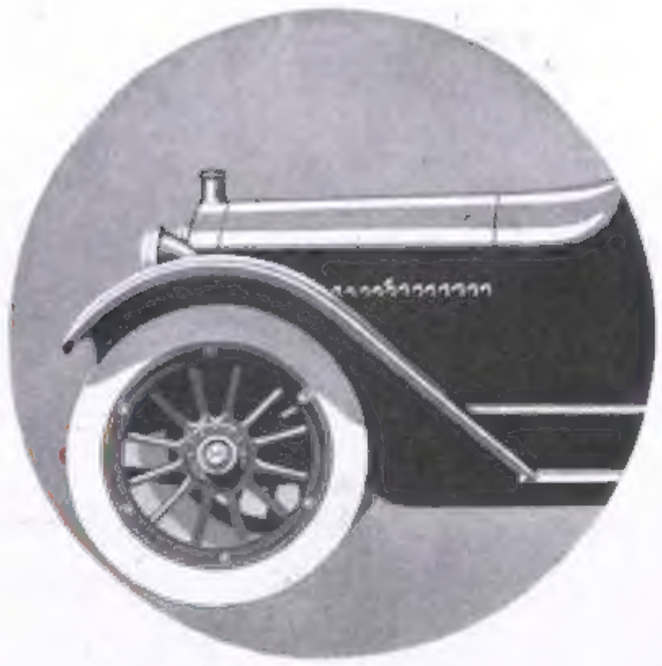
Found[illegible] B[illegible] Franklin

JULY 15, 1916 — 5cts. THE COPY

In This Number

KATE, OR UP FROM THE DEPTHS—By Harry Leon Wilson. THE OTHER UNIT—By Corra Harris

Hupmobile



ON New York's Fort George Hill; on Denver's Lookout Mountain; on Philadelphia's Tam-o'-Shanter; on Seattle's Coon Hollow Hill; in Florida's "ball-bearing" sand; in Louisiana's mud and Kansas' "gumbo"; on California's stiffest climbs—*side by side with cars of every type*—the Hupmobile is proving itself the superior of most, and the equal of any, in power-performance and high-gear work.

It is doing so in actual demonstration demanded by those who invest their good money in motor cars.

And it is showing that the boasted good points of multi-cylinder performance are simply the good points of Hupmobile performance.

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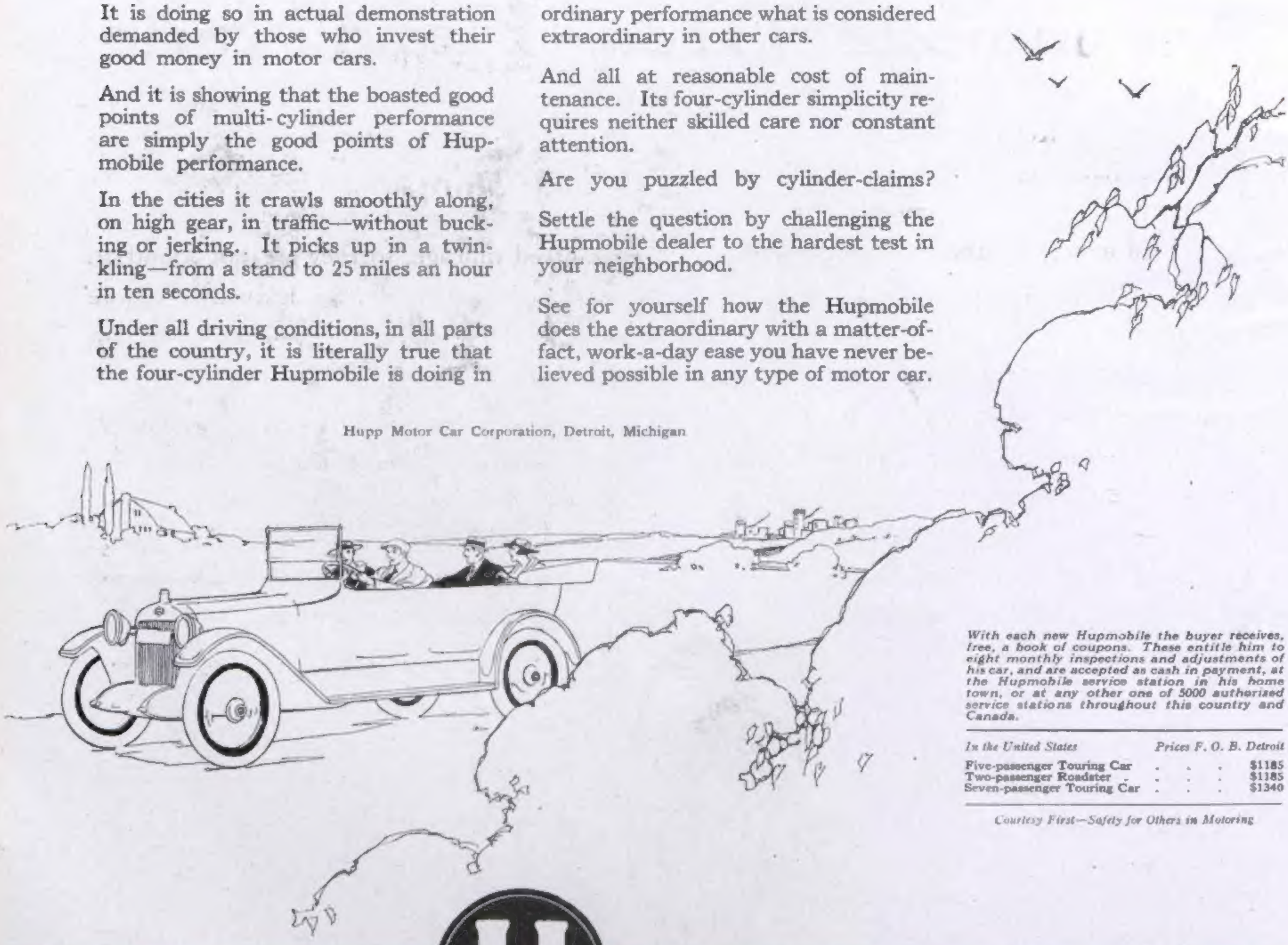
See for yourself how the Hupmobile does the extraordinary with a matter-of-fact, work-a-day ease you have never believed possible in any type of motor car.

Hupp Motor Car Corporation, Detroit, Michigan



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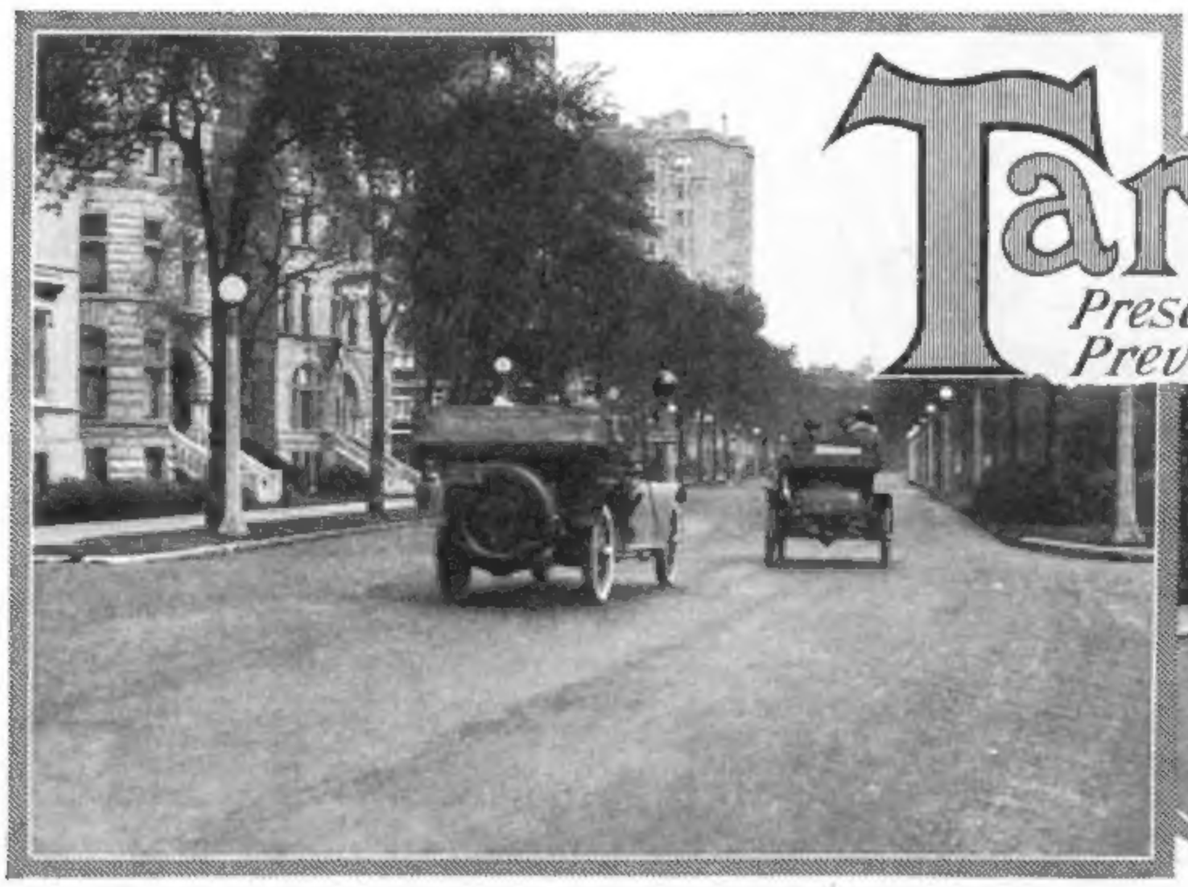
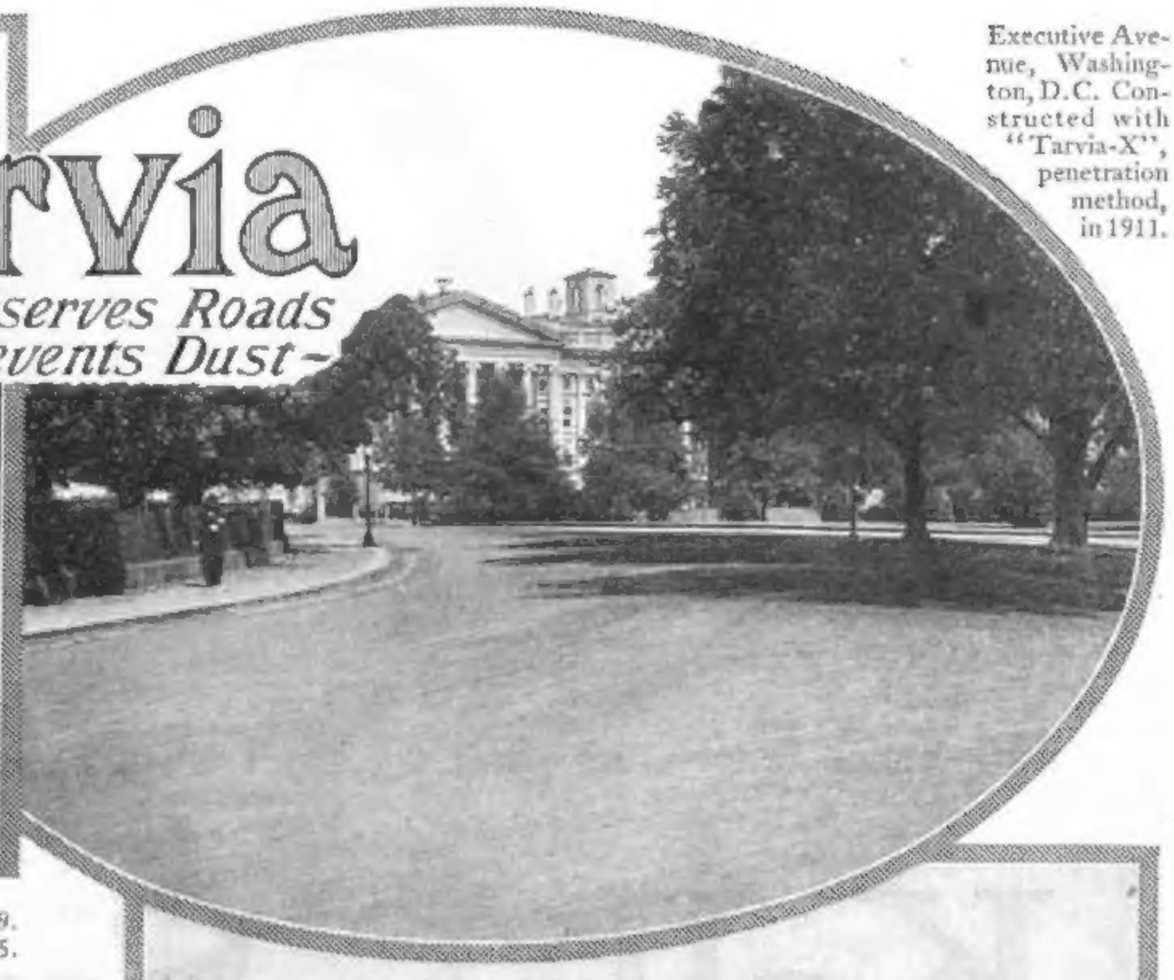
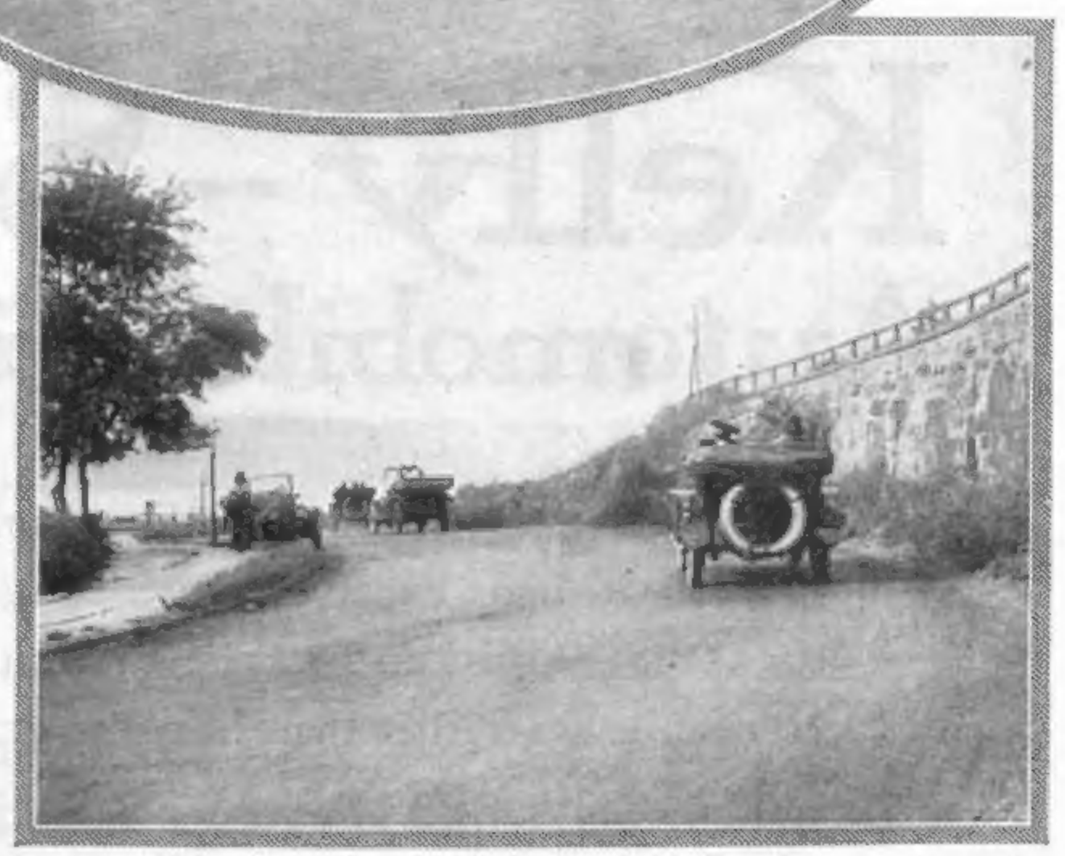


Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Ill. Constructed with "Tarvia-X" in 1909. Surfaced with "Tarvia-A" in 1915.

Tarvia
Preserves Roads Prevents Dust



Executive Avenue, Washington, D.C. Constructed with "Tarvia-X", penetration method, in 1911.



Riverside Drive, New York City. Treated with "Tarvia-B".

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TARVIA roads are to be found all over the country—hundreds of miles of them!

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State roads in many States, branching from the great cities, have been treated or built with Tarvia. Here you'll find no dust and no mud.

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The Lake Shore Drive of Chicago is another. You may know its national fame for it is one of Chicago's famous roadways.

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THE OTHER UNIT—By Corra Harris

Represented by the National Federation of Women's Clubs

PHOTO. BY PAUL THOMPSON, NEW YORK CITY

The State Presidents of the Federation of Women's Clubs

A MOVING picture of American life during the month of May, 1916, would have shown the United States House of Representatives and Senate in session at Washington; a preparedness parade of a hundred and forty thousand people marching along Fifth Avenue; sixty thousand workingwomen locked out of the cloak and garment factories downtown; the usual murder trial of a degenerate going on in the New York courts; Shaksperean pageants in various cities; a monster gathering of Christian ministers at Saratoga; a Peace Conference at Washington; and a political campaign, in which a candidate for the presidential nomination was kicking up much patriotic dust. And, far off, on the borders of Mexico, United States troops were massing, crossing and recrossing the Rio Grande, in search of a lone bandit. Between these spotlights and dark shadows the people were attending as usual to the real business of protecting, preserving and provisioning the country.

Builders were building, laborers were earning, farmers were producing and merchants were selling.

The Government at Washington was wrangling over Army and Navy appropriations. The sixty thousand garment workers were facing starvation. The Christian ministers were defining the limits of their Christianity by deciding that certain amusements were immoral and must remain under the ban, and that women should not have what belonged to them—laity rights in church government. The Shaksperean pageants were only splashes of color between sordid scenes. President Wilson was not really addressing the Peace League: he was announcing his candidacy for two exalted positions, with an expression of convictions and ideals suited to both—that of the next President of the United States and that of mediator between the belligerent Powers of Europe. The patriotic dust raised by the other candidate was not so patriotic as it was prudential. And the lone bandit on the Mexican border was not so much a bandit as he was a nit of the desert, sent forth to breed trouble.

Meantime the daily press was giving more space to the murder trial of the degenerate than it gave to any of these matters. The illustrated supplements of the Sunday papers were devoted chiefly to war pictures, to scenes from pageants, to society women in fancy-dress costumes or exhibiting prize poodles. The average citizen seldom figures in the papers unless he commits a crime that takes him out of the average class, and the useful woman is rarely photographed for the pictorial Sunday supplement, because she is not ornamental. She never had a fancy-dress costume, and she does not keep a prize dog. She is the Monday-morning product of everyday life.

Now it happened on a Monday morning in this same month of May that twenty thousand useful American women began to arrive in New York. They came from every state in the Union. They filled the hotels and crowded the streets. They represented two and a half million useful American women, and they had come to attend the Biennial Convention of the National Federation of Women's Clubs.

This body represents the Other Unit in American civilization, a unit no less actively engaged in determining the character, quality and ideals of this civilization than the Government at Washington. It is in the pioneer stage of development, without salaries for its representatives, without a treasury from which to make appropriations—like the first governing bodies of this republic, when representatives made up in actual service what they lacked in funds for appropriations.

PHOTO. BY PAUL THOMPSON, NEW YORK CITY

Mrs. Josiah Cowles, the New President of the Federation

The opening of a women's convention is a drastic affair, which reflects severely upon the intelligence of its members. When the delegates began to arrive at the Seventh Regiment Armory, where the meetings were to be held on Tuesday morning, each one was seized by the arm, sometimes by both arms, and conducted through the various forms and formalities until she stood trembling or defiant before the chairman of the Credentials Committee.

Here she underwent a rigid examination. If there was the slightest error in her credentials she was not allowed to sit in the convention as a delegate, though she might have traveled a thousand miles at her own expense for this purpose. If no fault could be found with her credentials she was asked whether they really were hers. If she was able to control her indignation, and vow she had not borrowed or taken them from someone else, she was given a badge and again conducted by the arm or arms from this chamber of inquisition. Intelligent, experienced women were not permitted to show that they could walk alone through the various ceremonies of matriculating as delegates, which was galling to the pride of many, especially of the Western women, who have passed the kindergarten period in civic life.

My own feeling is that this leading of delegates was mistaken zeal. But when one considers that many women attended this convention who were almost recklessly ignorant of how to conduct themselves at a convention, it may

be excused. However, those who witnessed the long procession of prospective delegates, supported on each side by guides, will never forget the impression it gave of feminine helplessness, an impression not justified by the amazing ability of these delegates to act and take care of themselves later on in the political maneuvers of the convention.

There was a farmer's wife, for example, who appeared before the Credentials Committee like a poor old sheep led to the slaughter. Her hair was drawn back and skewered up on top of her head like a very small, gray pincushion. She had a hard, high, red forehead, deeply furrowed with dutiful wrinkles; a turned-up nose; and a mouth puckered to a house-cleaning severity. She wore a cheap white muslin shirt waist and a black skirt. She stood before the Credentials Committee, with a guide holding an arm on each side. She was leaning backward, her feet planted firmly at the angle of antagonism, and she glared at the chairman as if that august lady had been a skillet of sputtering, frying bacon on a red-hot fire.

Later I saw this woman marshal the whole delegation from her state in one corner of the Armory and address them privately. Nobody but the delegation knows what she said, but the next day they voted solidly for one of the candidates for the presidency of the Federation, and the little old farmer's wife, still wearing the same shirt waist and skirt, looked almost blessed—she was so well satisfied.

The sense of duty in women is stronger than the sense of responsibility; for a duty is a little daily deed that you can do with your two hands, but the sense of responsibility is a mental attitude that you have toward life, which you cannot accomplish in a lifetime.

On the night of the formal opening of the convention these women demonstrated their sense of duty. They all came—delegates, alternates, visitors, presidents and officers—twenty thousand of them. They were serious about the performance of this duty. No theaters or Broadway lights for them!

If anyone has ever seen twenty thousand serious, middle-aged, dutiful women trying to get in through one door while ten policemen guarded it, that one may have some conception of the scene enacted at the entrance of the Armory on this evening. The only excited persons present were the policemen looking down into the placid, patient faces of those useful women. There was no noise, no fussing—merely the steady forward pressure of rank upon rank against the barriers.

Policing the Whispering Delegates

AT THE door of the convention hall every woman was required to remove her hat, which was a hardship. When you consider how much money twenty thousand women had spent for hats, they might have been permitted to wear them as far as the seats, which is the usual custom.

To see a hall nearly two city blocks in length filled with perfectly silent women is a spectacle that has not often been witnessed in this world. Even then, it appeared that there was not enough silence. Young girls passed up and down the aisles holding placards above their heads upon which was written the last word of all mankind—Silence! Women stood at equal distances along the aisles to insure order and to prevent any restless delegate from getting up and changing her seat. Probably never before in this country, or in any other country, has there been such an exhibition of still life in femininity.

It was a good time to observe the character and quality of the convention. Most of the women had gray hair and young eyes. Most of them were well dressed. Useful women can look very handsome in their convention clothes. And they all had that experienced expression of long patience peculiar to gray-haired women, complemented by a kind of weakness-to-know-more look, peculiar to women who wish to do right, but in any case to do! This latter quality scarcely went with the petrified state they were now in; and others, no doubt, besides this writer, wondered how long they would hold that unnatural note of silence and inertia.

PHOTO. BY PAUL THOMPSON, NEW YORK CITY

The Party at Mrs. Belmont's

The moment the presiding officer began to speak we discovered a sad misfortune. The acoustics of the hall were very bad.

During the next ten days many efforts were made to correct this defect, and from first to last no one hinted that the fault might lie in the treble of the feminine voice.

I do not know whether it was because they could not hear what was being said, or whether it was due to the fact that useful women cannot remain long in a state of intellectual coma; but the fact is that before the exercises were half over thousands of women began to leave the hall. In vain was the Silence! placard waved up and down the aisles. They had been silent long enough. They wished to whisper, and they did whisper. They wished to go, and they did go. The presiding officer ordered the doors of the hall to be closed. That made no difference. They moved out, massed and remassed before the closed doors. They would not "be seated." Every one of them, after the manner of useful women, remembered something she had to do or something she had forgotten on the other side of that door.

The next night soldiers from the Seventh Regiment patrolled the aisles; and the officers, looking like light-blue bumblebees with too many gold bands round them, undertook to keep order in the convention. They kept order, but they could not keep the women. The moment that duty-doing feeling came over them to go and do something they got up and went out to do it.

On the third day there was open mutiny. The delegates expressed their feelings and their objections to the drastic discipline and the methods employed for governing this convention. It was reported that a Western woman used strong language. The word quoted, however, may be found in the best Anglo-Saxon literature and many times in the Holy Scriptures; and the circumstances under which she pronounced it undoubtedly justified a frugal use of strong language.

"In Chicago we really had a convention, not a funeral," said one Illinois delegate. "The great wealth of the rich and the extreme poverty of the poor in the East tends to the development of the military spirit, which is throttling this convention. In the West we have a democracy and a sense of liberty, because there is less difference in social conditions—not so much wealth and not so much poverty."

A better explanation of the inelasticity of the convention may be found. Men discovered men long ago, and women discovered men long before that; but women have only recently discovered women as a unit. Therefore, they do not know how to manage the unit. They are devoted students of parliamentary law, but they employ it too often and too literally, like illiterate people trying to learn what literature is by studying the best writers and speakers, and never daring to use their own judgment apart from the printed canons of this art. So, too much energy of the convention went into the effort to preserve all the rules and regulations of the organization to the very letter of parliamentary law.

There is no such thing as a government for the people by the people. That is the name of an ideal. Still, men will always approach this ideal nearer than women can afford to come, because men have in themselves a more elastic sense of personal liberty. This writer once attended a State Democratic Convention where a delegate, inspired by the spirit—or spirits—of his party leaped into the aisle and danced a hornpipe, accompanied by the chorus of the convention. And she once attended a Republican State Convention where the chairman defended himself with the chair literally in a free-for-all fight. Far be it from me to recommend such unseemly conduct for a woman's convention. Still, there is a healthy element of the mob spirit in all democratic bodies, which women lack; and for this reason they will never find out in an open meeting what the unit thinks. On the one or two occasions when there was an open discussion of questions, it was not really an open discussion, but the names of the delegates who were permitted to take part in it were printed on the programs.

Parliamentary Rules Like Children's Scales

ALL this was primitive, inadequate; and if this Biennial Convention served no other purpose than to show how tight women can make a governing organization and then strangle it with parliamentary rules, it must be called an unqualified failure. But if you want to understand, instead of making a joke of the thing, it is easy and honest to do so. Women are, about the practice of parliamentary rules, as a little girl is about practicing her scales on the piano when she takes her first music lessons. She counts her one-two-three-four carefully, and comes down hard on the four, and she loses the rhythm of the thing, because she has not yet got the use of her fingers. But give her time and she may become an accomplished musician. So these women who thump out their rules and regulations so awkwardly and conscientiously are taking the right method to become a good governing force.

PHOTO. BY PAUL THOMPSON, NEW YORK CITY

The Ushers at the Convention and Their Silence Signs

There is a general impression abroad that club women devote themselves to the study of poetry, art, music, classical literature and other ornamental furnishings of the futilely feminine mind. And it is a fact that for years they were sadly involved in the Encyclopædia Britannica, digging up material for club papers; and they reveled like deaf-and-dumb idiots among the poets. But, again, it is easy to understand if you are willing to be honest. When women start they always start at the mystical top, somewhere in the poetic region of illusions, and work down to the dingy facts of everyday life. They have a mind like Saturn, with luminous rings round it. But this is not a deformity. It is

(Continued on Page 48)

Kate; or, Up From the Depths

By HARRY LEON WILSON

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

THIS day I fared abroad with Ma Pettengill over wide spaces of the Arrowhead Ranch. Between fields along the river bottom were gates distressingly crude; clumsy, hingeless panels of board fence, which I must dismount and lift about by sheer brawn of shoulder. Such gates combine the greatest weight with the least possible exercise of man's inventive faculties, and are named, not too subtly, the Armstrong gate. This, indeed, is the American beauty of ranch humor, a flower of imperishable fragrance handed to the visitor—who does the lifting—with guarded drollery or triumphant snicker, as may be. Buck Devine or Sandy Sawtelle will achieve the *mot* with an aloof austerity that abates no jot unto the hundredth repetition; while Lew Wee, Chinese cook of the Arrowhead, fails not to brighten it with a nervous giggle, impairing its vocal correctness, moreover, by calling it the "Armcatchum" gate.

"Brother Started to Yell 'Yeicks! Yeicks!' But Ma Shut Him Off With a Good Deal of Severity"

Ma Pettengill was more versatile this day. The first gate I struggled with she called Armstrong in a manner dryly descriptive; for the second she managed a humorous leer to illumine the term; for the third, secured with a garland of barbed wire that must be painfully untwisted, she employed a still broader humor. Even a child would then have known that calling this criminal device the Armstrong gate was a joke of uncommon richness.

As I remounted, staunching the inevitable wound from barbed wire, I began to speak in the bitterly superior tones of an efficiency expert as we traversed a field where hundreds of white-faced Herefords were putting on flesh to their own ruin. I said to my hostess that I vastly enjoyed lifting a hundred-pound gate—and what was the loss of a little blood between old friends, even when aggravated by probable tetanus germs? But had she ever paused to compute the money value of time lost by her henchmen in dismounting to open these clumsy makeshifts? I suggested that, even appraising the one reliable ranch joke in all the world at a high figure, she would still profit considerably by putting in gates that were gates, in place of contrivances that could be handled ideally only by a retired weight lifter in barbed-wire proof armor.

I rapidly calculated, with the seeming high regard for accuracy that marks all efficiency experts, that these wretched devices cost her twenty-eight cents and a half each *per diem*. Estimating the total of them on the ranch at one hundred, this meant to her a loss of twenty-eight dollars and a half *per diem*. I used *per diem* twice to impress the woman. I added that it was pretty slipshod business for a going concern, supposing—sarcastically now—that the Arrowhead was a going concern. Of course, if it were merely a toy for the idle rich ——

She had let me talk, as she will now and then, affecting to be engrossed with her stock.

"Look at them white-faced darlings!" she murmured. "Two years old and weighing eleven hundred this minute if they weigh a pound!"

Then I saw we approached a gate that amazingly was a gate. Hinges, yes; and mechanical complications, and a pendant cord on each side. I tugged at one and the gate magically opened. As we passed through I tugged at the other and it magically closed. This was luxury ineffable to one who had labored with things that seemed to be kept merely for the sake of a jest that was never of the best and was staling with use. It would also be, I hoped, an object lesson to my hostess. I performed the simple rite in silence, yet with a manner that I meant to be eloquent, even provocative. It was.

"Oh, sure!" spoke Ma Pettengill. "That there's one of your *per-diem* gates; and there's another leading out of this field, and about six others beyond—all of 'em just as *per diem* as this one; and, also, this here ranch you're on now is one of your going concerns." She chuckled at this and repeated it in a subterranean rumble: "A going concern—my sakes, yes! It moved so fast you could see it go, and now it's went." Noisily she relished this bit of verbal finesse; then permitted her fancy again to trifle with it. "Yes, sir; this here going concern is plumb gone!"

With active malice I asked no question, maintaining a dignified silence as I lightly manipulated a second paragon of gates. The lady now rumbled confidentially to herself, and I caught piquant phrases; yet still I forbore to question, since the woman so plainly sought to intrigue me. Even when we skirted a clump of cottonwoods and came—through another perfect gate—upon a most amazing small collection of ranch buildings, dying of desertion, I retained perfect control of a rising curiosity.

By unspoken agreement we drew rein to survey a desolation that was still immaculate. Stables and outbuildings were trim and new, and pure with paint. All had been swept and garnished; no unsightly litter marred the scene. The house was a suburban villa of marked pretension and would have excited no comment on Long Island. In this valley of the mountains it was nothing short of spectacular. Only one item of decoration hinted an attempt to adapt itself to environment: in the noble stone chimney that reared itself between two spacious wings a branding iron had been embedded. Thus did it proclaim itself to the incredulous hills as a ranch house.

Flowers had been planted along a graveled walk. While I reminded myself that the gravel must have been imported from a spot at least ten miles distant, I was further shocked by discovering a most improbable golf green, in gloomy survival. Then I detected a series of kennels facing a wired dog run. This was overwhelming in a country of simple, steadfast devotion to the rearing of cattle for market.

Ma Pettengill now spoke in a tone that, for her, could be called hushed, though it reached me twenty feet away.

"An art bungalow!" she said, and gazed upon it with seeming awe. Then she waved a quirt to indicate this and the painfully neat outbuildings. "A toy for the idle rich—was that it? Well, you said something. This was one little *per-diem* going concern, all right. They even had the name somewhere round here worked out in yellow flowers—Broadmoor it was. You could read it for five miles when the posies got up. There it is, over on that lawn. You can't read it now because the letters are all overgrown. My Chinaman got delirious about that when he first seen it and wanted me to plant Arrowhead out in front of our house, and was quite hurt when I told him I was just a business woman—and a tired business woman at that. He done what he could, though, to show we was some class. The first time these folks come over to our place to lunch he picked all my pink carnations to make a mat on the table, and spelled out Arrowhead round it in ripe olives, with a neat frame of celery inclosing same. Yes, sir!"

This was too much. It now seemed time to ask questions, and I did so in a winning manner; but so deaf in her backward musing was the woman that I saw it must all come in its own way.

"We got to make up over that bench yet," she said at last; and we rode out past the ideal stable—its natty weather vane forever pointing the wind to the profit of no man—through another gate of superb cunning, and so once more to an understandable landscape, where sane cattle grazed. Here I threw off the depression that comes upon one in places where our humankind so plainly have been and are not. Again I questioned of Broadmoor and its vanished people.

The immediate results were fragmentary, serving to pique rather than satisfy; a series of *hors d'œuvres* that I began to suspect must form the whole repast. On the verge of coherence the woman would break off to gloat over a herd of thoroughbred Durhams or a bunch of sportive Hereford calves or a field teeming with the prized fruits of intermarriage between these breeds. Or she found diversion in stupendous stacks of last summer's hay, well fenced from pillage; or grounds for criticizing the sloth of certain of her henchmen, who had been told as plain as anything that "that there line fance" had to be finished by Saturday; no two ways about it! She repeated the language in which she had conveyed this decision. There could have been no grounds for misunderstanding it.

And thus the annals of Broadmoor began to dribble to me, overlaid too frequently for my taste with philosophic reflections at large upon what a lone, defenseless woman could expect in this world—irrelevant, pointed wonderings as to whether a party letting on he was a good ranch hand really expected to perform any labor for his fifty a month, or just set round smoking his head off and see which could

"The Morning After I Ride Over to Cousin Egbert's to Get a Better Line on the Recent Tragedy"

tell the biggest lie; or mebbe make an excuse for some light job like oiling the twenty-two sets of mule harness over again, when they had already been oiled right after haying.

Furthermore, any woman not a born fool would get out of the business the first chance she got, this one often being willing to sell for a mutilated dollar, except for not wishing financial ruin or insanity to other parties.

Yet a few details definitely emerged. "Her" name was called Posnett, though a party would never guess this if he saw it in print, because it was spelled Postlethwaite. Yes, sir! All on account of having gone to England from Boston and found out that was how you said it, though Cousin Egbert Floud had tried to be funny about it when shown the name in the Red Gap Recorder. The item said the family had taken apartments at Red Gap's premier hotel *de luxe*, the American House; and Cousin Egbert, being told a million dollars was bet that he never could guess how the name was pronounced in English, he up and said you couldn't fool him; that it was pronounced Chumley, which was just like the old smarty—only he give in that he was surprised when told how it really was pronounced; and he said if a party's name was Postlethwaite why couldn't they come out and say so like a man, instead of beating round the bush like that? All of which was promising enough; but then came the Hereford yearlings to effect a breach of continuity.

These being enough admired, I had next to be told that I wouldn't believe how many folks was certain she had retired to the country because she was lazy, just keeping a few head of cattle for diversion—she that had six thousand acres of land under fence, and had made a going concern *per diem of* it for thirty years, even if parties did make cracks about her gates; but hardly ever getting a good night's sleep through having a "passel" of men to run it that you couldn't depend on—though God only knew where you could find any other sort—the minute your back was turned.

A fat, sleek, prosperous male, clad in expensive garments and wearing a derby hat and too much jewelry, became somehow personified in this tirade. I was led to picture him a residuary legatee who had never done a stroke of work in his life, and believed that no one else ever did except from a sportive perversity. I was made to hear him tell her that she, Mrs. Lysander John Pettengill, was leading the ideal life on her country place; and, by Jove! he often thought of doing the same thing himself—get a nice little spot in this beautiful country, with some green meadows, and have bands of large handsome cattle strolling about in the sunlight, so he could forget the world and its strife in the same idyllic peace she must be finding. Or if he didn't tell her this, then he was sure to have a worthless son or nephew that her ranch would be just the place for; and, of course, she would be glad to take him on and make something of him—that is, so the lady now regrettably put it, as he had shown he wasn't worth a damn for anything else, why couldn't she make a cattleman of him?

"Yes, sir; that's what I get from these here visitors that are enchanted by the view. Either they think my ranch is a reform school for poor chinless Chester, that got led away by bad companions and can't say no, or they think, like you said, that it's just a toy for the idle rich. Show 'em a shoe factory or a steel works and they can understand it's a business proposition; but a ranch —— Shucks! They think I've done my day's work when I ride out on a gentle horse and look pleased at the landscape."

Again were we diverted. A dozen alien beeves fed upon the Arrowhead preserves. Did I see that wattle brand—the jug-handle split? That was the Timmins brand—old Safety First Timmins. There must be a break in his fence at the upper end of the field. Made it himself likely. Wouldn't she give the old penny-pincher hell if she had him here? She would, indeed! Continuous muttering of a rugged character for half a mile of jog trot.

Then again:

"Cousin Egbert got all fussed up in his mind about the name and always called her Postle-nut. He don't seem to have a brain for such things. But she didn't mind. I give her credit for that. She was fifty if she was a day, but very, very blond; laboratory stuff, of course. You'd of called her a superblonde, I guess. And haggard and wrinkled in the face; but she took good care of that too—artist's materials.

"You know old Pete—that Indian you see cutting up wood back on the place. Pete took a long look at her and named her the Painted Desert. You always hear say an Indian hasn't got any sense of humor. I don't know; Pete was sure being either a humorist or a poet. However, this here lady handed me a new one about my business. She thought it was merely an outdoor sport. I never could get that out of her head. Even when she left she says she knows it's ripping good sport, but it's such a terrible drain on one's income, and I must be quite mad about ranching to keep it up. I said, yes; I got quite mad about it sometimes, and let it go at that. What was the use?"

A voiceless interval while we climbed a trail to the timbered bench where fence posts were being cut by half a dozen of the Arrowhead forces. Two of these were swiftly detached and bade to repair the break in the fence by which one Timmins was now profiting, the entire six being first regaled with a brief but pithy character analysis of the offender, portraying him as a loathsome biological freak; headless, I gathered, and with the acquisitive instincts of a trade rat.

Then we rounded back on our way to the Arrowhead ranch house. Five miles up the narrowing valley we could see its outposts and its smoke. Far below us the spick-and-span buildings of deserted Broadmoor glittered newly, demanding that I be told more of them. Yet for the five-mile ride I added, as I thought, no item to my slender stock. Instead, when we had descended from the bench and were again in fields where the gates might be opened only by galling effort, I learned apparently irrelevant facts concerning Egbert Floud's pet kitten.

"Yes, sir; he's just like any old maid with that cat. 'Kitty!' here and 'Kitty!' there; and 'Poor Kitty, did I forget to warm its milk?' And so on. It was give to him two years ago by Jeff Tuttle's littlest girl, Irene; and he didn't want it at first, but him and Irene is great friends, so he pretended he was crazy about it and took it off in his overcoat pocket, thinking it would die anyway, because it was only skin and bones. Whenever it tried to purr you'd think it was going to shake all its timbers loose. His house is just over on the other side of Arrowhead Pass there, and I saw the kitten the first day he brought it up, kind of light brown and yellow in color, with some gray on the left shoulder.

"Well, the minute I see these markings I recognized 'em and remembered something, and I says right off that he's got some cat there; and he says how do I know? And I tell him that there kitten has got at least a quarter wild cat in it. Its grandmother, or mebbe its great-grandmother, was took up to the Tuttle Ranch when there wasn't another cat within forty miles, and it got to running round nights; and quite a long time after that they found it with a mess of kittens in a box out in the harness room. One look at their feet and ears was all you'd want to see that their pa was a bobcat. They all become famous fighting characters, and was marked just like this descendant of theirs that Cousin Egbert has. And, say, I was going on like this, not suspecting anything except that I was giving him some interesting news about the family history of this pet of his, when he grabs the beast up and cuddles it, and says I had ought to be ashamed of myself, talking that way about a poor little innocent kitten that never done me a stroke of harm. Yes, sir; he was right fiery.

"I don't know how he come to take it that cross way, for he hadn't thought highly of the thing up to that moment. But someway it seemed to him I was talking scandal about his pet—kind of clouding up its ancestry, if you know what I mean. He didn't seem to get any broad view of it at all. You'd almost think I'd been reporting an indiscretion in some member of his family. Can you beat it? Heating up that way over a puny kitten, six inches from tip to tip, that he'd been thinking of as a pest and only taken to please Irene Tuttle! So he starts in from that minute to doctor it up and nurture it with canned soup and delicacies; and every time I see him after that he'd look indignant and say what great hands for spreading gossip us women are, and his kitten ain't got no more bobcat in its veins than what I have.

"He's a stubborn old toad. Irene had told him the kitten's name was Kate; so he kept right on calling it that even after it become incongruous, as you might say. Judge Ballard was up here on a fishing trip one time and heard him calling it Kate, and he says to Egbert: 'Why call it Kate when it ain't?' Egbert says that was the name little Irene give it and it's too much trouble to think up another. The judge says, Oh, no; not so much trouble, being that he could just change the name swiftly from Kate to Cato, thus meeting all conventional requirements with but slight added labor. But Egbert says there's the sentiment to think of—whatever he meant by that; and if you was to go over there to-day and he was home you'd likely hear him say: 'Yes; Kate is certainly some cat! Why, he's at least half bobcat—mebbe three-quarters; and the fightingest devil!' What's that? Yes; he's changed completely round about the wild-cat strain. He's proud of it. If I was to say now it was only a quarter bob he'd be as mad as he was at first; he says anybody can see it's at least half bob. What changed him? Oh, well, we're too near home. Some other time."

So it befell that not until we sat out for a splendid sunset that evening did I learn in an orderly manner of Postlethwaite vicissitudes. Ma Pettengill built her first cigarette with tender solicitude; and this, in consideration of her day's hard ride, I permitted her to burn in relaxed silence. But when her trained fingers began to combine paper and tobacco for the second I mentioned Broadmoor, Postlethwaite, Posnett, and parties in general that come round the tired business woman, harassed with the countless vexations of a large cattle ranch, telling her how wise she has been to retire to this sylvan quietude, where she can dream away her life in peace. She started easily:

"That's it; they always intimate that running a ranch is mere cream puffs compared to a regular business, and they'd like to do the same thing to-morrow if only they was ready to retire from active life. Mebbe they get the idea from these here back-to-Nature stories about a brokendown bookkeeper, sixty-seven years old, with neuritis and gastric complications and bum eyesight, and a wife that ain't ever seen a well day; so they take every cent of their life savings of eighty-three dollars and settle on an abandoned farm in Connecticut and clear nine thousand dollars the first year raising the Little Giant caper for boiled mutton. There certainly ought to be a law against such romantic trifling. In the first place, think of a Connecticut farmer abandoning anything worth money! Old Timmins comes from Connecticut. Any time that old leech abandons a thing, bookkeepers and all other parties will do well to ride right along with him. I tell you now ——"

The second cigarette was under way, and suddenly, without modulation, the performer was again on the theme Posnett *née* Postlethwaite:

"Met her two years ago in Boston, where I was suffering a brief visit with my son-in-law's aunts. She was the sole widow of a large woolen mill. That's about all I could ever make out—couldn't get any line on him to speak of. The first time I called on her—she was in pink silk pyjamas, smoking a perfecto cigar and unpacking a bale of lion and tiger skins she'd shot in Africa, or some place—she said she believed there would be fewer unhappy marriages in this world if women would only try more earnestly to make a companion of their husbands; she said she'd tried hard to

make one of hers, but never could get him interested in her pursuits and pastimes, he preferring to set sullenly at his desk making money. She said to the day of his death he'd never even had a polo mallet in his hand. And wasn't that pitiful!

"And right now she wanted to visit a snappy little volcano she'd heard about in South America—only she had a grown son and daughter she was trying to make companions of, so they would love and trust her; and they'd begged her to do something nearer home that was less fatiguing; and mebbe she would. And how did I find ranching now? Was I awfully keen about it and was it ripping good sport? I said yes, to an extent. She said she thought it must be ripping, what with chasing the wild cattle over hill and dale to lasso them, and firing off revolvers in company with lawless cowboys inflamed by drink. She went on to give me some more details of ranch life, and got so worked up about it that we settled things right there, she being a lady of swift decisions. She said it wouldn't be very exciting for her, but it might be fine for son and daughter, and bring them all together in a more sacred companionship.

"So I come back and got that place down the creek for her, and she sent out a professional architect and a landscape gardener, and some other experts that would know how to build a ranch *de luxe;* and the thing was soon done. And she sent son on ahead to get slightly acquainted with the wild life. He was a tall, bent thing, about thirty, with a long, squinted face and going hair, and soft, innocent, ginger-colored whiskers, and hips so narrow they'd hardly hold his belt up. That rowdy mother of his, in trying to make a companion of him, had near scared him to death. He was permanently frightened. What he really wanted to do, I found out, was to study insect life and botany and geography and arithmetic, and so on, and raise orchids, instead of being killed off in a sudden manner by his rough-neck parent. He loved to ride a horse the same way a cat loves to ride a going stove.

"I started out with him one morning to show him over the valley. He got into the saddle all right and he meant well, but that don't go any too far with a horse. Pretty soon, down on the level here, I started to canter a bit. He grabbed for the saddle horn and caught a handful of bunch grass fifteen feet on the left of the trail. He was game enough. He found his glasses and wiped 'em off, and said it was too bad the mater couldn't have seen him, because it would have been a bright spot in her life.

"Then he got on again and we took that steep trail up the side of the cañon that goes over Arrowhead, me meaning to please him with some beautiful and rugged scenery, where one false step might cause utter ruin. It didn't work, though. After we got pretty well up to the rim of the cañon he looks down and says he supposes they could recover one if one fell over there. I says: 'Oh, yes; they could recover one. They'd get you, all right. Of course you wouldn't look like anything.'

"He shudders at that and gets off to lead his horse, begging me to do the same. I said I never tried to do anything a horse could do better, and stayed on. Then he got confidential and told me a lot of interesting crimes this mater of his had committed in her mad efforts to make a companion of him. Once she'd tromped on the gas of a ninety-horsepower racer and socked him against a stone wall at a turn some fool had made in the road; and another time she near drowned him in the Arctic Ocean when she was off there for the polar-bear hunting; and she'd got him well clawed by a spotted leopard in India, that was now almost the best skin in her collection; and once in Switzerland he fell off the side of an Alp she was making him climb, causing her to be very short with him all day because it delayed the trip an hour.

"Tied to a rope he was and hanging out there over nothing for about fifteen minutes—he must have looked like a sash weight.

"Then he told about learning to run a motor car all by himself, just to please the mater. The first time he made the sharp turns round their country house he took nine shingles off the corner and crumpled a fender like it was tissue paper; but he stuck to it till he got the score down to two or three shingles only. He seemed right proud of that, like it was bogey for the course, as you might say. He wasn't the greatest humorist in the world, being too high-minded, but he appealed to all my better instincts—he was trying so hard to make the grade, out of respect for his homicidal mother.

"And his poor sister, that come along later, was very much like him, being severe of outline and wearing the same kind of spectacles, and not fussing much about the fripperies of dress that engross so many of our empty-headed sex and get 'em the notice of the male. Her complexion was brutally honest, which was about all her very best-wishers could say for it; but she was kind-hearted and earnest, and thought a good deal about the real or inner meaning of life. What she really yearned for was to stay in Boston and go to concerts, holding the music on her lap and checking off the notes with a gold pencil when the fiddlers played them. I watched her do it one night. I don't know what her notion was, keeping cases on the orchestra that way; but it seemed to give her a secret satisfaction. She was also interested in bird life and other studies of a high character, and she didn't want to be made a companion of by her rabid parent any more than brother did. They was just a couple of lambkins born to a tiger.

"Pretty soon the ranch buildings was all complete and varnished and polished, like you seen to-day, and the family moved in with all kinds of uniformed servants that looked unhappy and desperate. They had a pained butler in a dress suit that never once set foot outside the house the whole five months they was here. He'd of been thought too gloomy for good taste, even at a funeral. He had me nervous every time I went there, thinking any minute he was going to break down and sob.

"And Once in Switzerland He Fell Off the Side of an Alp"

"And this lady loses no time making companions of her children that didn't want to be. First she tried to make 'em chase steers on horseback. A fact! That was one of her ideas of ranch life. When I asked her what she was going to stock her ranch with she said didn't I have some good heads of stock I could sell her? And I said yes, I had some good heads, and showed her a bunch of my thoroughbreds, thinking none but the best would satisfy her. She looked 'em over with a glittering eye and said they was too fat to run well. I didn't get her. I said it was true; I hadn't raised 'em for speed. I said I didn't have an animal on the place that could hit better than three miles an hour, and not that for long. I cheerfully admitted I didn't have a thoroughbred on the place that wouldn't be a joke on any track in the country; but I wanted to know what of it.

"'How do you get any sport out of them,' demands the lady, 'if they can't give you a jolly good chase?'

"That's what she asked me in so many words. I says, does she aim to breed racing cattle? And she says, where will the sport be with creatures all out of condition with fat, like mine are? It took me about ten minutes to get her idea, it was that heinous or criminal. When I did get it I sent her to old Safety First; and what does she do but buy a herd of twenty yearling steers from the old crook! Scrubby little runts that had been raised out in the hills and was all bone and muscle, and anyone of 'em able to do a mile in four minutes flat, I guess.

"Old Safety was tickled to death at first when he put off this refuse on her at a price not much more than double what they would have bring in a tanyard, which was all they'd ever be good for except bone fertilizer, mebbe; but he was sick unto death when he found they was just what she wanted, the skinnier the better, and he could have got anything he asked for 'em. He says to me afterward why don't I train down some of mine and trim her good? But I told him I'm cinched for hell, anyway, and don't have to make it tighter by torturing poor dumb brutes.

"That's what it amounted to. Having got Angora chaps and cowboy hats for herself and offsprings, what do they do but get on ponies and chase this herd all over creation, whirling their ropes, yelling, shooting in the air—just like you see on any well-conducted ranch. Once in a while the old lady herself, being a demon rider, would rope an animal and fetch it down; but brother and sister was very careful not to tangle their own ropes on anything. They didn't shoot their guns with any proper spirit, either; and when they tried to yip like cowboys they sounded like rabbits. And brother having to smoke brown-paper cigarettes, which he hated like poison and had trouble in rolling!

"Mother could roll 'em all right—do it with one hand. And she urged sister to; but sister rebelled for once. The old lady admitted this was due to a fault in her early training. It seems her grandmother had been one of the old-fashioned sort; and, having studied the modern young woman of society in Boston and New York, she'd promised sister a string of pearls if she didn't either smoke or drink till her twenty-first birthday. Sister had not only won the pearls but had come on to twenty-eight without being like other young girls of the day, and wasn't going to begin now. So ma and brother had to do all the smoking.

"After a fine morning's run following the steers they'd like as not have a little branding in the afternoon, the old-fashioned kind that ain't done in the higher ranch circles any more, where a couple of silly punchers rope an animal fore and aft and throw it, thereby setting it back at least four months in its growth. The old lady was puzzled again by me having my branding done in a chute, where the poor things ain't worried more than is necessary. I bet she thought I was a short sport, not doing a thing on my place that would look well in a moving picture. She got a lot of ripping sport out of this branding. Made no difference if they was already branded, they got it again; she'd brand 'em over and over. Two or three of that herd got it so often that they looked like these leather suit cases parties bring back from Europe stuck all over with hotel labels.

"Well, this branch of sport lasted quite a while, with them steers developing speed every day till they got too fast for anyone but the old lady. Brother and sister would be left far behind, or mebbe get stacked up and discouraged

"He Grabbed for the Saddle Horn and Caught a Handful of Bunch Grass Fifteen Feet on the Left of the Trail"

or sprained for the day. The old dame said it was disheartening, indeed, trying to make companions of one's children when they showed such a low order of intelligence for it. Still, she was fair-minded; so she had a golf links made and put 'em at that. She wouldn't play herself, saying it was an effeminate game, good for fat old men or schoolboys, but mebbe her chits would benefit by it and get a taste for proper sports, where you can break a bone now and then by not using care.

"But golf wasn't much better. Sister would carry a book of poetry with her and read it as she loafed from one hit to another. The old lady near shed tears at the sight. And brother was about as bad, getting hypnotized by passing insect life and forgetting his score while prodding some new kind of bug.

"The old lady said I'd never believe what a care and responsibility children was. She had wanted 'em to go in for ranching and be awfully keen about it, and look how they acted! Still, she wouldn't give up. She suggested polo next; but sister said it wasn't a lady's game, making no demand upon the higher attributes of womanhood; and brother said he might go in for it if she'd let him play his on a bicycle, as being more reliable or stanch than a pony.

"So she throws up her hands in despair, but thinks hard again; and at last she says she has the right sport for 'em and why didn't she think of it before! This new idea is to bring up her pack of prize-winning beagles, the sport being full of excitement, and yet safe enough for all concerned if they'll look where they walk and not stop to read slushy poems or collect insect life. Sister and brother said beagles, by all means, like drowning sailors clutching at a straw or something; and the old lady sent off a telegram.

"I admit I didn't know what kind of a game beagles was, but I didn't betray the fact when she told me about it. I was over to Egbert Floud's place next day and I asked him. But he didn't know and he couldn't even get the name right. He says: 'You mean beetles.' I says: 'Not at all'; that it's beagles. Then he says I must of got the name twisted, and probably it's one of these curly horns. That's as close as he ever did come to the name; and until he actually saw the things he insisted they was either something to blow on or something that crawled. 'Mark my words,' he says, 'they're either a horn or a bug; and I wonder what this here blond guy will be doing next.' So I saw nothing sensible was to be had out of him, and I left him there, doddering.

"Then in about ten days, which was days of peace for brother and sister, because they didn't have to go in keenly for any new way of killing themselves off, what comes up but several crates of beagles, in charge of their valet or tutor! I'd looked forward to something of a thrilling or unknown character, and they turned out to be mere dogs; just little brown-and-white dogs that you wouldn't notice if you hadn't been excited by their names; kind of yapping mutts that some parties would poison off if they lived in the same neighborhood with 'em. They all had names like Rex II and Lady Blessington, and so on; and each one had cost more than any three steers I had on the place. What do you think of that? They was yapping in their kennels when I first seen 'em, with the old lady as excited as they was, and brother and sister trying to look excited in order to please mother, and at least looking relieved because no fatalities was in immediate prospect.

"I listened to the noise a while and acted nice by saying they was undoubtedly the very finest beagles I'd ever laid eyes on—which was the simple God's truth; and then I says won't she take one out of the cage and let him beagle some, me not having any idea what it would be like? But the old lady says not yet, because the costumes ain't come. I thought at first it was the pups that had to be dressed up, but it seems it was costumes for her and brother and sister to wear; so I asked a few more silly questions and found out the mystery. It seemed the secret of a beagle's existence was rabbits. Yes, sir; they was mad about rabbits and went in keenly for 'em. Only they wouldn't notice one, I gathered, if the parties that followed 'em wasn't dressed proper for it.

"Then we went in where we could hear each other without screaming, and the lady tells me more about it, and how beagles is her last hope of her chits ever amounting to anything in the great world of sport. If they don't go in keenly for beagles she'll just have to give up and let Nature take its course with the poor things. And she said these was A-Number-One beagles, being sure to get a rabbit if one was in the country. She'd just had 'em at a big, fashionable country resort down South, some place where the sport attracted much notice from the simple-minded peasantry, and it hadn't been a good country for rabbits; so the beagles had trooped into a back yard and destroyed a Belgian hare that had belonged to a little boy, whose father come out and swore at the costumed hunters in a very common manner, and offered to lick any three of 'em at once.

"And in hurrying acrost a field to get away from this rowdy, that seemed liable to forget himself and do something they'd all regret later, they was put up a tree by a bull that was sensitive about costumes, and had to stay there two hours, with the bull trying to grub up the tree, and would of done so if his owner hadn't come along and rescued 'em.

"She made it sound like an exciting sport, all right, yet nothing I thought I'd ever go in keenly for. It didn't seem like anything I'd get up in the night to indulge myself in. And I agreed with her that if her chits found beagling too adventurous, then all hope was gone and she might as well let 'em die peacefully in their beds.

"Two days later the costumes come along and I was kindly sent word to show up the next morning if I wanted to see some ripping sport that I'd be quite mad about and go in for keenly, and all that sort of thing, by Jove! Of course I go over, on account of this dame's atrocities never yet having failed to interest me, and I didn't think she'd fall down now. I felt strangely out of it, though, when I seen the costumes. Ma and sister had, from the top down, black velvet jockey caps; green velvet coats, with gold buttons; white piqué skirts, coming to the knee; black silk stockings, and neat black shoes, with white spats. Brother had been abused the same, barring the white skirt, which left him looking like something out of a collection called The Dolls of All Nations.

"I saw right off that all these clothes must be necessary—they looked so careful and expensive. Yes, sir; that lady would no more of went out beagling without being draped for it than she'd of gone steer hunting without a vanity box lashed to her saddle horn.

"I sort of hung back with the awestricken help when the start was made. They was all out in front except the butler, who lurked in the entry looking like he'd passed a night of grief at the newmade grave of his mother.

"The beagles surged all over the place the minute they was let loose, and then made for down in the willows below the house. And, sure enough, they started a cottontail down there and went in for him keenly, followed by ma and brother and sister. Brother started to yell 'Yoicks! Yoicks!' But ma shut him off with a good deal of severity that caused him to blush at his words. It seems Yoicks! is a cry you give at some other critical juncture in life. When beagles start you must yell 'Gone away!' in a clear, ringing voice. Brother meant well, but didn't know.

"Anyhow, they followed those pups, and I trailed along at a decent distance on my horse; and pretty soon they got the rabbit, which had been fool enough to come round in a wide circle back to where it started from. Say! It was

(Continued on Page 42)

THIS IS THE LIFE

The Story of a Social Secretary

Edited by Corinne Lowe

ILLUSTRATED BY W. B. KING

THE fashionable set wear their city homes like snails. For perhaps nine months of the year these edifices perch idly on the shoulders of society; their windows are stolid with shutters and boards; their rugs and handsome tapestries are in the care of various storage establishments; the only spark of vitality is the maid or housekeeper left in charge. Not until early December do their owners come back from country places or from foreign shores. Then, when Alonzo Jones, the shoe clerk, and Phyllis Cahill, the typist, are already looking forward to next summer's two weeks' outing in the mosquito-haunted boarding house that sits by the solemn waves, the Social Register takes up the burden of winter.

Mr. and Mrs. Rhinebeck Cuttle and I came up from The Torrents early in the last month of the year. It was not, however, until January that the season swept into its broad curve of social energy. Between that date and the beginning of Lent occur hundreds of dinners, dances, luncheons and theater parties. For eight weeks or so not a day lies round loose. December itself, however, is a dull month, and Christmas always takes the fashionable set back to their country estates for a family celebration.

But, although stagnant on the surface, December fairly rippled with underground currents, and I began now to experience the full force of my responsibilities. During that first week in town I was already making preparation for Mrs. Cuttle's big dinner. This was scheduled for the early part of January, and in order to make sure of our guests we had to send out invitations three weeks beforehand.

Even before we issued these invitations, however, I had started a little preliminary sounding among other New York hostesses in order to avoid any conflict of dates. For instance, I called up Mrs. Armington Squibbs, just back from her place in the country.

"Oh, Mrs. Squibbs," I said, "have you heard of anyone's giving a dinner on the second of January?"

Mrs. Squibbs dusted her voice a little.

"Ahem! No; I have not. Does Mrs. Cuttle want that date? I have taken the fourth for my dinner."

"Fine!" said I. "Well, I'll call up the Blanchlaw Stems."

I must explain here that the first dinner given by the fashionable New York hostess in her town house represents the most sacred elements of our metropolitan society. Family, money and real estate united those sixty guests privileged to sit at the earliest of Mrs. Rhinebeck Cuttle's "messes."

The second dinner was more or less of a mixture; and the third one was a pebble waking from the depths of the social pond many concentric circles. This last occasion took in the people not yet sure of themselves, the people fettered by some chain of fortune; the many who were glad to be seen on any rung of the social ladder.

Of the hundred and eighty people we entertained at our three big dinners, the Blanchlaw Stems were always included in the first sixty. They were included in everybody else's initial list. And if you had no other way of telling the time, you knew the winter social season was on when the distinguished lawyer and diplomat rose like a lighthouse from his bed of oysters.

After I had called up the Blanchlaw Stems and Tommy Ogle—himself a planet in the first-night galaxies—I considered that we might stake our claim to the second of January. No other affair had been heard of, and I commenced getting out the invitations. Then, for the first time, I tilted in earnest with the Social Register.

The form in which Mrs. Cuttle would give me her list was decidedly careless.

"Invite the Browns," she said to me one morning.

"Which Browns?" asked I.

"Oh, the Kensington Browns, of course," she retorted impatiently.

"Where do they live?" persisted I.

"Oh, I don't know the exact address. Look them up in the Social Register."

This sounded simple enough, but when I reached those hallowed pages I found a whole section dedicated to Kensington Browns. The name had first been borne by a gouty old general of the Mexican War, and since then it had been warmed up for a nephew, three grandnephews, and several second cousins once removed. The worst of it is, too, that most of the other names in New York society disport themselves in similar schools.

Often in my perplexity I used to call up Tommy Ogle, and this authority was invariably gracious in helping me discover the fine shades of meaning that lurk in a name. Once and only once, and in a way I shall soon relate, I brought down a wrong specimen of the genus.

When we had made out the lists I set to work filling in names and dates on the blanks left in the engraved invitations. These appeared on exquisite note paper, embossed in gold at the center top with a crest, the motto and the initials R. C. They read as follows:

MR. AND MRS. RHINEBECK CUTTLE
REQUEST THE PLEASURE OF
_____'S
COMPANY AT DINNER
ON _____
AT _____ O'CLOCK.

Very often after I had finished with an invitation, however, Mrs. Cuttle changed her mind.

"Tear that invitation up," she would command fiercely. "I'm not going to have those people. Fill in with the Spencely Twomblys."

Perhaps half an hour later the Spencely Twomblys would prove equally unappetizing and I should be obliged to make another change. In this manner I altered some

invitations perhaps half a dozen times before Mrs. Cuttle simmered down. Her dinner lists always represented exhaustion rather than a fresh discrimination.

Meantime I had called up Woods, the caterer, and engaged his services for the date of the second.

Mrs. Falconvaux, the social entertainer who assisted Mrs. Cuttle in the development of so many of her big entertainments, had also been instructed to think up something for the after-dinner show, and to give us an estimate of its cost. Then, when we got back from Christmas at The Torrents, we set to work in earnest.

First of all, I wrote the sixty-two place cards. These were, as always, heavy white cards crested in gold. Also, I addressed thirty envelopes to the thirty men guests and inclosed in each a card bearing the name of the woman he was to take in.

Meantime Mrs. Cuttle and I worked every morning on the problem of placing the guests.

In those simple states of society unshredded by the scissors of divorce the matter of putting your guest side by whom does not assume such terrifying proportions. Among the fashionable wealthy, however, amiability can never be taken as a premise. In the arrangement of the five tables set at each of Mrs. Cuttle's dinners Mrs. Cuttle and I used to labor for days in order that Mr. Bluebeard should not be annoyed by the presence of his last-but-one wife, and that Mrs. Phalares Cand should sit at a different table from the one spoiled by the presence of her first husband's brother.

These mornings in her town house Mrs. Cuttle used to receive me in a bedroom that was muffled in red. There was a gloomy kind of majesty about this apartment that made it quite famous. Entering it, one always recalled the words of a noted New York decorator who had been taken through the house.

"Ugh! Gwacious!" he had recoiled. "This woom would give me the hydwophobia, Mrs. Cuttle!"

When I got in she was generally scowling at me from under the velvet canopy, and as, feeling very much like Little Red Riding Hood, I drew nearer I would discover a heap of white paper slips on her knees. These were slips on which she had written the names of the sixty guests, and by this method of visualization she was trying to avoid the embarrassments of the tandem marriage situation.

"Well," she would say, "I've got 'em all fixed now."

I would cast my eyes on the slips of paper diagraming the five tables; and then, before I had a chance to comment, she would discover some mistake.

Prickly Pairs

"HEAVENS!" she would exclaim in horror. "I've put old Humwasp opposite his own son at the second table; and they haven't spoken since Archie took his mother's part in the Humwasps' divorce suit. What shall I do with Archie and his wife?"

"Put them at the table in the upper left-hand corner," was my suggestion.

But when she had transferred them to the space indicated she immediately found another complication.

"Oh, Lord! We've got them here at the same table with the Steppinses; and Archie's wife hasn't spoken to them since she separated from Steppins' brother Nicholas."

We would thereupon shift this prickly pair until we finally got them at the table by the pantry door.

"Won't they be mad though?" chuckled Mrs. Cuttle.

I may explain right here that the table by the pantry door was the foot of the class at a dinner party. As a rule, the young people were stationed at this outpost; but every now and then some matron was exiled to the bleak coastline. And the matron was never agreeable about it. As a matter of fact, it didn't make the slightest difference where you put most people.

They were always discontented because they had not been put some other place.

At first, of course, I was not very helpful to Mrs. Cuttle in avoiding the pitfalls. Later on, however, I knew all the slippery places by heart. Once only I made a mistake. That was when, several years later, I placed Mr. B. C. Traymore, who had married the divorced wife of Mr. G. L. Underphut, opposite the daughter who had not spoken to him in the five years which had elapsed since that marriage. It was a frightful error and shook the party to the very depths of social consciousness.

The entire week before the dinner my time was taken up by Mrs. Falconvaux, the social entertainer of whom I have already spoken. A word here regarding this widely known figure. Mrs. Falconvaux was a woman in middle life who came of the class that now, through exigencies of fortune, she served in this way. She was extremely gracious in manner, beloved by all the Cuttle servants; and she enjoyed the distinction of being the only person to whom Mrs. Cuttle was invariably polite. Parrins, the butler, however, never trusted entirely to the amiable past; and always after she had visited the house he would tiptoe in to see me.

For Once in Her Life Mrs. Cuttle Was Humbed by Surprise

"How did she treat her to-day?" he would ask fearfully. "Was she nice?"

"Oh, very!" I would say; and Parrins' smile would overflow to the neat side-whiskers.

Mrs. Falconvaux used to favor Mrs. Cuttle in giving her a first option on any such novelties as she might have in stock. The fact of it was, indeed, that all kinds of professional entertainers were so anxious for the advertisement of appearing at Mrs. Rhinebeck Cuttle's home that they offered us their services free of charge. Nearly always we got merrymakers at a lower rate than that paid by our competitors.

For this occasion Mrs. Falconvaux and Mrs. Cuttle had decided upon a little Irish operetta. This required the erection of a thatched cottage surrounded by grass, and other features of Irish life. Carpenters worked for days to set this up in one end of the great ballroom. For the entire production we paid Mrs. Falconvaux seven hundred dollars. Add to this the florist's bill of two hundred and fifty dollars; the caterer's bill of three hundred and fifty; the expense of two extra chefs, employed for three days before the dinner took place; the orchestra's charge of one hundred and fifty dollars; and the actual cost of the food itself—and you get a total of about fifteen hundred dollars. The three big dinners given by Mrs. Cuttle during a season averaged a thousand dollars each.

It seems a vast sum to pay for a single entertainment; yet it is a fact worthy of note that Mrs. Cuttle did not invest nearly so much in her dinners as did the most of her set. Mrs. Armington Squibbs, for instance, once gave five thousand dollars to a group of Metropolitan singers who tried in vain to get the attention of her dinner party. To one tenor alone she paid two thousand dollars for his customary services.

Unlike Mrs. Squibbs and a great many of the very wealthy in her set, Mrs. Cuttle had a shrewd notion of what her associates really enjoyed, and she carefully modulated her entertainments to the tastes of those present. She knew perfectly well that most of her guests were fairly worn out by Faust and Lohengrin. She herself, though she always firmly refused to submit to the full-term penalty of a box at the opera, had been forced to endure what was left of Carmen from a twelve-course dinner beginning at eight or eight-thirty. Consequently she absolutely would not domesticate highbrow music. We shall see just how her mutiny was rewarded.

What is a Service?

BEFORE the date of the dinner I had various conversations with Woods, the caterer, who ministered to nearly all the fashionable New York families. Woods was a burly Englishman, the kind that in the historical novels holds a staircase against three; and in the winter season he used to hold that many dinners against an evening. He was, in fact, a recognized retainer of the American royalty.

The first time I met Woods he opened my eyes as to the care-free attitude of the wealthy toward their debts. Into the serene consciousness of many of Mrs. Cuttle's set a bill sank without a bubble. To Woods, for instance, a number of people owed bills of several years' standing.

"Honest," said he savagely, "I don't know how I'd run my business without Mrs. Cuttle. She is about the only person who pays up promptly the first of the month. The others owe so well they ought to take it up as a business; and if you were to be so ill-mannered as to press 'em—well, then you would be done for! Why, you wouldn't believe it, but Horatius Van Blank owes me three thousand dollars for my last two years' services!"

One day, when I was talking to Woods about the arrangements for the dinner, he lit a mysterious verbal fuse.

"How many are you going to have on a service?" asked he.

Service! What strange waif of phraseology was this? In my months at The Torrents I had never once encountered it.

"At the center table we'll have fourteen people, of course; and I suppose we'll have to make it seven on service, won't we?" the caterer continued.

"I should think so," responded I agreeably.

"Then at the small tables I suppose we can put twelve on a service, can't we? Of course that's really too many—the first ones are through by the time you get things passed to the last; still, I don't see how else we can do it."

I looked at him for a moment.

"Well," said I with an airy wave of my hand, "you know what Mrs. Cuttle likes and you just go ahead as you've always done."

By and by the florist came and annoyed me with the same phrase.

"How many services are you going to have?" asked he.

"Oh, I don't know. Ask Woods."

Then I went to find Parrins.

"Parrins," said I, for the first time baring my ignorance to the sphinxlike butler, "I know an Anglo-Saxon prayer or two and a few words in Chinook, but I don't know what a service is."

Parrins conveyed by a little gasp the shock given him by this revelation of a misspent life.

"Well, you see, madam," he explained, "there are always two men serving every course, and these take what you might call a regular beat. Sometimes they have ten

people to wait on—sometimes less; sometimes more. The center table having fourteen is a bit awkward for a single service, and we have to have the two services."

Having mastered this social law, I went ahead confidently; and at last the fateful second was at hand. At half past three on the day of the dinner Woods arrived with fourteen men at his back, and set to work bringing up the extra tables from the cellar. It is necessary to interpolate here that a caterer has in the busy seasons about fifty or sixty men in his employ, a number necessitated by the fact that very often in a single night he directs three or four big dinners. These men of his were selected on the same principle as that which moved Frederick of Prussia in forming his famous guard. They had to be six feet or over. They had to show off the liveries provided for them by the hostess.

To the average person, getting no deeper draughts of high society than fill the social columns of the daily papers, it would seem that the footmen of the wealthy exist in hives. Nothing is farther from the truth. The richest families in New York have only three little footmen in their homes. The other liveried servitors who appear at a grand occasion are brought by the caterer; and for them every New York hostess in Mrs. Cuttle's coterie maintains about twenty liveries packed away in wicker baskets until called forth by dinner or ball. These liveries are identical, of course, with those worn by the footmen of the household, and they include everything save the patent-leather pumps. These must be provided by the men themselves.

Woods knew the exact locality of everything in the households he served. Straight as a homing bird he could go to the correct china, the tables, the chairs and the table linen needed for our entertainments. Consequently as soon as he arrived he and his men commenced on the work of setting up the tables. The four corner ones were brought up from the cellar and were generally laid with cloths that he provided. A tablecloth is, however, only an episode in the life of a dinner party. Over each cloth was laid some exquisite centerpiece, weighted with the patient toil of French or Belgian lace makers. Each of these had the monogram and the crest, defined by lace within the border. The napkins reiterated this same message of sumptuousness.

The tables were set by the caterer under the supervision of Parrins and myself. On each a basket of nectarines balanced a basket of fruit. On each were jotted down four dishes of candies. On each appeared plates of heavy cream-colored, gold-banded china, flanked by the preliminary implements of oyster fork, soup spoon and fish fork, and containing a napkin folded with a shrewd sense of how best to display the crest and monogram and initials of Cluny lace. The wineglasses were of the finest crystal, with filigree of silver or gold; and propped against one of these glasses stood the gold-crested menu card.

Wet Umbrella Decorations

THE center table—the one over which Mrs. Cuttle presided—was to the others as a resplendent monarch to his resplendent courtiers. Here, instead of silver dishes and silver tableware, all that glistened was of gold. Forks, spoons and baskets were encrusted with gilt. And here a vase of old ivory, echoing dreamily every tint of its pendulous white roses, supplanted the ornaments of the other tables. Here everything delighted to honor the twelve most precious members of New York society.

Last rites of all were those of the florist, and these were generally considered wrongs. The moment the florist heard Mrs. Cuttle brewing he used to tremble with fear.

"Heavens!" she cried as late that afternoon she came down to the dining room to inspect his handiwork. "You're not going to leave those roses like that, are you? Why, they look exactly like a bundle of wet umbrellas stuck in a rack!"

A dinner did not, by the way, present the same avenues for decoration as did a luncheon. As a rule, the offerings on each table at the evening party were merely stalks of white or yellow flowers, sufficiently high not to disturb the guests' view of one another. Often at the corner tables, however, some sculptured Greek god, wreathed about with roses and smilax, spoke wanly of an age when simplicity and joyousness combined to make poetry of any holiday. It is doubtful whether Mr. Skiley Lark or Mrs. Stephen Harcourt ever got the message.

At about half past six Woods got all the extra liveries from the big wicker baskets in a closet upstairs. Immediately afterward, in a dressing room below stairs, the men donned their coats and knickerbockers. In a moment the whole reception hall had broken out into a rash of scarlet. By half past seven footmen were lined up and the orchestra, clad in gala uniforms, had commenced to play.

As I stood there in the hallway I felt lifted to another world. Even life at The Torrents had not prepared me for the scene that awaited our guests. This hall became to me, in fact, a hundred-reel picture, unfolding every spendthrift age of the world. I felt in it the same spirit of the late Romans, the lavish Romans who feasted in purple state on flamingos' tongues, and recked not of the doom which should come to the imperial boundaries pushed out by their vigorous ancestors; of the court of Henry the Eighth when England, reclaimed from wars with her own barons and with France, broke into that flame of pageantry which was the Field of the Cloth of Gold; of Venetian merchant princes who, having fiercely pillaged the seas for column of porphyry and tablet of bronze, sank into an apathy of pomp; and, last of all, of the wit and frivolity of Versailles, rocked in the cradle of peasants' hunger and philosophic turmoil.

I dare say that Mrs. Armington Squibbs, inured to such occasions from her girlhood, would have given much for my freshness of vision. I dare say that Mr. Quentin Van Feder Nest, gilded descendant of ancestors who had fought the Indians and reclaimed the wilderness, found no such gloomy parallel as that which I could not help drawing

Yet the scene is one copied over and over in the book of society. In the great reception hall a double file of three footmen formed an aisle from the liveried person at the door to the liveried person who, bearing a great silver tray, guarded the foot of the stairway. On each of the three landings of this same stairway, carpeted in the glowing red of a Jacqueminot rose and held by a balustrade of heavy wrought iron, stood a footman; and at the very top there was still another. Upon this scene lights from wall and ceiling poured a steady flood of brilliance. They splashed upon the liveries; they gave a wax-like shimmer to the leaves of palms and ferns banked beneath the winding stairway there where the musicians were installed; and they

It Was a Nervous Moment for Mr. Squibbs. Was She Young? Was She Old?

coaxed into glassy amiability the three stern old Cuttles who looked down from their gilt frames on the wall beside the stairway.

The guests at a fashionable dinner arrive in a tide that surges for about twenty minutes. None of these people is ever so lost to the sense of what a door owes him as to ring a bell. All through the course of those twenty minutes the scarlet footman at the door, noting the approach of each guest, swings back the portals into a vigilant welcome.

Mr. and Mrs. Armington Squibbs were the first to come that night. At the instant they entered something went off. It was the register in the doorman's hand—a small nickel thing that enables the hostess to keep exact count of the number of people who have arrived. Miss Juanita Douglas—click—three! Mr. Monteith Robbins—click—four! It is all as cozy and informal as a subway station.

Mr. and Mrs. Squibbs followed a schedule of getting settled observed by all the others. Immediately upon entering, Mr. Squibbs went to the right, where he found the drawing-room fitted up with racks brought by Woods and his men. A footman presided over the racks; and as Mr. Squibbs doffed his high hat and overcoat he was handed—another cozy touch—a check, for which he afterward paid perhaps half a dollar. This accomplished, he stepped boldly into the arena. Walking through the arbor of footmen, he approached the servitor holding the big silver tray. This tray held the envelopes containing the names of the allotted dinner partners and addressed to the thirty masculine guests.

It was a nervous moment for Mr. Squibbs. Was she young? Was she old? Was she fair? Was she homely? Was she a charmer or a lump? No wonder he hesitated for a moment! Many a time I have seen strong men racked with emotion as they toyed thus with the petals of destiny. Often, indeed, some of the young bachelors would call me up before the dinner and ask me whom they were to take in. If the choice did not suit them they would moan piteously.

"What!" raged Monteith Robbins one day as I told him over the phone the name of his partner. "Why, I've had to trundle her in to every dinner party this winter! Honest, I ought to be getting an annuity for my services! Come now, Mrs. Pemberton, be a sport and give me somebody else."

As soon as Mr. Bassanio Squibbs tried his fortune with the caskets he went up the winding stairway, past the three guardian footmen on the landings, past the three stern old Cuttles in their frames, to the place where Mrs. Squibbs awaited him. She, meantime, had gone straight upstairs to Mrs. Cuttle's famous red bedroom, now fitted up, like the library, with coat racks, and had left her wraps in the care of the black-frocked and white-aproned attendant—Mrs. Cuttle's own personal maid. The two then went together to the door of the ballroom, where Mr. and Mrs. Rhinebeck Cuttle, standing a little back of the butler, awaited the coming of their guests.

"Mr. and Mrs. Squibbs!" pronounced Parrins as though uttering a benediction.

Parrins, by the way, learned to know nearly everybody who came to the house. If he did not he bent forward and asked, "Name, please?" and then transmitted the syllables to Mr. and Mrs. Cuttle.

Aglitter With Sequins and Diamonds

THE ballroom was on the second floor of the house and was achieved by benefit of partitions between the drawing-room and hall. Rugs had, of course, been removed for dancing, which followed the after-dinner entertainment; and the end where the thatched cottage had been set up for the little Irish operetta was curtained from view. As each guest finished the greeting to host and hostess, he passed into this area and exchanged a few chilly words with the groups therein assembled. Here each woman, until now ignorant of the award of destiny, waited to be claimed by her dinner partner. Here the guests waited for the dinner that nobody wanted.

Mrs. Cuttle wore this first night a gown of sequins, and the motion for glitter was carried by an overwhelming majority of diamonds. Beside her Mr. Rhinebeck Cuttle, no longer able to bury himself in the shielding thickets of The Torrents, stood winter-bound and frozen. He knew only too well the dreary seven weeks that stretched ahead of him.

As for me, my duties at the dinner party consisted in blowing round like a draft. I wore that night a very handsome gown given me by Mrs. Cuttle, who, by the way, supplied me with all my stately clothes for both New York and Newport. I was supposed to keep an eye on everything, to cover up lapses, to make myself agreeable, and, above all, to keep near enough to Mrs. Cuttle to release her from talking with anybody to whom she did not want to talk. The last in itself offered a career to any ambitious young person.

At about twenty minutes past eight Mrs. Cuttle began to squirm. At the same moment at every other dinner she ever gave she showed exactly the same symptoms.

"How many are there in now?" asked she of Parrins.

"Fifty-nine, madam," responded the butler.

By what mysterious method had he, so far from the doorman and the methodical nickel register, come into possession of this fact? The answer is simple: The files of footmen had provided a circuit.

"Fifty-nine in," had whispered the doorman to the man next to him, and the pregnant syllables had thus been borne onward.

"Find out who is the late one," commanded Mrs. Cuttle.

Parrins hurried down to where the man with the big silver tray solemnly bore aloft one tiny white envelope. He looked at the name on the orphan and hurried back to Mrs. Cuttle.

"Mr. Stephen Faircope," announced he.

"But he's never late! What's the matter with him?" fumed Mrs. Cuttle.

"I Just Had to Meet Her, and I Knew She Was Coming To-Night"

For two long minutes she stood there. Then, standing somewhat back of her in the ballroom, I saw her face change expression and I bent forward to see what had happened. It was a handsome young man, and I knew, with terror in my heart, that Mrs. Cuttle had never laid eyes on him before this moment.

"Mr. Stephen Faircope!" tolled the butler.

For once in her life Mrs. Cuttle was numbed by surprise. Without opening her mouth, she put forward her hand. Mr. Cuttle went through the same bewildered pantomime. I had made some terrible mistake!

The Mysterious Blue-Eyed Guest

WHERE had I got this young man? Had I slipped up and addressed an invitation to the Social Register of Valhalla? Certainly, whoever he was, Mr. Stephen Faircope raised the average of masculine beauty at that party. Never, indeed, shall I forget him as he stood there. He was as tall as a footman; he had eyes so blue that you could tell their color clear across a room; his chin was lifted and fearless; and his hair, brushed back from his face, had the clean sparkle of a sandy beach. Even Mrs. Cuttle stood daunted before him.

He passed into the ballroom; and the instant he was gone Mrs. Cuttle turned to me.

"What under heaven's name have you done?" asked she dazedly. "That isn't Steve Faircope any more than I am. Steve Faircope has a bald head and a pink beard."

"You told me Stephen Faircope, at the Knickerbocker Club," protested I. "I remember now there were two—a Stephen T. and a Stephen D. I suppose I picked the wrong one."

As it happened, Mr. and Mrs. Blanchlaw Stems were standing near by, and at this point the Honorable Mr. Stems interpolated:

"He's an awfully nice fellow—Faircope; young architect from the West, who's been building the Seidels' new country place for them."

"Oh, well!" said Mrs. Cuttle, always mollified by personal beauty or charm. "It's all right this time."

Meantime I had gone in to speak with the wrong Mr. Faircope. He said a few perfunctory words, and then very suddenly dashed me with a spray of quick salty sentences:

"You're Mrs. Cuttle's social secretary, aren't you? Well, I've got something to tell you. I knew perfectly well when I got the invitation that I wasn't the Faircope you wanted. I didn't know the Cuttles any more'n I know King Edward's poodle. It was rotten, I know; but I just had to come. I'll tell you why. Can you guess?"

I shook my head.

With a little wave of triumph he showed me the card in his hand. It read: Miss Veronica Grey.

"That's why!" he cried unexpectedly. "It's because I just had to meet her, and I knew she was coming here to-night. I've been wanting to meet her ever since I was studying in Paris. Once over there I saw her picture in a society page from home and I couldn't get her out of my head. She's got the most haunting eyes I ever saw. I declare, when I looked at her picture I wanted to jump right into the ocean and swim over to her and say: 'Here, lovely captive princess; here I am!' And now, by Jove, I'm actually to take her in to dinner! I'm to rescue her from the savage oysters; I'm to quell, for her sake, the raging soup. Oh, wasn't it luck that I should have actually drawn her?"

I took him over then to meet Miss Grey. He walked through the groups of people as though he were pushing away the brambles that beset his path to the captive princess. Among these gayety-deadened faces the vision of happiness is very vivid, and I noticed that everybody turned to look at the strange young man.

Miss Veronica Grey was standing alone at the farther end of the ballroom. A cloud of gray hung from her shoulders—a cloud that seemed to lift not from any physical movement, but from the delicate tremor of her thought. She did not look up until we were almost upon her. When she did I saw for one moment a strange look in her eyes.

"I wish to present Mr. Stephen Faircope, Miss Grey," said I.

But the introduction seemed an anticlimax. It was like saying: "Allow me, Mr. Siegfried, to present you to Miss Brunhild." And I left them looking into each other's eyes.

At half past eight the strains of the Soldiers' Chorus from Faust came up to us from below. A few moments before, the caterer had assembled, with the single exception of the doorman, all the liveried persons in the hall and on the stairway.

"Here, Tom; you take this table at the upper right-hand corner, and Harry will buck you up."

It is in this phrase that a caterer indicates passing the accessory to each course. For example, Tom passed the fish, and Harry "bucked him up" with the sauce.

So rapid had been his requisition of footmen that by the time the guests, descending the broad stairway in pairs, had reached the dining room, which lay at the left of the reception hall, every little red livery was standing just where it ought to stand. Parrins, of course, had moved to his traditional place behind Mr. Rhinebeck Cuttle's chair. As for Wooda himself, he and two of his men were occupied entirely with the task of filling the wineglasses.

I have heard of strange perversities in my life. I am familiar with the Lewis Carroll gentleman who was planning to "dye his whiskers green and always use so large a fan that they could not be seen." I know, too, about that strange old Chinese philosopher, Chang Chih-Ho, who sat for hours fishing without any bait on his hook. But I have never known anything so skillfully constructed to defeat its own ends as that dinner party, which began when Mrs. Rhinebeck Cuttle, on the arm of the Hon. Blanchlaw Stems, sat down at the lace-frosted, gold-embellished table in the center of this dining room. And the occasion has been duplicated in every fashionable household of New York.

Here were the circumstances: We had spent something like fifteen hundred dollars on this dinner party. We had been three weeks preparing for its success. And now nobody was hungry. A number of the people had been involved in a similar occasion the night before. Several of the women present had finished with an enormous luncheon party, ending at half past two. Already on the faces of those present there was reflected the terrible thought that for the next seven weeks they would be obliged to go through the same listless formula of oysters, soup, fish and fowl.

Even supposing anybody had been hungry, however, one wouldn't have had the slightest prospect of satisfaction at this dinner of Mrs. Rhinebeck Cuttle's. Every society hostess "rags" a dinner, and Mrs. Cuttle was notorious for putting through twelve courses in fifty minutes. This meant that by the time the last person on the service had got his, another course was due the first person on the service, and the food had to be resigned.

"Say," whispered Tommy Ogle once during the evening to his partner, Mrs. Armington Squibbs, "that fish looked awfully good as it went by me! Wish I could have caught it."

"The bite I had was certainly fine," confided Mrs. Squibbs in return, looking with elegiac fondness after the retiring whitebait.

Even, however, if a fashionable dinner party does resolve itself into a merry-go-round, where everybody tries to grab the gold ring of an occasional bite, the preparations in the kitchen are none the less severe and painstaking. I have mentioned the fact that for three days beforehand two extra chefs, each at six dollars a day, had been at work on the party. I have not, however, gone into the details of their preparations. When I have said a few words on this subject you will realize more completely the parallel between the society dinner hostess and the old Chinese philosopher who fished without bait.

In these three days of preparation the chefs had boned all the fish; they had prepared the ice cream and the cold dishes; they had baked the cakes; and, above all, they had evolved those fancy shapes that dazzle the eyes of the habitual diner-out. Among the wealthy there is a code that no member of the vegetable harem shall appear in public without a veil. As a result, every vegetable was carefully masked. For instance, one chef devoted his superior talents to making red roses out of beets, white roses out of turnips, and yellow roses out of parsnips. These were strewn lightly about the roast.

Another tenet of the dinner faith is that every shy bit of food must have its duenna of something else. The whitebait of that night, for example, appeared to each guest in a little basket of potato strips which had been dipped in very hot lard. The salad dressing came to Elsa, like Lohengrin, in a boat. The ice cream, which alighted for an instant before each of the guests, was served in colored molds of gelatin and cornstarch; and the candy baskets, which sometimes supplanted silver vessels in holding the bonbons on each table, were cunningly twisted into handles of the most lifelike roses, buttercups and daisies. Be it remembered, too, that every single item of the society dinner is prepared in the kitchen of the hostess.

More than this, too, nearly everything served that evening was cooked during the progress of the feast. To insure the perfect flavor of those little birds they were browned while Mr. Quentin Van Feder Nest and Mrs. Armington Squibbs were watching from the grand stand the swift pageant of oysters, soup and fish. Everything is done, in fact, to pretend that food is really eaten.

A Peep at the Busy Kitchen

THAT evening I went down to the kitchen during the progress of the dinner. Here I found three white-clad figures scampering about from range to dumb-waiter over a floor that, with a view to unstricken celerity, had been strewn with sawdust. Here Giles, our regular chef, launched at me one frenzied look from under black eyebrows more rumpled than ever. It is something of a job to get seven hundred and eighty-four portions of food from one place to another, and Giles did not underrate it. It may be mentioned here, by the way, that everything went up from the kitchen via the dumb-waiter to the butler's pantry, from which it was convoyed to the guests by the twelve alert liveried servitors.

In the matter of wine Mrs. Cuttle ignored the usual superstitions. Instead of serving sherry with the soup and white wine with the fish, she turned up at once with champagne.

"Everybody is so stupid till the champagne comes," she always said. "They're as dull as dishwater till they get a little of that."

I Saw a Strange Look in Her Eyes

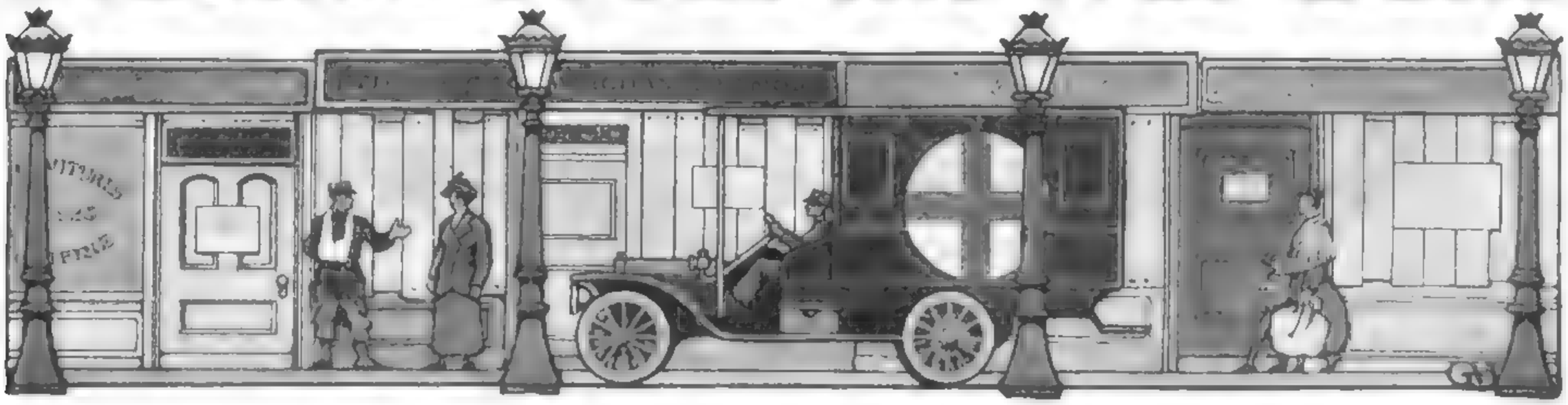
But, although the three wine men were dutiful in this enlivening task, although the sparkling beverage gushed forth like Old Faithful all through the course of the evening, it did not seem to raise the conversation to a very exciting pitch. How could it? Most of these people, all close-bound in the same tight little compartment of swelldom, had seen one another last night at Mrs. Sudbroke Jones'. They were going to endure one another again to-morrow night at Mrs. Armington Squibbs'. Was it any wonder that they sat glumly before the shifting panorama of food, that they fidgeted with their gold or silver knives, and looked round to see the people at the particular table where they thought they ought to be?

"Didn't Cynthia Jones look well to-day?" remarked Mrs. Squibbs to her sister-in-law, the wife, since divorced, of Carl Frederick Commodore, bearer of one of the most famous names in New York society.

Mrs. Commodore was at this time considered the most beautiful woman in New York society. Beautiful she was, too, in the way of a park. Every line of the perfect white shoulders, every contour of the face, was carefully laid out. If you are content with that type of loveliness, undisturbed by a doubt, uncrossed by a shadow, here it was.

(Continued on Page 35)

Flashes From the War Zone



By WILL IRWIN

WHEN they brought Private Leroux, as I shall call him, into the Lighthouse where they teach the blind to read and work, he smiled. He kept on smiling, until his cheerfulness became a tradition. He had less cause for smiles, perhaps, than anyone else among those victims of war's most cruel calamity. For he had lost not only his sight but one hand. The nurses at the Lighthouse say that most of their *mutilés* cry at times during the period of adjustment to a new two-dimensional world. But not Leroux. When he began to learn the Braille alphabet, when it dawned on him that he could read again, he laughed like a boy. They have a typewriter at the Lighthouse for the mutilated blind—the spacing is done by the feet. Leroux attacked it with enthusiasm, making little jokes when the instructor read him his first results with the touch system. Everyone held up Leroux as a model to those patients who cried or sulked.

He had been a month or two at the Lighthouse when news came unexpectedly from his Commandant, at whose side he had been wounded. The Commandant, reported missing, and long ago judicially dead, had suddenly appeared in Switzerland in an exchange of prisoners too badly mutilated for any further use in war. He had been picked up between the lines by the German medical corps, his face shot across behind the eyes. He, too, was blind, stone blind.

On the day after Leroux heard this he sat down and wrote his Commandant a letter. He did not trust his own imperfect typewriting, but dictated it to a nurse, so that the people of the Lighthouse knew what he wrote. He told of all they had done for him, of all they could do for the Commandant. Wouldn't he come? It was great to be able to read again and to know that one could learn to work. "I didn't think there was any more light for me," he concluded simply, "but now I have found light. Won't you come, too, my dear Commandant?" Then every day he waited for an answer.

The Commandant never replied to this letter. But one morning there appeared in the doorway of the Directory a tall man, "as tall," said the directress, "as tall as—as Albert of Belgium." He wore an officer's uniform, and he was leaning on the shoulder of the little nurse who had brought him all the way from Switzerland. He introduced himself as the Commandant, and asked at once for Leroux.

A Reunion of the Blind

THE directress took him to the garden and sent for Leroux. Presently there came the "tap-tap-tap-tap" of a blind man's stick nearer and nearer along the corridor, and Leroux stepped out, his stick reaching eagerly.

"Leroux," said the directress, "here is your Commandant"; and "Commandant, here is Leroux." She led them together.

They stood, silent, holding each other by the forearms. Then Leroux's good hand and his stump began to travel up, up, feeling. He reached the Commandant's shoulders, his neck, his face, until the fingers of the one good hand rested on the bandage covering that place where the eyes had been.

"My Commandant! My Commandant!" cried Leroux. And, dropping his head upon his Commandant's breast, Leroux, who had never shed a tear over his own blindness, wept like a child.

It was market day, and about ten of a very fair and gracious spring morning, when the whistle blew the *alerte*—a hostile aëroplane was coming. Two seconds before the whistle began the market place was all color, business and normal excitement. Peasant women, with thick waists, powerful hands and heavy yet vivacious faces, bargained and flirted and gesticulated with soldiers and agents of the regimental messes. Women of the buying class, their social position proclaimed by the fact that they wore hats and gloves, strolled from booth to booth, gravely considering the bargains in radishes, cauliflower, lettuce or early cabbage, and then bursting into explosive Latin gestures when the bargain was found. It was all life, vivacity and sociability. Two seconds after the whistle began the whole market was scattering, like chickens from the shadow of a hawk, to doorways and arcades.

A few civilian stragglers, braver than the rest, tried to stand by their booths. The military police shoved them back under cover. A shopkeeper behind the arch where I stood rushed out in a sudden panic, gathered up his family and a few odd women, thrust and pulled and carried them inside his shop, and began to put up the iron shutters. A minute later, his panic going as fast as it came, he opened the shutters and let out his flock. While the people arranged themselves according to their personal courage—the braver on the edge of the sidewalk where they might see, the more timid in the doorways where they could be safe from shrapnel—there was babble and confusion. Then the noise of tongues died out; except for the wail of the whistles and the boom of church bells joining in the warning, there was unearthly silence. So we waited.

Through the whistle and the bells there pierced a series of sounds, indistinct but definite—a cannon shot, another and another. A chorus of cannon followed, the explosions increasing in frequency and intensity. Still no one spoke; men and women gazed into the quarter-sphere of sky before us, intent and pale. No one moved, either, except the military police; they ran from point to point, shoving back eddies of the crowd which stood in danger of our own shrapnel if the firing came our way. Now the bells and the whistles stopped; we waited; the guns rolled like drums.

And now it came into sight, an aëroplane traveling like the wind, growing from a speck to a tangible thing. Usually the sun catches the wings of an aëroplane, so that it shines and flashes like a minnow in the shallows. Somehow there was no such effect this time; it looked, with its deep, flat, gray war paint, like a sinister, fat-bellied mosquito. And back of it trailed puff after puff of snow-white smoke. The guns were reaching, reaching—and never touching. A puff broke out just below it; another just above, a whole trail of puffs to one side. It was heading toward us—no, it had turned! The fire had become too hot. It struck a course at right angles to our line of vision, it went on, it lost itself behind the turreted old church at the end of the market place. And at that instant something like a gigantic bee buzzed overhead.

We at the front edge of the crowd craned our necks upward. One of our own great armored aëroplanes, its national device marked on the lower surface of its wings, had taken the air. It flew so near that we could see the vapor from its exhaust trailing behind it. At this new sign of reassurance conversation suddenly bubbled out of the crowd like wine out of a bottle. We looked into each other's eyes and laughed, at first foolishly and then sociably. Gestures and jokes began to fly. A nun crossed herself with an air of great relief, and fell into animated conversation with another nun. A group of girls began to exchange badinage with the military police. A few boys tried to venture out into the square; the police seized them by their little waists and breeches and hurled them back into the crowd, for the whistle had not yet announced the end of danger. The mother of one of the boys indignantly shook her fist in the face of the police. The crowd, taking sides at once, began to banter the police or the mother with about equal humor and enthusiasm in both factions.

At this moment I happened to look up and observe a proceeding which I had been seeing without really observing ever since the whistles opened. Across the square was an old building; on its roof stood a kind of open shed. Three women in black shawls and wooden shoes were hastily but methodically taking in their washing. At this moment they tucked the last sheet into their basket, grabbed it by the handles and scurried for the skylight.

The whistle wailed again, a succession of short toots "raid over." On this signal the crowd broke from the arcades as runners break from the mark at the starter's pistol. It was a race, with wooden shoes scuffling and peasant shawls flying, for the booths and custom. Two minutes later the buying and badinage were going on as merrily as before the raid. Only our great armored aëroplane soared low above us, with a kind of insolent swagger in its glide.

The nice old lady in mourning stood just within the door of the Parisian petshop, caressing an alert-looking gray parrot. The parrot responded to her caresses as parrots do, with rubs of his head, with awkward, uncertain biting of her fingers, and with uncouth squawks.

"You will see that he gets a good home?" she said. "Plenty of green feed every day ——"

"I will see to it, madame," he said, and there was a sense of emotion underneath his Parisian politeness.

"Adieu, Coco," she said; and she gently transferred him from her finger to the finger of the petshop man.

The parrot gave the preliminary squawk of his kind, and responded in excellent voice and articulation:

"*Bonjour, Maman.*"

Whereupon the old lady turned and sped as fast as her feet would carry her out of the shop.

The Voice of Her Fallen Son

THE proprietor of the jewelry shop next door, who had dropped in to gossip with the petshop man, looked after her and asked in the argot:

"Strapped? Broke?"

"No," said the proprietor, gently scratching the head of Coco, who sat ruffling his feathers; "no, she told me about it when she came to make the bargain. She had one son. He and Coco—they were brought up together. He taught this bird to talk; it is a famous talker, and can whistle three tunes. The son, he is dead at Verdun. And Coco talks with the voice of the dead—you see? Listen!" For Coco had started his gurgle, preliminary to speaking.

"Where are my shoes, *Maman?*" he said.

"How would you like it if——" began the petshop man. Then he stopped dead. For the jeweler had turned and was looking out of the window. And he wore a crêpe band about his left arm.

They told the United States consul of this French hospital town that they had a wounded American in Hospital No. 16; so the consul drifted over, on his first spare afternoon, to see what he could do. At the hospital they referred him to Bed 10, Row 2, Ward 4, where he found his man asleep, the blankets drawn up over his head. The consul touched him.

"Who dah?" exploded a voice from beneath the blankets. Off came the cover, revealing a comely black head and a row of teeth like new gravestones.

"Why you ornery, no-account black hound!" exploded the consul affectionately. "What the blazes are you doing here?"

"Fo' the lawd's sake, mars!" said the wounded American with surprise and gratitude; "you'se from de Souf, ain't you?"

When, a little later, first-class Private Eugene So-and-So, of the this-or-that infantry regiment, grew convalescent, he used to get leave as often as he could so that he might hobble into town on his crutches and visit the consul. I also was a persistent visitor at the consulate; and so on

many an afternoon we three—Southerner, Southern negro and Northerner—sat and talked war. A year and a half at the front had made a strange creature of Private Gene. He was, to begin with, a great, young black Hercules, a monument of trained muscle. When the war broke he had been making his living in England by boxing and foot-racing. But he wasn't at all the negro we know at home. War and heroism had given him that air of authority common to all soldiers of the line. He looked you in the eye and answered you straight with replies that carried their own conviction of truth. The democracy of the French Army had brushed off onto him; he had grown accustomed to looking on white men as equals. His race, they say, has a talent for spoken languages. Already there was a trace of French accent in his rich, Southern negro speech; and when he grew excited he would fall into French phrases.

He had held a machine gun during the first terrible days of the Verdun battle, when the Brandenburgers were fighting for Fort Douaumont. For something he did there—a matter of going to the rescue of wounded under fire—he had been mentioned in orders, which is the first step toward the Croix de Guerre. He was going to work hard for that decoration when they sent him back.

He had fought at Arras; he had been in the charges for Notre Dame de Lorette; he had been wounded in the blasted terrain of Champagne. But all memories of those glorious and horrible old actions seemed to have been dimmed by that terrific fighting at Verdun, and especially by that day when his company held off a German charge until man could hold no more, until he knew the red rage and the hot sickness of butchery. He described that day in detail, with a wealth of picturesque negro phrasing and flashes of negro wit which no Northerner could possibly transcribe from memory. They expected the charge that day, and so they cleaned guns, got everything shipshape, and had a good dinner of "*singe*" and biscuits. *Singe* means literally "monkey," and is French soldier slang for beef stew. "If I eat much more of that stuff," said Private Gene, "I certainly will climb trees."

And then the German charge commenced. He described it not as a run but as a steady walk—a great crowd of men in gray coming smoothly on. His company had a nervous little sergeant, who was, nevertheless, willing to take advice, Private Gene said. He danced up and down, yelling "*Feu!*" before the Germans got within proper killing range. But the experienced gunners cajoled him, "joshed" him, until the Germans were massed two hundred yards away. And here the narrative of Private Gene—I heard him tell it several times—always grew confused, dropped into a singsong at intervals, and flashed back and forth between French and English. "*Première pièce—feu! Deuxième pièce—feu!* Rat-a-tat tat-tat tat-tat!" he would say, imitating both the sergeant and the guns. "It was like mowing grass, boss, only the grass grew up as fast as you mowed it. When they got a little start on us and you could rightly see them, they was coming on by fours—four here, four there—*toujours quatre, toujours quatre!* You'd mow them down, and four more would be in their places. You'd look again, and one or two would be way forward. You'd slue the gun around and get them, and four more would be just where you'd fired before, but nearer—and you'd mow them down. *Toujours quatre, toujours quatre!* If you hadn't seen the dead where you'd piled them you'd 'a' got plumb disheartened. When you stopped to cool, and the other gun picked up the *feu*, you could see 'em wriggling like worms in the bait box.

"Yassir, I was sick, awful sick! Every time the sergeant yelled '*Feu!*' I got sicker and sicker. They had wives and children, hadn't they?"

An afternoon, during which the drama was repeated again and again; and then they had to abandon the trench—a matter of a military accident which need not be recorded here. Private Gene destroyed his machine gun. "There's a place where you can do it with your hand," he said, "but not if your hand is fumbly, an' I sho' was fumbly." So he opened the breech and kicked it until he destroyed the mechanism. Then it was a confused flight, dodging from shell hole to shell hole, until he reached cover of a trench. From his first shell hole he killed a German, a patrol going to certain death in order to find the French. He was making, gun in hand, straight for the shell hole where Private Gene crouched alone, when that superb piece of black flesh rose straight up before him, got in the first shot, and pumped two bullets into his chest. Private Gene remembers mainly the look of surprise which the German had on his face when he died: "I bet he thought he saw the debbil!" he said.

That night he slept in a house with stragglers of two or three regiments waiting to join their commands in the morning. "Whang! I woke up. My ears was splitting, and the blood was on my face." A shell had reached them. It blew two men to pieces. It wounded nearly all the others. A captain, himself wounded, flew about doing what he could. But they needed the medical corps *brancardiers*, and Private Gene, after stopping his own little face wound, went back through the outskirts of Verdun, crumbling under bombardment, to get them. For that he received his mention in orders. "Private Eugene—for obtaining help for wounded comrades under heavy fire while himself wounded," he used to recite in French from the Order of the Day. He couldn't tell us much about that trip; he was too dazed, I suppose. But next morning, his wound having proved slight, he went back to the line. From this new trench he could glimpse the Brandenburger charges up the slopes of Fort Douaumont. It was a steep hillside, he said, so that a wounded man could not keep his feet. The dead and wounded, as the machine guns caught them, rolled back into the heap which was growing in Douaumont Ravine. Three days of this, and a shell fragment came, slitting his thigh. They got him out that night, in the midst of a bombardment which shook the ambulance like jelly.

The last time I heard him tell his story of Verdun, Private Gene paused at the end as though trying to sum it all up.

"You wouldn't 'a' believed it, boss, if you'd seen it in a cinema show!" he said at length.

The Park of Lyons stretched green and bright in the sunshine of the first real spring day. Dotted over the lawn were French soldiers, down on their hands and knees, picking early spring violets. They picked and picked with

(Concluded on Page 70)

THE MAN WHO TRIED

By George Weston

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN NEWTON HOWITT

WE DON'T meet many city folks here in Hoxie. The vacationists prefer the Berkshires or the Sound and in our part of Connecticut we are a long way from both. Occasionally a drummer stops at the office and wants something for his stomach or his head. But as a rule they don't stay long. They wait for their pills, watch in one hand and sample case in the other, and keep their ears most attentively turned toward the station. I see them flitting round between the depot and the stores, impatient birds of passage, looking a great deal cleverer than the Hoxieites—as I have no doubt they are—and sometimes wearing saddle straps across the backs of their overcoats, and sometimes wearing hats of such coquettish design that no man looks well in one if he has a mustache.

And yet, for all their strange habiliments, there are times when these drummers set me thinking longingly of that great city which I have never seen. There is one man in particular who visits Mercier's Specialty Store once a month, and every time I see him I am vaguely dissatisfied with Hoxie. I don't know whether it's his manner or his style, but, whatever it is, I never see him without thinking of the advantages of a city practice; and I never read a story of New York adventure without imagining that drummer as the hero. He spells Romance to me, that same Romance which I find in the Three Musketeers and the Prisoner of Zenda. Perhaps if I went to New York I should soon get over these notions; but in one respect a country doctor is like a dairy farmer: his travels are strictly limited to the imagination; vacations are not for him.

Besides the drummers, the only city folks we see in Hoxie are the stock-company actors who come to fill a week's engagement at the Pansy Theater. They stay at the Junction House and are apt to keep to themselves—amused at us, no doubt, even as most of us are amused at them. Sometimes the men will pay me a visit, call me Doc, place their hands affectionately upon my shoulders and ask for strange drugs. But they are so ambitious to impress me with their sophistication that I never feel I rightly understand them. They come and they go—the ladies pearl-powdered and pearl-earringed, the men with darkened eyes and world-weary manners—and I feel like an omnivorous reader who picks up a book in a strange language: a book he suspects of being more exciting than anything in his own library; a book in which he can make out only a few disconnected but intensely interesting words.

"He Said He'd Try to Worry Along Without Advertising"

No; we don't meet many city folks in Hoxie; in fact, the only one I ever knew well was James Titchenor Osgood, who bought the Hoxie Herald and came among us with the sworn intention of revolutionizing country journalism. Whether or not he succeeded, you will presently see. He certainly made a noise in Hoxie like a pistol shot on a quiet night. And even if he failed in his mission, his name became—as a consequence—comparatively well known throughout these United States; more so, indeed, than if he had succeeded. You may think yourself unacquainted with Mr. Osgood at this stage of my story, but I think you'll be able to guess pretty well who he is before I'm through.

It started with the death of Sessions Turner, owner and editor of the Hoxie Herald. Sessions died unexpectedly of heart disease, and his widow decided to sell the Herald. One night I was sitting in my office, cleaning out a hypodermic syringe with a clogged needle, when a serious-faced young man entered and handed me a card bearing the name, Mr. James Titchenor Osgood, and the address, The Loch Lomond, 749 West One Hundred and Twenty-third Street.

"Doctor," he said, "I come from New York. I am thinking of buying the Hoxie Herald, and I have called to see if you will be good enough to give me a little advice."

On thinking it over later—as I generally think things over, while waiting to go to sleep—it occurred to me that I might have been quicker in repartee; that when Mr. Osgood told me he wanted my advice I ought to have replied: "My advice, Mr. Osgood, is generally limited to medical matters." But I didn't. As a matter of fact, I took a good long look at my visitor, instead, and then read his card again, little thinking that I was in the presence of a man whom Hoxie was about to make famous.

"You come from New York?" I repeated. "Do you live there?"

"I was born there."

After that I fear I interviewed him more than he interviewed me. I told him about Hoxie, but I insisted, in return, that he should tell me about Broadway; and the more he talked, the more I liked him. In some respects, I must confess, I felt a slight sense of disappointment. He had never personally seen any of the Vanderbilts, for instance; nor had he ever visited the Tombs prison or climbed the Statue of Liberty. What he did tell me, though, was certainly interesting, and that night, after thinking things over—while waiting to go to sleep—I remember I dreamed of the Venus of Milo walking up

Broadway carrying an electric sign that Peter Pan was the Best-Known Cure for Corns. I was running after her when I suddenly remembered that I had left my pill box in the office; and in the shock of that discovery I reluctantly woke up.

"I hope he buys the Herald," I thought to myself. "I'd like to see him again."

To my satisfaction he came the next night, and the next; in fact, he made it a habit to drop in every night at eight o'clock, at the close of office hours. I can see now that he was placing me, just as I was placing him; and the result of it was we became friends.

In appearance he was plump; and, though he was only about twenty-five, he was already keeping the bottom button of his coat fastened in order to hide the curve of his stomach. He was pale, active, had commanding eyebrows, and was evidently sporting his first mustache. But his most pronounced characteristic was seriousness. At one time I should have said that a thin man could be more serious than a plump one. But that is wrong. No man living could have been more serious than James Titchenor Osgood. If you can imagine a stout young Daniel Webster on his way to make a funeral oration it will give you a working idea of the gravity borne on every word that Jimmy said whenever he put the serious pedal on.

About a week after his first visit he told me he had bought the Herald. I don't know what he paid; but, so far as I could find out, I think he gave Mrs. Turner five hundred dollars in cash and a series of notes for the balance, one of those notes coming due every three months. That was the night he told me he was a graduate of an editorial college, and was going to introduce advanced methods into country journalism.

"Doctor," he said in his serious way, "it is my intention to conduct a country paper that will stand as a model from Portland to San Francisco. It has never been done before, simply because it was never thought of before. The possibilities of country journalism are tremendous! I am going to systematize and standardize the whole business: news, editorials, literary and dramatic criticisms, cartoons—everything! And when I get the Herald into a profitable condition, do you know what I'm going to do next?"

I didn't; so he told me.

"I'm going to borrow money on it and buy another country paper, and run the same editorials, the same reviews, the same cartoons! You see the point? And when my first two papers are making money I shall buy two more; and in a few years I shall have a chain of country papers all over this continent! Suppose I have a thousand in ten years, and suppose I make only a thousand dollars a year from each one—that will give me a million dollars a year, just as sure as you are sitting in that chair! Come now, Doctor, you're a disinterested party and you're a practical man. Tell me where my figures are wrong! Tell me where my reasoning isn't sound!"

To tell the truth, he had taken my breath away, and I could only stare at him open-mouthed, hardly believing my ears. In the ambitious sweep of his plans I seemed to catch the spirit of that fabled city of New York which I had never seen—that fabled city in which fortunes are made by a turn of the hand, and where there are more millionaires than milkmen. A city of sorcerers it had often seemed to me, breeding money as a bacteriologist breeds germs—by millions, billions, trillions! And there I was, listening to one of the elect, who was showing me the plans by which he was going to breed his millions too.

"Think of the saving I should make in the purchase of supplies!" he continued. "Think of the saving in press-work and typesetting! Here's an idea for you! I'm going to have one central printing plant for each six weekly papers; and I'm going to have that central plant running every day instead of once a week. Don't you see the enormous saving in labor? Don't you see the enormous saving in equipment? No more idle presses! No more expensive hand setting! But—hang it all!—it isn't the money I'm after; that's a mere bagatelle. It's the power for doing good that I want, Doctor. Think—think just for a moment—of the tremendous editorial influence I should have through my thousand papers! By Jove, the responsibility almost frightens me whenever I think about it!"

We have a great way in Hoxie of saying nothing when we don't know what to say, and I think he took my silence for disbelief.

"All right, Doctor!" he said. "Perhaps you think it's a dream. But let me tell you something: The flying machine was a dream once, and so was the wireless, and so were the movies—right in my time and right in your time! And let me tell you something else: The Declaration of Independence was once a dream, too, and that dream was the greatest fact that ever happened to you and the greatest fact that ever happened to me. Ever hear of Christopher Columbus, Doctor? Some little dreamer, eh? So go ahead and laugh all you want to. I guess you know who laughs best!"

But I wasn't laughing then, any more than I'm laughing now. The more I thought it over, the more I felt that this young man from the city, already habitually frowning like a young Jove from Olympus, had an idea that was charged with dynamite. It was the first time I had ever been in contact with a Big Idea, and it shook me a little.

"If he can make a success of one paper," I thought, "I don't see why he can't do it with two. And if he can do it with two I don't see why he shouldn't put through his whole scheme. When all's said and done it's no more visionary than the Standard Oil Company or a chain of cigar stores. Confound it, why wasn't I born in New York! A man gets a chance there; but all he gets in the country is hard work, and nothing for it!"

My house is near the post office and I soon got into the habit of looking for Jimmy when he went for his mail, the same as I shall watch for the entrances of the Prince of Denmark if ever I go to see Hamlet played. There was something in Jimmy's serious expression that always made me thoughtful; and in his progress up and down the street I seemed to see the progress of a Colossus come from Rhodes. You see, for one thing, he was something different; and, for another thing, I'm afraid I've always been a bit inquisitive; and, for a third reason, he touched my imagination at a responsive point, for I myself have dreamed my dreams—and can dream them yet, for that matter. In short, I saw him through the glamour of Romance. Every time I watched him disappear into the Herald office I tried to imagine what wonders he was hatching there, and how long it would take him to arrive at the consummation of his plans.

Now round about Hoxie we have some up-to-date country papers, and I don't want anyone to think we haven't. The Moosup Journal, for instance, is one of the cleanest and most prosperous weeklies in New England, and so is the Jewett City Press. But the Hoxie Herald, I must confess, was old-fashioned. Sesh Turner, its late owner and editor, had made an uncertain living, his net returns probably running

"That Will Give Me a Million Dollars a Year, Just as Sure as You are Sitting in That Chair!"

from minus zero to thirty dollars a week, depending upon the price of paper, the vigor of his collections, and the behavior of a complicated old press which he had bought as a bargain, third-hand, from a Providence newspaper that had gone into bankruptcy the same year General Grant died.

We had always known when Sesh had been ahead of the game, because so long as he had money in his pocket he allowed himself the luxury of three shaves a week and would be seen coming out of Ed Burbee's shop, barbered to perfection, scented with the contents of the bay-rum and witch-hazel bottles, which had the place of honor in front of Ed's chair, and smoking an all-Havana cigar with the princely air of a nabob. Those were his rewards for a lifetime of hard work. But when the paper bill grew urgent—a frequent occurrence—or when collections were slow—also a frequent occurrence—or when Bill Cantwell had to be fetched from his blacksmith shop "to see what ails it this time"—which happened very often indeed—Sesh used to walk from his house to his office with his hat down over his eyes, smoking a villainous old chip meerschaum, and taking it out on Fate by letting his whiskers grow.

I mention these details, not to be discursive, but to place before you, as briefly as I can, some slight idea of the weekly paper which Jimmy was going to use as a fulcrum by which he would presently move the world.

He came to the office one night more serious than I had ever seen him and obviously under a strain.

"I've been reading some of the plate matter that has been appearing in the Herald lately," he said. "It's simply awful—awful! When I get my United Weeklies in working order I'm going to have stories by the best writers of the country—old classical masterpieces—real literature! But first, I want to get after my local correspondents. I don't think I ever read such a scream as the Canterbury correspondent sent in this week. Listen!"

He had selected a number of letters, and in a voice harsh with disfavor he read the following items:

John J. Carroll is sick.

Will Spencer is down with the measles.

Mrs. John Deane is on the sick list with a sore throat.

Fred Byron is round again, though still weak from his recent illness.

Mrs. Charles Evers is not so well at this writing, a relapse having set in.

Arthur Rainsford spent Tuesday in Norwich.

Mrs. Mumford is rapidly recovering and soon expects to be round again.

At that he thrust the items back into their envelope, as though he couldn't stand them any longer.

"Honestly now, Doctor," he said, "what do you think of that for news writing?"

"I didn't know Will Spencer had the measles," I told him after a thoughtful pause.

He stared at me for nearly half a minute like a man who is working over a problem.

"Oh, yes," he suddenly remarked. "I forgot you were a doctor. Well, now, listen to this budget from Ekonk and tell me what you think:

Deacon Collup has a fine new Ayrshire cow.

Mrs. Warren Collup is entertaining her sister-in-law, Mrs. Arbie Collup, of Voluntown.

George Collup is thinking of building a new barn.

Nathan Collup is wearing a smile these days. It's a girl.

Pauline Collup was a recent visitor with the Plainfield Grange and reports an extra fine program.

Roland Collup has the mumps.

Again Jimmy thrust the items back into their envelope.

"And they call that news!" he exclaimed. "Can you imagine anything like it in a New York paper?"

"They're nearly all Collups in Ekonk," I told him after another thoughtful pause. "Maybe that's all the news there is."

"Don't you believe it, Doctor!" he earnestly assured me. "A trained man can always get news if he knows his business. I was thinking only last night that when I get my United Weeklies into working order it might be a good idea to organize a School for Correspondents. But listen to this from West Hoxie:

Last Saturday eve in Ed Burbee's place went our neighbor, Mr. Oshman, for a shave on the face. The job was finished. Ed looked for pay. "Gosh!" said Osh. "I can't settle to-day. I changed my clothes this evening, you know, and in the other pockets left all my dough." There's nothing amusing in this, heaven knows! But imagine a farmer with two suits of clothes!

I laughed at that, simply because I couldn't help it. Uncle Hod Middleton, the West Hoxie correspondent of the Herald, is one of the characters of Eastern Connecticut, and evidently he was extending himself for the new editor's benefit.

"Oh, I don't blame you for laughing!" said Jimmy. "But let me tell you something, Doctor: There's a difference between a country weekly and a comic weekly. If you make your paper a joke you'll be laughed at; and the moment any paper makes itself ridiculous its influence is gone."

"What else did Uncle Hod send in?" I asked.

With an air of serious protest Jimmy continued:

Joe Shannon has returned to reside in West Hoxie, where we are honest and generous, even if poor. He and Ginger Wells expect to make a living this summer trading horses with each other.

What's the difference between a baby and a pair of boots? One I was and one I wear. Wow! Score one for your Uncle Hod.

Hear about Tom Manion's accident? Well, here goes: Tom Manion one fine day last week went off for a joy ride, so to speak. He traveled along at a moderate gait eighty miles an hour is about his gait. He struck a rock, or perhaps a stump. Head over heels went Tom in a lump He bruised his brisket and broke his machine the derndest mess you ever have seen! Said Tom: "Good night! That's going too some! Next time I ride I'll walk, by gum!"

Tinkle-tinkle-tinkle! Wedding bells? Ah, go on! Who told you?

If it hadn't been for Jimmy's indignation I would have laughed again. Personally I always like to read the country correspondence in the Herald—especially any items from Uncle Hod. But, after all, Jimmy was a graduate editor, and I was no more qualified to teach him his profession than he was to teach me mine. With this reflection I checked the advice I was about to give him and felt relieved when he changed the subject.

"I dug up something good to-day," he said. "The Grand Old Man of Journalism in New York is M. M. Freeman, of the Star. Of course you've read his editorials. Everybody has, I guess. Well, sir, I was looking over our mailing list to-day, and, sure enough, there was the Star among our exchanges. Old M. M. is a great admirer of country papers, and every once in a while he writes a humorous editorial, quoting items from here and there. Sharp as a razor, the old boy is. I'll bet it won't take him long to discover a new departure in country journalism!"

All this I felt was over my head—deep editorial waters in which I couldn't touch bottom. But when Jimmy drew a leather-framed photograph from his pocket and handed it over to me with a look of serious pride, I felt that my feet were on dry ground again. The picture showed a cheerful-looking girl with a round chin—a girl of that happy type which sometimes sums itself up in the expression: "People ought to have a good time while they're living, I think. They're such a long time dead!" After looking at the photograph I silently reached over and shook Jimmy's hand.

"She's the greatest little girl, Doc!" he said, speaking in husky reverence. "We're going to be married as soon as I've made good. I've told her about you a number of times; and she's written back how glad she is that I've found somebody who—well, who isn't exactly a yap, you know."

Somehow Jimmy always seemed less Olympic after that, and perhaps for the same reason I began to have my first doubts of the United Weeklies. As long as I couldn't understand him I had been willing to take him on faith; but the more I saw he was one like us, the more I began to question his ability as a worker of miracles. These doubts grew more pronounced when I saw his first issue of the Hoxie Herald.

One thing I will always say for Jimmy: He certainly gave the Herald a thorough shaking up. He had cleared the ads. off the front page, and had evidently set himself out to fill it with local news, written and arranged in the metropolitan manner. There were four big headings, like a regular city paper. The first story was about Joe Moffit's funeral. The second described a rabbit-pie supper, held by the local mule spinners' union in Ridings' Hall. The third was a Weekly Review of the War. The fourth was National News of the Week. There was also a story about an attempted burglary at Dearnley & Clark's, which was the subject of a double-leaded editorial demanding better police protection for our town. But the most striking feature was the leading editorial, calling on all the good people of Hoxie to wake up, for heaven's sake, and put a little paint on their buildings. The editorial concluded:

We have confidence in Hoxie. We have confidence in its people. We have confidence in its destiny. But in some things Hoxie owes it to herself to wake up—to paint up to put her best foot foremost.

To look at some of our buildings, a stranger would think that paint making had become a lost art; that local painters were as extinct as the dodo.

Let the people look into this matter. Let the ladies organize themselves into suitable committees and bring pressure to bear upon our property owners. There are buildings in this town that would be a disgrace to Robinson Crusoe.

Wake up, Hoxie! Wake up and paint up! Progress lies that way!

It may be that in any other community the Paint-Up Movement would have been a success. But it wasn't so with us. On the contrary, it seemed to bring out more resentment than paintbrushes; more red choler than white lead.

Unfortunately, just as matters had reached this interesting point an epidemic of measles broke out in Oneco,

Smiling Already in Anticipation, I Went Over and Added My Head to Theirs

and I didn't see Jimmy again for more than two weeks. I could tell from the Herald, though, that our new editor was hewing straight to the line he had marked out for himself. The correspondence from near-by villages had been practically suspended. I looked in vain to see what George Collup was doing with his new barn over in Ekonk, and Uncle Hod's muse was sadly missing from its customary place.

It also seemed to me that the paper was carrying less advertising than formerly; but I didn't have time to verify this, the measles still keeping me on the jump, and my glances at the news being snatched between almost continuous excursions in the Little Rattler. In due time the measles came back under control, and the first night that I was able to stay in I heard Jimmy's step coming up the walk.

I often contrast his appearance that night with his first visit. Experience is often a bitter pill, and Jimmy might have posed for Before and After Taking.

"Well, boy," I said, "how goes it?"

"Rotten!" he exclaimed with a violent expression of countenance. "I see you've got a Herald on your desk. Just pick it up and count the ads. that are left. It won't take you long."

They didn't require much counting.

"What's the matter?" I asked.

"Matter? Great Scott! It would fill a book! First place, I've lost nearly all the advertisers who used to be on the front page. They got huffy and quit. And the worst of it is they had been given the front page because they paid cash. A lot of the others expect you to take it out in trade."

"But why did Deacon Howe quit?"

"Peevish because of my Paint-Up-Hoxie campaign. His wife's maiden name was Robinson and he thought I was hinting at him.

"Said if he was a disgrace to Robinson Crusoe, all right; but, so far as he remembered the book, Old Man Robinson never did any advertising; and he'd try to worry along without it too!"

"I see Martin & Son have dropped out."

"You bet they did. Dropped out with a bang because I only gave the old gentleman's funeral half a column and a small head, while Joe Moffit got a column and a half and a Number Four head—and never did any advertising either."

"What's the matter with the Spring Hill Dairy?"

"Paint-Up-Hoxie—hang it!"

And the Pansy Theater?"

"I roasted the show last week worst stock company I ever saw."

"And the Grenier Pharmacy?"

"Didn't like my editorial on Less Drugs and More Fresh Air."

"And the Boston Store?"

"Paint-Up-Hoxie—hang it!"

In similar fashion we held an inquest on the other missing advertisers; and then, as diplomatically as possible, I did what I should have done before—tried to give Jimmy some good advice on matters in general and his Paint-Up-Hoxie campaign in particular.

"No, sir!" cried Jimmy as soon as he caught my drift. "You don't understand, Doc. Hang it! Don't you see? It's a matter of principle now, pure and simple. If I quit I'm licked clean out. No, sir! I've got a few dollars left yet, and I'm going to nail my flag to the mast and keep on fighting. I'm going to keep pounding away at 'Paint Up Hoxie'—pounding away like the hammers of Hades; and if some public-spirited citizen will only oblige me by painting his barn—hang it!—I'll die with a smile on my face and call him blessed. . . . All the same, Doc, I didn't come here to spin a hard-luck story. I want your advice on something." He untied a flat parcel which he had been holding on his knee, and showed me a number of sketches he had made of some of our best-known citizens. They were really good drawings, and each had a good-natured Limerick written underneath it. There was one in particular of Uncle Hod that made me chuckle the moment I saw it.

"What do you think?" he anxiously asked.

"I didn't know you could draw like this," I said, still looking them over.

"Sure! That was part of the curriculum—French, German, drawing, editorials, news writing, market reports—— But what do you think, Doc?" he anxiously repeated.

I thought it over a few minutes and then I told him.

"Of course, Jimmy, this is your funeral and not mine. But if I were you I wouldn't print most of these. They're funny, all right; but you'll only ruffle a lot of feathers and get the rest of our leading citizens down on you. This picture of Uncle Hod is a corker though. I suppose you know his wife keeps a boarding house over in West Hoxie? And she's a card too. Why don't you spend a little time over there and study the whole crowd? You might be able to get quite a few pictures. Honestly, Jimmy, I think you'd make a hit with everybody. I know you would with me."

"But don't you think it would lower the tone of the whole paper?"

I showed him the column of jokes in the Medical Journal and he glanced over it with serious attention.

"If the Medical Journal can do it without losing dignity," he said, "I guess the Hoxie Herald can. But, say, Doctor, I want to ask you something else." He blushed a little then, for all the world like a country boy. "What do you think of my editorials—those dealing with national questions?" And he looked at me with such a wistful glance that I hadn't the heart to hurt his feelings.

"Pretty deep," I said.

He earnestly insisted on shaking my hand, and I felt as Benedict Arnold probably felt when he got his reward.

"They're modeled on the style of old M. M.," he said—"old Freeman, you know, of the Star. I don't know whether you've noticed it, but in my editorials I never use

(Continued on Page 61)

THE AGONY COLUMN

II

By Earl Derr Biggers

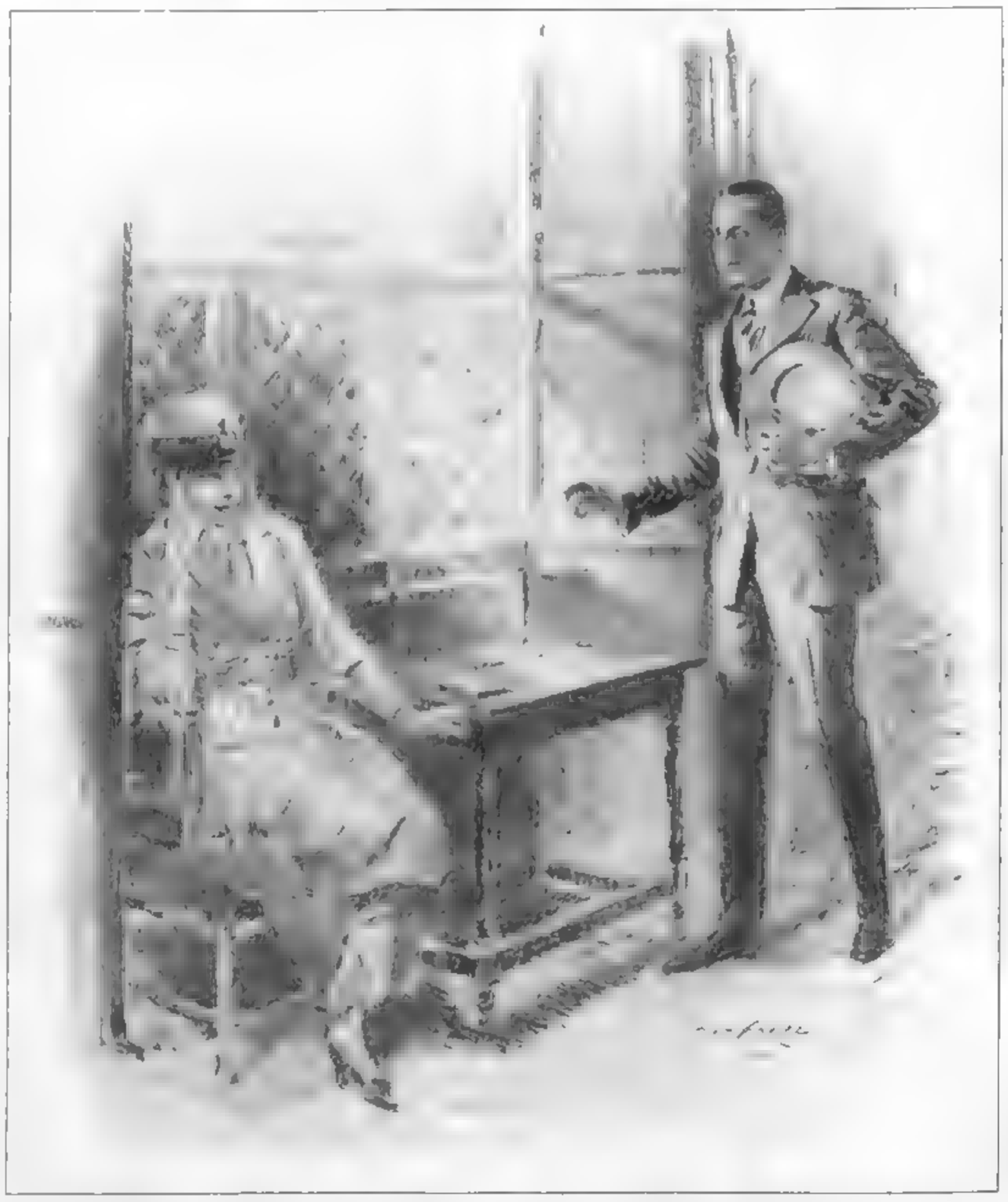
ILLUSTRATED BY WILL GREFÉ

THE third letter from her correspondent of the Agony Column increased in the mind of the lovely young woman at the Carlton the excitement and tension the second had created. For a long time, on the Saturday morning of its receipt, she sat in her room puzzling over the mystery of the house in Adelphi Terrace. When first she had heard that Captain Fraser-Freer, of the Indian Army, was dead of a knife wound over the heart, the news had shocked her like that of the loss of some old and dear friend. She had desired passionately the apprehension of his murderer, and had turned over and over in her mind the possibilities of white asters, a scarab pin and a Homburg hat.

Perhaps the girl longed for the arrest of the guilty man thus keenly because this jaunty young friend of hers—a friend whose name she did not know—to whom, indeed, she had never spoken—was so dangerously entangled in the affair. For, from what she knew of Geoffrey West, from her casual glance in the restaurant and, far more, from his letters, she liked him extremely.

And now came his third letter, in which he related the connection of that hat, that pin and those asters with the column in the Mail which had first brought them together. As it happened, she, too, had copies of the paper for the first four days of the week. She went to her sitting room, unearthed these copies, and—gasped! For from the column in Monday's paper stared up at her the cryptic words to Rangoon concerning asters in a garden at Canterbury. In the other three issues as well, she found the identical messages her strawberry man had quoted. She sat for a long time deep in thought; sat, in fact, until at her door came the enraged knocking of a hungry parent who had been waiting a full hour in the lobby below for her to join him at breakfast.

"Come, come!" boomed her father, entering at her invitation. "Don't sit here all day mooning. I'm hungry if you're not."



"You Will Pardon This Intrusion. I Have Come for a Brief Word With You"

With quick apologies she made ready to accompany him downstairs. Firmly, as she planned their campaign for the day, she resolved to put from her mind all thought of Adelphi Terrace. How well she succeeded may be judged from a speech made by her father that night just before dinner:

"Have you lost your tongue, Marian? You're as uncommunicative as a newly elected officeholder. If you can't get a little more life into these expeditions of ours we'll pack up and head for home."

She smiled, patted his shoulder, and promised to improve. But he appeared to be in a gloomy mood.

"I believe we ought to go, anyhow," he went on. "In my opinion this war is going to spread like a prairie fire. The Kaiser got back to Berlin yesterday. He'll sign the mobilization orders to-day as sure as fate. For the past week, on the Berlin Bourse, Canadian Pacific stock has been dropping. That means they expect England to come in."

He gazed darkly into the future. It may seem that, for an American statesman, he had an unusual grasp of European politics. This is easily explained by the fact that he had been talking with the bootblack at the Carlton Hotel.

"Yes," he said with sudden decision, "I'll go down to the steamship offices early Monday morning ——"

His daughter heard these words with a sinking heart. She had a most unhappy picture of herself boarding a ship and sailing out of Liverpool or Southampton, leaving the mystery that so engrossed her thoughts forever unsolved. Wisely she diverted her father's thoughts toward the question of food. She had heard, she said, that Simpson's, in the Strand, was an excellent place to dine. They would go there, and walk. She suggested a short detour that would carry them through Adelphi Terrace. It seemed she had always wanted to see Adelphi Terrace.

As they passed through that silent street she sought to guess, from an inspection of the grim, forbidding house fronts, back of which lay the lovely garden, the romantic mystery. But the houses were so very much like one another. Before one of them, she noted, a taxi waited.

After dinner her father pleaded for a music hall as against what he called "some highfaluting, teacup English play." He won. Late that night, as they rode back to the Carlton, special editions were being proclaimed in the streets. Germany was mobilizing!

The girl from Texas retired, wondering what epistolary surprise the morning would bring forth. It brought forth this:

Dear Daughter of the Senate: Or is it Congress? I could not quite decide. But surely in one or the other of those august bodies your father sits when he is not at home in Texas or viewing Europe through his daughter's eyes. One look at him and I had gathered that.

But Washington is far from London, isn't it? And it is London that interests us most—though father's constituents must not know that. It is really a wonderful, an astounding city, once you have got the feel of the tourist out of your soul. I have been reading the most enthralling essays on it, written by a newspaper man who first fell desperately in love with it at seven—an age when the whole glittering town was symbolized for him by the fried-fish shop at the corner of the High Street. With him I have been going through its gray and furtive thoroughfares in the dead of night, and sometimes we have kicked an ash barrel and sometimes a romance. Some day I might show that London to you—guarding you, of course, from the ash barrels, if you are that kind. On second thoughts, you aren't.

But I know that it is of Adelphi Terrace and a late captain in the Indian Army that you want to hear now. Yesterday, after my discovery of those messages in the Mail and the call of Captain Hughes, passed without incident. Last night I mailed you my third letter, and after wandering for a time amid the alternate glare and gloom of the city, I went back to my rooms and smoked on my balcony while about me the inmates of six million homes sweltered in the heat.

Nothing happened. I felt a bit disappointed, a bit cheated, as one might feel on the first night spent at home after many successive visits to exciting plays. To-day, the first of August, dawned, and still all was quiet. Indeed, it was not until this evening that further developments in the sudden death of Captain Fraser-Freer arrived to disturb me. These developments are strange ones surely, and I shall hasten to relate them.

I dined to-night at a little place in Soho. My waiter was Italian, and on him I amused myself with the Italian in Ten Lessons of which I am foolishly proud. We talked of Fiesole, where he had lived. Once I rode from Fiesole down the hill to Florence in the moonlight. I remember endless walls on which hung roses, fresh and blooming. I remember a gaunt nunnery and two gray-robed sisters clanging shut the gates. I remember the searchlight from the military encampment, playing constantly over the Arno and the roofs—the eye of Mars that, here in Europe, never closes. And always the flowers nodding above me, stooping now and then to brush my face. I came to think that at the end Paradise, and not a second-rate hotel, was waiting. One may still take that ride, I fancy. Some day—some day ——

I dined in Soho. I came back to Adelphi Terrace in the hot, reeking August dusk, reflecting that the mystery in which I was involved was, after a fashion, standing still. In front of our house I noticed a taxi waiting. I thought nothing of it as I entered the murky hallway and climbed the familiar stairs.

My door stood open. It was dark in my study, save for the reflection of the lights of London outside. As I crossed the threshold there came to my nostrils the faint, sweet perfume of lilacs. There are no lilacs in our garden, and if there were it is not the season. No, this perfume had been brought there by a woman—a woman who sat at my desk and raised her head as I entered.

"You will pardon this intrusion," she said in the correct, careful English of one who has learned the speech from a book. "I have come for a brief word with you—then I shall go."

I could think of nothing to say. I stood gaping like a schoolboy.

"My word," the woman went on, "is in the nature of advice. We do not always like those who give us advice. None the less, I trust that you will listen."

I found my tongue then.

"I am listening," I said stupidly. "But first—a light——" And I moved toward the matches on the mantelpiece.

Quickly the woman rose and faced me. I saw then that she wore a veil—not a heavy veil, but a fluffy, attractive thing that was yet sufficient to screen her features from me.

"I beg of you," she cried, "no light!" And as I paused, undecided, she added, in a tone which suggested lips that pout: "It is such a little thing to ask—surely you will not refuse."

I suppose I should have insisted. But her voice was charming, her manner perfect, and that odor of lilacs reminiscent of a garden I knew long ago, at home.

"Very well," said I.

"Oh—I am grateful to you," she answered. Her tone changed. "I understand that, shortly after seven o'clock last Thursday evening, you heard in the room above you the sounds of a struggle. Such has been your testimony to the police?"

"It has," said I.

"Are you quite certain as to the hour?" I felt that she was smiling at me. "Might it not have been later—or earlier?"

"I am sure it was just after seven," I replied. "I'll tell you why: I had just returned from dinner and while I was unlocking the door Big Ben on the House of Parliament struck ——"

She raised her hand.

"No matter," she said, and there was a touch of iron in her voice. "You are no longer sure of that. Thinking it over, you have come to the conclusion that it may have been barely six-thirty when you heard the noise of a struggle."

"Indeed?" said I. I tried to sound sarcastic, but I was really too astonished by her tone.

"Yes—indeed!" she replied. "That is what you will tell Inspector Bray when next you see him. 'It may have been six-thirty,' you will tell him. 'I have thought it over and I am not certain.'"

"Even for a very charming lady," I said, "I cannot misrepresent the facts in a matter so important. It was after seven ——"

"I am not asking you to do a favor for a lady," she replied. "I am asking you to do a favor for yourself. If you refuse the consequences may be most unpleasant."

"I'm rather at a loss ——" I began.

She was silent for a moment. Then she turned and I felt her looking at me through the veil.

"Who was Archibald Enwright?" she demanded. My heart sank. I recognized the weapon in her hands. "The police," she went on, "do not yet know that the letter of introduction you brought to the captain was signed by a man who addressed Fraser-Freer as Dear Cousin, but who is completely unknown to the family. Once that information reaches Scotland Yard, your chance of escaping arrest is slim.

"They may not be able to fasten this crime upon you, but there will be complications most distasteful. One's liberty is well worth keeping -and then, too, before the case ends, there will be wide publicity ——"

"Well?" said I.

"That is why you are going to suffer a lapse of memory in the matter of the hour at which you heard that struggle. As you think it over, it is going to occur to you that it may have been six-thirty, not seven. Otherwise ——"

"Go on."

"Otherwise the letter of introduction you gave to the captain will be sent anonymously to Inspector Bray."

"You have that letter!" I cried.

"Not I," she answered. "But it will be sent to Bray. It will be pointed out to him that you were posing under false colors. You could not escape!"

I was most uncomfortable. The net of suspicion seemed closing in about me. But I was resentful, too, of the confidence in this woman's voice.

"Nonetheless," said I, "I refuse to change my testimony. The truth is the truth ——"

The woman had moved to the door. She turned.

"To-morrow," she replied, "it is not unlikely you will see Inspector Bray. As I said, I came here to give you advice. You had better take it. What does it matter—a half hour this way or that? And the difference is prison for you. Good night."

She was gone. I followed into the hall. Below, in the street, I heard the rattle of her taxi.

I went back into my room and sat down. I was upset, and no mistake. Outside my windows the continuous symphony of the city played on—the busses, the trams, the never-silent voices. I gazed out. What a tremendous acreage of dank brick houses and dank British souls! I felt horribly alone. I may add that I felt a bit frightened, as though that great city were slowly closing in on me.

Who was this woman of mystery? What place had she held in the life—and perhaps in the death—of Captain Fraser-Freer? Why should she come boldly to my rooms to make her impossible demand?

I resolved that, even at the risk of my own comfort, I would stick to the truth. And to that resolve I would have clung had I not shortly received another visit—this one far more inexplicable, far more surprising, than the first.

It was about nine o'clock when Walters tapped at my door and told me two gentlemen wished to see me. A moment later into my study walked Lieutenant Norman Fraser-Freer and a fine old gentleman with a face that suggested some faded portrait hanging on an aristocrat's wall. I had never seen him before.

"I hope it is quite convenient for you to see us," said young Fraser-Freer.

I assured him that it was. The boy's face was drawn and haggard; there was terrible suffering in his eyes, yet about him hung, like a halo, the glory of a great resolution.

"May I present my father?" he said. "General Fraser-Freer, retired. We have come on a matter of supreme importance ——"

The old man muttered something I could not catch. I could see that he had been hard hit by the loss of his elder son. I asked them to be seated; the general complied, but the boy walked the floor in a manner most distressing.

"I shall not be long," he remarked. "Nor at a time like this is one in the mood to be diplomatic. I will only say, sir, that we have come to ask of you a great favor—a very great favor indeed. You may not see fit to grant it. If that is the case we cannot well reproach you. But if you can ——"

"It is a great favor, sir!" broke in the general. "And I am in the odd position where I do not know whether you will serve me best by granting it or by refusing to do so."

"Father—please—if you don't mind ——" The boy's voice was kindly but determined. He turned to me.

"Sir—you have testified to the police that it was a bit past seven when you heard in the room above the sounds of the struggle which—which —— You understand."

In view of the mission of the caller who had departed a scant hour previously, the boy's question startled me.

"Such was my testimony," I answered. "It was the truth."

"Naturally," said Lieutenant Fraser-Freer. "But - er—as a matter of fact, we are here to ask that you alter your testimony. Could you, as a favor to us who have suffered so cruel a loss—a favor we should never forget—could you not make the hour of that struggle half after six?"

I was quite overwhelmed.

"Your—reasons?" I managed at last to ask.

"I am not able to give them to you in full," the boy answered. "I can only say this: It happens that at seven o'clock last Thursday night I was dining with friends at the Savoy—friends who would not be likely to forget the occasion."

The old general leaped to his feet.

"Norman," he cried, "I cannot let you do this thing! I simply will not ——"

"Hush, father," said the boy wearily. "We have threshed it all out. You have promised ——"

The old man sank back into the chair and buried his face in his hands.

"If you are willing to change your testimony," young Fraser-Freer went on to me, "I shall at once confess to the police that it was I who—who murdered my brother. They suspect me. They know that late last Thursday afternoon I purchased a revolver, for which, they believe, at the last moment I substituted the knife. They know that I was in debt to him; that we had quarreled about money matters; that by his death I, and I alone, could profit."

He broke off suddenly and came toward me, holding out his arms with a pleading gesture I can never forget.

"Do this for me!" he cried. "Let me confess! Let me end this whole horrible business here and now."

Surely no man had ever to answer such an appeal before.

"Why?" I found myself saying, and over and over I repeated it—"Why? Why?"

The lieutenant faced me, and I hope never again to see such a look in a man's eyes.

"I loved him!" he cried. "That is why. For his honor, for the honor of our family, I am making this request of you. Believe me, it is not easy. I can tell you no more than that. You knew my brother?"

"Slightly."

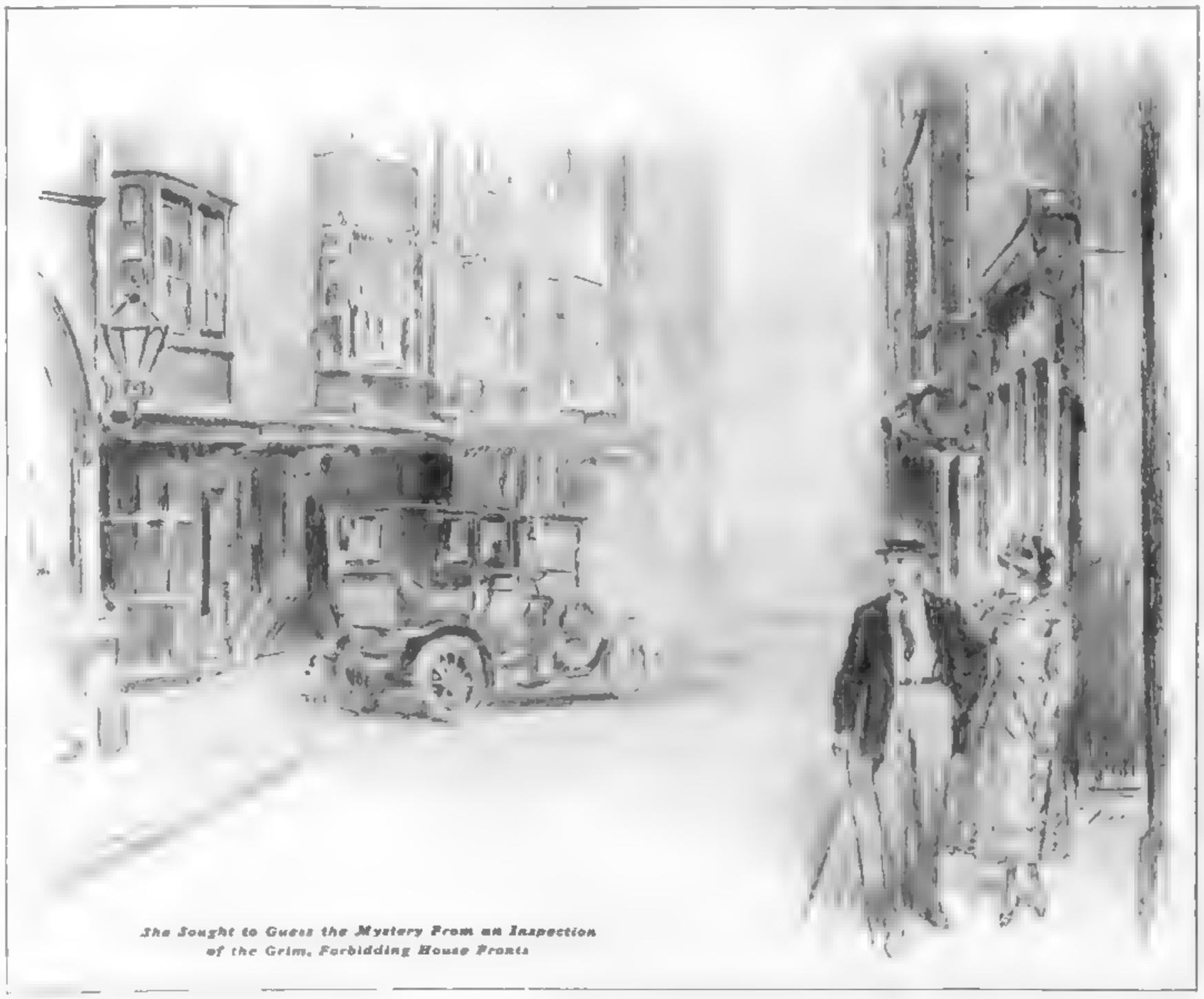
"Then, for his sake—do this thing I ask."

"But murder ——"

"You heard the sounds of a struggle. I shall say that we quarreled—that I struck in self-defense." He turned to his father. "It will mean only a few years in prison—I can bear that!" he cried. "For the honor of our name!"

The old man groaned, but did not raise his head. The boy walked back and forth over my faded carpet like a lion caged. I stood wondering what answer I should make.

"I know what you are thinking," said the lieutenant. "You cannot credit your ears. But you have heard correctly. And now—as you might put it—it is up to you. I have been in your country." He smiled pitifully. "I think I know



She Sought to Guess the Mystery From an Inspection of the Grim, Forbidding House Fronts

you Americans. You are not the sort to refuse a man when he is sore beset—as I am."

I looked from him to the general and back again.

"I must think this over," I answered, my mind going at once to Colonel Hughes. "Later—say to-morrow—you shall have my decision "

"To-morrow," said the boy, "we shall both be called before Inspector Bray. I shall know your answer then—and I hope with all my heart it will be yes."

There were a few mumbled words of farewell and he and the broken old man went out. As soon as the street door closed behind them I hurried to the telephone and called a number Colonel Hughes had given me. It was with a feeling of relief that I heard his voice come back over the wire. I told him I must see him at once. He replied that by a singular chance he had been on the point of starting for my rooms.

In the half hour that elapsed before the coming of the colonel I walked about like a man in a trance. He was barely inside my door when I began pouring out to him the story of those two remarkable visits. He made little comment on the woman's call beyond asking me whether I could describe her; and he smiled when I mentioned lilac perfume. At mention of young Fraser-Freer's preposterous request he whistled.

"By gad!" he said. "Interesting—most interesting! I am not surprised, however. That boy has the stuff in him."

"But what shall I do?" I demanded.

Colonel Hughes smiled.

"It makes little difference what you do," he said. "Norman Fraser-Freer did not kill his brother, and that will be proved in due time." He considered for a moment. "Bray no doubt would be glad to have you alter your testimony, since he is trying to fasten the crime on the young lieutenant. On the whole, if I were you, I think that when the opportunity comes to-morrow I should humor the inspector."

"You mean—tell him I am no longer certain as to the hour of that struggle?"

"Precisely. I give you my word that young Fraser-Freer will not be permanently incriminated by such an act on your part. And incidentally you will be aiding me."

"Very well," said I. "But I don't understand this at all."

"No—of course not. I wish I could explain to you; but I cannot. I will say this—the death of Captain Fraser-Freer is regarded as a most significant thing by the War Office. Thus it happens that two distinct hunts for his assassin are under way—one conducted by Bray, the other by me. Bray does not suspect that I am working on the case and I want to keep him in the dark as long as possible. You may choose which of these investigations you wish to be identified with."

"I think," said I, "that I prefer you to Bray."

"Good boy!" he answered. "You have not gone wrong. And you can do me a service this evening, which is why I was on the point of coming here, even before you telephoned me. I take it that you remember and could identify the chap who called himself Archibald Enwright—the man who gave you that letter to the captain."

"I surely could," said I.

"Then, if you can spare me an hour, get your hat "

And so it happens, lady of the Carlton, that I have just been to Limehouse. You do not know where Limehouse is and I trust you never will. It is picturesque; it is revolting; it is colorful and wicked. The weird odors of it still fill my nostrils; the sinister portrait of it is still before my eyes. It is the Chinatown of London—Limehouse. Down in the dregs of the town—with West India Dock Road for its spinal column—it lies, redolent of ways that are dark and tricks that are vain. Not only the heathen Chinee so peculiar shuffles through its dim-lit alleys, but the scum of the earth, of many colors and of many climes. The Arab and the Hindu, the Malayan and the Jap, black men from the Congo and fair men from Scandinavia—these you may meet there—the outpourings of all the ships that sail the Seven Seas. There many drunken beasts, with their pay in their pockets, seek each his favorite sin; and for those who love most the opium, there is, at all too regular intervals, the Sign of the Open Lamp.

We went there, Colonel Hughes and I. Up and down the narrow Causeway, yellow at intervals with the light from gloomy shops, dark mostly because of tightly closed shutters through which only thin jets found their way, we walked until we came and stood at last in shadow outside the black doorway of Harry San Li's so-called restaurant. We waited ten minutes, fifteen minutes, and then a man came down the Causeway and paused before that door. There was something familiar in his jaunty walk. Then the faint glow of the lamp that was the indication of Harry San's real business lit his pale face, and I knew that I had seen him last in the cool evening at Interlaken, where Limehouse could not have lived a moment, with the Jungfrau frowning down upon it.

"Enwright?" whispered Hughes.

"Not a doubt of it!" said I.

"Good!" he replied with fervor.

And now another man shuffled down the street and stood suddenly straight and waiting before the colonel.

"Stay with him," said Hughes softly. "Don't let him get out of your sight."

"Very good, sir," said the man; and, saluting, he passed on up the stairs and whistled softly at that black, depressing door.

The clock above the Millwall Docks was striking eleven as the colonel and I caught a bus that should carry us back to a brighter, happier London. Hughes spoke but seldom on that ride; and, repeating his advice that I humor Inspector Bray on the morrow, he left me in the Strand.

So, my lady, here I sit in my study, waiting for that most important day that is shortly to dawn. A full evening, you must admit. A woman with the perfume of lilacs about her has threatened that unless I lie I shall encounter consequences most unpleasant. A handsome young lieutenant has begged me to tell that same lie for the honor of his family, and thus condemn him to certain arrest and imprisonment.

"For His Honor, for the Honor of Our Family, I am Making This Request of You"

And I have been down into hell to-night and seen Archibald Enwright, of Interlaken, conniving with the devil.

I presume I should go to bed; but I know I cannot sleep. To-morrow is to be, beyond all question, a red-letter day in the matter of the captain's murder. And once again, against my will, I am down to play a leading part.

The symphony of this great, gray, sad city is a mere hum in the distance now, for it is nearly midnight. I shall mail this letter to you—post it, I should say, since I am in London—and then I shall wait in my dim rooms for the dawn. And as I wait I shall be thinking not always of the captain, or his brother, or of Hughes, or Limehouse and Enwright, but often—oh, very often—of you.

In my last letter I scoffed at the idea of a great war. But when we came back from Limehouse to-night the papers told us that the Kaiser had signed the order to mobilize. Austria in; Serbia in; Germany, Russia and France in. Hughes tells me that England is shortly to follow, and I suppose there is no doubt of it. It is a frightful thing—this future that looms before us; and I pray that for you at least it may hold only happiness.

For, my lady, when I write good night, I speak it aloud as I write: and there is in my voice more than I dare tell you of now. THE AGONY COLUMN MAN.

Not unwelcome to the violet eyes of the girl from Texas were the last words of this letter, read in her room that Sunday morning. But the lines predicting England's early entrance into the war recalled to her mind a most undesirable contingency. On the previous night, when the war extras came out confirming the forecast of his favorite bootblack, her usually calm father had shown signs of panic. He was not a man slow to act. And she knew that, putty though he was in her hands in matters which he did not regard as important, he could also be firm where he thought firmness necessary. America looked even better to him than usual, and he had made up his mind to go there immediately. There was no use in arguing with him.

At this point came a knock at her door and her father entered. One look at his face—red, perspiring and decidedly unhappy—served to cheer his daughter.

"Been down to the steamship offices," he panted, mopping his bald head. "They're open to-day, just like it was a week day—but they might as well be closed. There's nothing doing. Every boat's booked up to the rails and we can't get out of here for two weeks—maybe more."

"I'm sorry," said his daughter.

"No, you ain't! You're delighted. You think it's romantic to get caught like this. Wish I had the enthusiasm of youth." He fanned himself with a newspaper. "Lucky I went over to the express office yesterday and loaded up on gold. I reckon when the blow falls it'll be tolerable hard to cash checks in this man's town."

"That was a good idea."

"Ready for breakfast?" he inquired.

"Quite ready," she smiled.

They went below, she humming a song from a revue, while he glared at her. She was very glad they were to be in London a little longer. She felt she could not go, with that mystery still unsolved.

The last peace Sunday London was to know in many weary months went by, a tense and anxious day. Early on Monday the fifth letter from the young man of the Agony Column arrived, and when the girl from Texas read it she knew that under no circumstances could she leave London now. It ran:

Dear Lady From Home: I call you that because the word home has for me, this hot afternoon in London, about the sweetest sound word ever had. I can see, when I close my eyes, Broadway at midday; Fifth Avenue, gay and colorful, even with all the best people away; Washington Square, cool under the trees, lovely and desirable despite the presence everywhere of alien neighbors from the district to the South. I long for home with an ardent longing; never was London so cruel, so hopeless, so drab, in my eyes. For, as I write this, a constable sits at my elbow, and he and I are shortly to start for Scotland Yard: I have been arrested as a suspect in the case of Captain Fraser-Freer's murder!

I predicted last night that this was to be a red-letter day in the history of that case, and I also saw myself an unwilling actor in the drama. But little did I suspect the series of astonishing events that was to come with the morning; little did I dream that the net I have been dreading would to-day engulf me. I can scarcely blame Inspector Bray for holding me; what I cannot understand is why Colonel Hughes——

But you want, of course, the whole story from the beginning; and I shall give it to you. At eleven o'clock this morning a constable called on me at my rooms and informed me that I was wanted at once by the Chief Inspector at the Yard.

We climbed—the constable and I—a narrow stone stairway somewhere at the back of New Scotland Yard, and so came to the inspector's room. Bray was waiting for us, smiling and confident. I remember—silly as the detail is—that he wore in his buttonhole a white rose. His manner of greeting me was more genial than usual. He began by informing me that the police had apprehended the man who, they believed, was guilty of the captain's murder.

(Continued on Page 29)

SUDDEN JIM

By Clarence Budington Kelland

ILLUSTRATED BY HARVEY DUNN

It Was Not Simply to Fight That They Hurried, But to Succor Their Friends

XVI

BETWEEN the fall of darkness Sunday night and the breaking of dawn on Monday industrious persons had beautified Diversity by nailing to tree, fence and barn halftone reproductions of a photograph of Peleg Goodwin, wherein Peleg was shown wearing a collar of the Daniel Webster type and an expression like a slightly soured Signer of the Declaration. Peleg's beard was neatly trimmed; there was a part in his bushy hair. Somehow it did not impress one as authentic, but as a bit of trick photography. It excited some argument. People were disinclined to believe it really was Peleg, but some more glorious being who chanced to resemble Peleg somewhat.

"That there Peleg!" snorted Dolf Springer. "You couldn't pound Peleg's face into no such noble expression with a sledge. That there's Peleg's twin brother that died and went to heaven 'fore Peleg got him into bad habits."

"If that's Peleg," said Old Man Ruggles in a voice like a wheezy tin whistle, "then these here blue jeans is broadcloth weddin' pants."

"I don't see but what it resembles him close," said a supporter of Goodwin's.

"That," said Dolf, "is prob'ly 'cause somebody's give you a dollar to think that way."

"My vote hain't for sale," shouted the virtuous citizen.

"Neither does a mortgage draw int'rest," said Dolf.

Jim drove on, chuckling. One thing was apparent—somebody was spending money to defeat Zaanan Frame. It was not all going for printing either, Jim felt certain. How would Zaanan meet this attack? Had he money to spend in a campaign? A worry lest the old fellow had passed his fighting day oppressed Jim. He stopped at Zaanan's office.

"I see the campaign has opened," he said.

"Peleg's a handsome critter, hain't he?" Zaanan said.

"Moran's going to dump a lot of money and a lot of dirty politics in here," Jim said. "What are you going to do about it?"

"Me? Not much, I calc'late. I hain't what you'd call a political campaigner. Don't go in for no hip-hurrah just 'round election time. Keep reasonable busy the whole twelve months."

"Aren't you going to do anything to offset Moran's money?"

"Dunno's I be," said Zaanan placidly.

"They'll beat you in the caucus as sure as you're a foot high," Jim said anxiously. "They've got to do it there. I don't believe they could worry you in an election."

"Caucuses is uncertain," said Zaanan. "Delegates and sheep is close related. Can't never tell when or where they'll run."

"Do you need money?" Jim asked a shade diffidently. "I thought if you did — "

"Young feller, if I had a million dollars I wouldn't spend a cent. If folks elect me to office it'll be 'cause they want me, and not 'cause they're paid to vote for me. But I calc'late I'm obleeged to you. It was a right friendly offer."

"Is there anything I can do?"

"Yes," said Zaanan with a chuckle; "go 'long and tend to your own business. Git your own neck out of the noose 'fore you reach out to help me over a fence. G'by, Jim."

When Jim got to the mill he found Grierson ready with his weekly report. The old bookkeeper had put in a happy Sunday preparing it. From morning till night he had scratched and crackled in figures and computations—a regular debauch.

"She's coming. She's coming now," Grierson said, his face wrinkling dryly as if the skin were ledger paper. "Shows sixty-five boxes to the machine."

"But shipments are less than ever," Jim said as he glanced over the sheet.

"Cars," said Grierson shortly. "Goods are in the warehouse, but the railroad won't set in cars to ship them out."

Moran's railroad would not set in cars. This was not altogether unexpected. The railroad could hamper him, delay him—and escape under the plea of a car shortage. Crops were moving. The excuse would hold good. Jim knew he was powerless against this new aggression.

Then came a telegram from New York, driving temporarily from Jim's mind the matter of freight cars. It was a long telegram:

German steamer Dessau sunk 50,000 boxes pins aboard, bound Bremen to Argentine. Agents Argentine firms offer 70 cents on dock here. Have order 15,000 boxes if can ship ten days. Money on dock. Welliver fill order you cannot.

Seventy cents for pins with the New York market at forty-four cents or thereabouts! A clean killing of nearly fifty-five hundred dollars!

Jim snatched up Grierson's report. It showed seven thousand boxes packed in the warehouse, and estimated twelve thousand boxes unpacked in the bins. He did not wait to weigh consequences or to offset difficulties.

Accept order. Will ship 15,000 boxes pins ten days this date seventy cents New York.

This message dispatched, Jim rushed out into the mill in search of Beam; told him the fact.

"How will we get them packed out?" he asked.

"If you was to ask me serious," said Beam with a frown, "I'd say you couldn't."

"We've got to. How many are we packing out a day?"

"Close to a thousand boxes. These packers are the limit. They can't get up speed."

"We've got to make some regular shipments. That means about fifteen thousand boxes to pack out in ten days. Put on a double force of packers."

"Where'll I git 'em? We're short now, and no place to go for more."

"Get boys then," said Jim. "And tell the men—any of them that are willing to work evenings—to come in and pack. We'll run that packing room twenty-four hours a day if we have to."

"You're the boss," said Beam dubiously.

Jim went in person to the freight department of the railroad. He made requisition for eight extra cars to be set in within ten days.

"Can't be done," said the freight agent. "We haven't and won't have the cars."

"You mean you have orders not to set in cars for us, don't you? Well, Mister Freight Agent, I'm going to have those cars. You see to it they're set in or things'll happen round here."

"You can't bulldoze me," said the man. "I know what I'm doin'. You'll get what cars I set in, and no more. And if you talk too much maybe you won't get any."

Jim glared at the man, half of a mind to haul him over the desk and argue with him physically, but thought better of it and slammed out of the office. He had to have those cars. It was equally clear the road would not give them to him. What then?

To reach the office again Jim had to pass through the yard where dry lumber for turned stock was piled. There was, he noticed, a reasonable supply, but no heavy stock. More would have to be bought within the month, for his own sawmill had not yet been able to cut out for drying sufficient quantities to carry on operations. Drying, air drying, requires time. Until his own boards could dry, lumber must be purchased. Thence came the idea

He hurried to the office and sent wires to Muskegon, to Traverse City, to Reed City, to the big lumber mills of the section.

"How much two-inch stock can you ship at once. Must come box cars. Price."

In two hours he had replies, irritated, humorous, bewildered.

"Box cars? Are you crazy?" one said. Jim grinned. He knew it must sound like lunacy to be ordering lumber of the class he wanted in box cars. He replied to all, reiterating his demands.

"Fifty cents extra per thousand for loading," came back replies.

"How many cars?" Jim countered. "When?"

Muskegon could ship two cars next day and one the day after. Traverse could ship three cars within three days. Reed City could ship four, on four successive days.

"O. K.," wired Jim. "Let them come hustling."

He had solved his car problem. Moran's road could not stop cars shipped through. They would be set in on Jim's siding and unloaded, and because Jim had requisitions in for cars as yet unsupplied, he could reload them and ship them out again filled with his product.

He called in Grierson.

"I've accepted an order for fifteen thousand pins for Argentine Republic. Price seventy cents New York. To be shipped in ten days."

Grierson threw up his hands.

"We haven't the pins. We can't get the cars to ship them."

"We've got the pins, and the cars are on their way to us. Send your young man out after Beam."

The superintendent came in presently.

"I've got ten box cars of two-inch maple and birch coming in within the next three or four days. Have a gang ready to take care of it. Put on enough extra men in the shipping department to load as fast as the cars empty," he said.

Beam gaped at Jim. Then his eyes brightened, he grinned, he threw back his head and roared.

"Mr. Ashe," he said, when he could speak, "you're a regular feller, and sudden!"

The cars arrived. On the eighth day fifteen thousand boxes of pins were on their way to New York in eight box cars, and the freight agent of Moran's railroad looked at Jim with the light of admiration in his eyes. Jim had met a sudden emergency suddenly and efficiently. He was tempted to sit down and describe the feat to his father, who would have delighted in it. But he did not. He remembered Clothespin Jimmy's admonition not to bother him with his business.

But Clothespin Jimmy learned of the matter, which Jim did not know. He learned of it promptly, as he learned most of the details of what went on in the mill, from a source Jim was far from suspecting.

The day after the last car was on its way Zaanan Frame stopped Jim on the street.

"First Price—Twelf Dollar and a Half; Last Price—Twelf Dollar and a Half. No Dicker"

"Hain't forgot that strip of timber of old Le Bar's?" he asked.

"No," said Jim.

"Nice afternoon for a drive," said Zaanan, "out toward Le Bar's."

"Very," said Jim, smiling at the old man's manner of handling a situation. "Would you like to go with me?"

"No," said Zaanan gruffly, "but if I was drivin' that way and come to Bullet's Corners and there wa'n't nobody there, I calc'late I'd slack down and wait till somebody come. G'by, Jim."

After dinner Jim drove out toward Le Bar's. At Bullet's Corners, waiting in the shade of a big hickory, were Zaanan Frame and his horse Tiffany.

"Howdy," said Zaanan. "Goin' somewheres?"

"Thought I'd call on old man Le Bar," said Jim, playing the game according to Zaanan's rules.

"Goin' that way myself," said Zaanan with surprise that seemed real. "Calc'late I'll git there 'bout a quarter of an hour first, seein's I've got the best horse."

"You have a fine animal," said Jim without a quiver.

Zaanan looked over at him suspiciously; gazed at Tiffany's ancient and knobby frame; opened his mouth as though to make an observation, but decided on silence.

"G'by, Jim," he said in a moment.

"G'by, Judge," said Jim.

In an honest fifteen minutes Jim drove on until he saw two old men sitting on the doorstep of a house at the roadside. It was a little, weatherbeaten house, not such as one would expect to find the owner of a fortune in timber housed in. But one of the men was Zaanan Frame, so Jim stopped and alighted.

"Jim," said Zaanan, "meet Mr. Le Bar. This here's Mr. Ashe, Louis."

"She's yo'ng man," said Louis with a twinkle.

"Mr. Le Bar figgers he's gittin' on in life," said Zaanan. "He sort of wants to git his affairs settled up on account of maybe bein' called away sudden ——"

"When *Le Bon Dieu* say," Louis interjected softly.

"He owns quite a piece of timber," said Zaanan, "and figgered you might have some use for it. Hardwood."

"Yes," said Jim, not knowing what was expected of him. "How many acres?"

"Twenty t'ousand-odd acre," said Louis.

"It'll run twenty to twenty-five thousand beech, birch and maple to the acre," said Zaanan.

"Diversity Hardwood Company dey h'offer me twelf dollar an acre," said Louis. "But me, I not sell to heem for twenty. I sell not at all till comes dat time wen I'm ready. Now dat time she's come."

"How much are you asking?"

"First price—twelf dollar and a half; last price—twelf dollar and a half. No dicker."

Jim looked at Zaanan, who nodded.

"I'll take a sixty-day option at that price, if you're agreeable."

"How much for dat option?"

"A thousand dollars," said Jim.

"Ver' good. We make trade, eh? Now Zaanan she write for us a paper."

Zaanan completed the legal details; they smoked and ate of Louis' honey and doughnuts, and started on the return to Diversity.

"Two hundred and fifty thousand dollars," Jim said to Zaanan as their buggies came abreast on a broad stretch of road. "It's a lot of money."

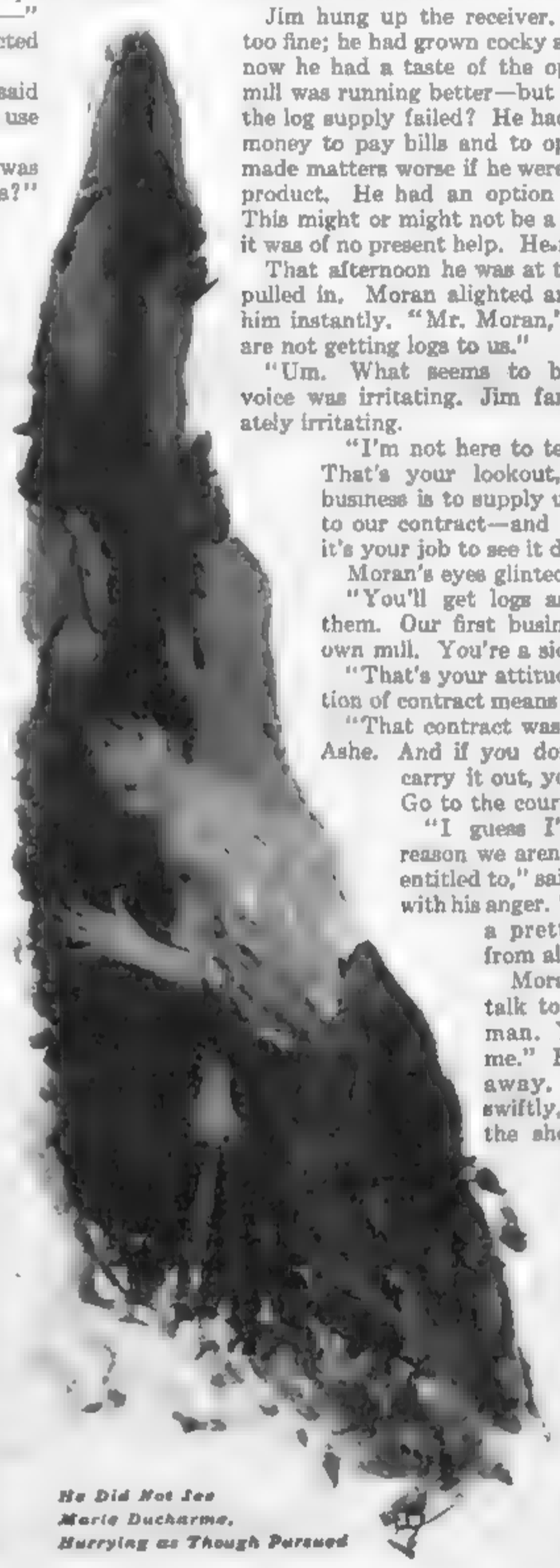
"Um. I've knowed fellers to do a lot with an option down to Grand Rapids."

"What ought I to get for this land?"

"Some folks might go as high as thirteen dollars. But if they was apt to lose it I shouldn't be s'prised if this Diversity Hardwood Company was to go fifteen. It's wuth it to them—or anybody else. But I calc'late I'd git a *bony fidy* offer from some other feller 'fore I went to Moran's crowd."

"I calculate so too," said Jim. Then after a pause: "Why didn't you go into this yourself, Judge? You could have handled it."

"Young feller, I'm past seventy. I got enough so's nobody kin starve me. I hain't chick nor child nor relative on earth. What d'you calc'late I'd do with more'n I've got? It's come too late for me, Jim. I've sort of give up my aims and ambitions for Diversity, and hain't got none left. Diversity's used me up, sich as I be—and it's welcome to what it got. And me, I guess I got my pay all right. I've seen marryin's and christenin's. I've seen young folks happy and old folks comforted. I've stuck my finger into folkses' pies—and seen 'em with tears in their eyes that was better'n thanks. No, son, I've had my investment and my profits. You're welcome to yourn."



He Did Not See Marie Ducharme, Hurrying as Though Pursued

XVII

IT WAS the following Friday that Jim's attention was called to the scant stock of logs on the skids. He knew that the mill had been eating up more timber than before—and of course was pleased, for that meant an increased production. He knew, too, that the Diversity Hardwood Company had missed sending down a train of logs once or twice when they should have been sent; but other matters had filled his attention to the exclusion of this.

John Beam saw Jim staring at the logs and stepped over to his side.

"I was comin' up to see you about this to-day," he said. "Them folks is givin' us the worst of it, plenty. Look at the logs they're sendin' down. Mostly beech, and dozy at that. For a week we've been short of maple for veneer. And they've been holdin' back on us. We're usin' twice what they're sendin' down. I asked the boss of their train crew what was the matter, and he just grinned at me so's I wanted to land him one, and says we was lucky to be alive."

"Do you think they're trying to tie us up?"

"I don't *think* it," said John.

Jim turned on his heel and strode back to the office. He called the Diversity Company on the telephone.

"We're running short of logs," he said. "You've been cutting down on shipments. When can we have another trainload?"

"Things aren't going just right in the woods," said a voice. "I don't believe we can get you more than a small trainload before Tuesday or Wednesday."

"We'll be shut down Saturday if we don't get logs."

"I'm sorry, Mr. Ashe, but we're doing our best."

"Is Mr. Moran there?"

"He'll be in on the afternoon train."

Jim hung up the receiver. He had been feeling too fine; he had grown cocky at his recent successes; now he had a taste of the opposite emotion. His mill was running better—but what good did it do if the log supply failed? He had been able to borrow money to pay bills and to operate—but that only made matters worse if he were unable to get out his product. He had an option on Le Bar's timber. This might or might not be a profitable matter, but it was of no present help. He must have logs.

That afternoon he was at the depot as the train pulled in. Moran alighted and Jim fastened upon him instantly. "Mr. Moran," he said, "your men are not getting logs to us."

"Um. What seems to be wrong?" Moran's voice was irritating. Jim fancied it was deliberately irritating.

"I'm not here to tell you what's wrong. That's your lookout," Jim said. "Your business is to supply us with logs according to our contract—and if anything interferes it's your job to see it doesn't interfere."

Moran's eyes glinted.

"You'll get logs as we're able to ship them. Our first business is to supply our own mill. You're a side issue."

"That's your attitude, is it? The obligation of contract means very little to you."

"That contract was none of my making, Ashe. And if you don't like the way we carry it out, you have your redress. Go to the courts."

"I guess I've smoked out the reason we aren't getting what we're entitled to," said Jim, his voice rising with his anger. "Its name is Moran—a pretty unsavory reason, from all I gather."

Moran glared. "You can't talk to me like that, young man. You can't bulldoze me." He started to move away. Jim reached out swiftly, caught the man by the shoulder and slammed him against the side of the depot.

"I'm not through talking with you," he said evenly, his eyes beginning to glow. "When I want to talk to a man I don't consider it good manners for him to walk off. Now, Mister Man, you stay put till I've mentioned a few things to you. If you budge I'll fetch you back again."

Moran struggled, cursed and struck at Jim.

"I don't want to thrash you, Moran," said Jim, "but I can—and I may have to. It depends on you. Stand still!"

Moran turned his savage eyes on the young man's face. What he saw made him hesitate. He ceased to struggle; stood glaring venomously.

"Now listen," said Jim, unconscious of the knot of Diversity's citizens who had gathered about. "You've been needing to hear a few facts and opinions, and to-day's the date of delivery. You and your railroad have been a blight on this county. You're trying to turn the Diversity Company into another blight. So far as I can learn you haven't a decent hair in your head. You're never guilty of a fair and decent act if hard work will show you a crooked way out of it. You've gouged citizens and shippers with your railroad; you've robbed your laborers in the woods. If you have any associates I expect you've cheated them.

"Now you're trying to grab all Diversity and run it as you run your business. You're trying to steal a well-governed, honest town, and turn it into the sort of thing you admire. You came to me and asked me to help you. You want to make this county a little principality, with you as the autocrat. It would be a sad day for Diversity. If the people of this town have the sense the Almighty gave doodle-bugs they'll see what you're up to. You want the courts. You want the machinery of the law—so you can sack the place. Not a man here, not a man in your woods, would be safe in life or property. You could wrong without fear of redress. So far you've been able to get away with it, but I'm thinking the folks here will wake up in time. If you've been a crook with men you've been a miserable brute with women."

Moran cursed again, but Jim quelled his struggle promptly.

"It's astonishing," he went on, "that some woman's brother or father hasn't seen to it you got what you deserve. Some day one of them will."

Jim was surprised into a moment's silence by the sudden grayness that shaded Moran's face, by the expression of furtiveness, of fear, that crept into his eyes.

"Oh, you're a bit afraid of that, eh? You ought to be. Now for personal matters. You think the Ashe Clothespin Company would be a fine property to add to your holdings—so you mixed up with Welliver and his gang to break me. You hired the Kowterskis to spike my logs and to tamper with my machinery—and you saw what happened to one Kowterski. You've tried to hold back cars so I couldn't ship; now you're planning to cut me off on timber. Well, you aren't going to do it." He thought of Marie Ducharme. "And there's another matter, which we won't discuss publicly. If you think hard perhaps you'll guess. That's what made me despise you first. I don't suppose it matters to you how many decent folks despise you, Moran, but it gives me some satisfaction to tell you there are a lot of them. I guess that's about all, except that I've got to have logs—and I'm going to have them." He loosened his hold. Moran moved his head in his released collar, drew a long breath.

"Through, are you? Well, Ashe, see if you're man enough to listen to me without using the strong arm. You've made your talk. Maybe you think you can talk that way to Michael Moran and get away with it. I've a few things to settle with you, and this isn't the least." His partially restrained passion burst its bonds in fury. "I'll get you!" he shouted. "I'll bust you if it takes every dollar I own. Logs! See how many logs you get. Where'll you be by the time the courts give you damages—and by that time the courts will belong to me. You've started in to crowd me, too, you infernal fool. What good do you think that Le Bar option is going to do you? Do you think I'll buy from you? Don't you suppose I can stop a sale to anybody else? You just lose your thousand, that's all. And that last thing that you didn't describe. I know what it is, Ashe—and take a warning from me. Change your boarding house and get out of my way." He turned, pushed his way violently through the little crowd, and almost ran down the street.

As Jim followed more slowly he heard a man say:

"Gosh, I wouldn't be him for consid'able. Wait till Moran gits at him."

Jim rather longed for that moment.

He went at once to Grierson's desk. "Where's our log contract?" he asked.

Grierson got it from the safe. Jim jerked it open, read it quickly. His eyes lighted, his teeth clicked.

"Listen to this," he said. "Does it mean what it says—legally? 'If for any reason the said Diversity Hardwood Company shall fail to deliver to the said Ashe Clothespin Company logs according to the terms of this contract in sufficient number to fill the requirements of the said Ashe Clothespin Company, then the said Clothespin Company shall have the right to go upon the lands of the Hardwood Company at the most convenient place to them, and to cut timber, take logs from skidways, make use of all tools and appliances belonging to the Hardwood Company which shall be necessary to such logging operations, and this shall include the use of camps, railroads, teams, tools, and

any equipment which is available. The cost of such operations shall be faithfully noted, and shall be deducted from the contract price of the timber taken in such manner.'"

Grierson peered at Jim through his glasses. "It's a usual clause in such contracts," he said, "and I guess it's legal. But that's as strong a clause as I ever saw. I don't know as I ever heard of one that was enforced."

"This one is going to be," said Jim shortly. "Go out to the log yard," he said to Grierson's assistant, "and send Tim Bennett here."

"Tim," said Jim, when the cant-dog man appeared, "there was a time when lumberjacks would fight for their boss."

"Who says I won't?" Tim demanded belligerently.

"Just wanted to find out," said Jim with a smile that Tim answered broadly. "Know where there are any more like you?"

"Lumberjacks real ones is leavin' this county as fast as they kin go. But there's some left. Shouldn't be s'prised if I could dig up a couple of dozen."

"I want clean men—no boozers on duty. I want men to depend on in a pinch, who will keep their mouths shut. And I'd just as soon they wouldn't be friends of Michael Moran."

"Mike Moran, is it?" Tim asked, his eyes gleaming. "Are you goin' after him? 'Tis a glad day for Tim Bennett. Friends of Mike's there hain't no sich animal, Mr. Ashe."

"Find all you can. Don't tell 'em what's up—because you don't know," Jim said with a twinkle. "Don't get 'em together in a gang, but have 'em meet tomorrow night in that bunch of cedar this side the red bridge. If they happen to have peavey handles they might bring them along."

Before the Big Doors Swayed and Writhed a Group of Men. Then Jim Was in the Midst of It

"To use for canes where the walkin's bad," grinned Tim. "I'll have them there."

Jim was not satisfied. He wired a friend in the old home town:

Go down Patsy's have him send twenty good boys. Ten on afternoon, ten on morning train to-morrow. With peavey handles.

He knew this would be enough; that Patsy Garrity would send him the men he needed.

Jim wanted advice, but hesitated to ask it. He knew Zaanan Frame was his friend, but the old man was on the side of law and order. He might frown on Jim's intention, for lawful as it was, it might, probably would, turn out to be anything but orderly or peaceful. Still he decided to go.

Zaanan listened to him quietly, let him finish without comment.

"Blood's young," he said at the end, and wagged his head. "But this time I calc'late there hain't no other way. Moran hain't got no use for law, but he'll go rushin' off for a temp'rary injunction. That'll tie you up till he kin collect his army. If I was doin' this I calc'late I'd git there first. Eh? See young Bob Allen that's runnin' for prosecutor. He'll draw the bill for you. You're startin' in on a real job, Jim. Better be reasonable sure you're ready to finish it 'fore you start in. G'by, Jim."

Jim went to Bob Allen. The young lawyer's eyes shone as he listened.

"It's coming to him," he said. "Moran's been needing somebody to handle him without tongs. Mr. Ashe, if I get to be prosecutor, and you'll back me, I'll chase him round in circles. I'll do it whether you back me or not. We want to handle this right. When do you plan to land your invasion?"

"About midnight to-morrow."

"Then Judge Scudder's due to have his rest broken. I'll be at his house at midnight with the papers—and a deputy. He'll issue the injunction all right. By that time you'll be in full blossom. The deputy will slide off to serve the restraining order. Gosh, I'd like to be along with you."

"I'd like to have you," said Jim heartily. "We've never had time to get acquainted, but I guess we're going to, eh?"

"You bet you!" said Allen. "This place has been drifting along to the graveyard. It's a godsend to have somebody come along that's sudden. From what I hear you're sudden enough to suit anybody—judging from your little love feast with Moran this afternoon."

"I suppose the citizens are holding a funeral over me."

"Yes. But they're thinking too. You mentioned a few things that gave them something to think about. I don't figure you did Peleg Goodwin's campaign a heap of good. It's going to be a fight though. Moran's spending money."

"The next prosecutor ought to have legal evidence of it," said Jim.

"By Jove," Allen exclaimed, "that's something I over looked. If evidence is to be had I'll get it."

Jim went back to the office to study a map of the section and to lay the plans for his campaign.

XVIII

THAT night Tim Bennett's lumberjacks began to drift in. There were Danes, Frenchmen, Irish, a sprinkling of Indians. They did not linger in Diversity, nor did they congregate, but passed quickly through with a cheerful air. There was exhilaration, anticipation, in their eyes, whether of Scandinavian blue or of aboriginal black. Old times were back again. For a moment a decadent age of which they despaired was returning to better manners, and there was to be a fight. Peavey handles! There was joy to be had from the very sound of it.

In the morning a scattering of big men, predominantly Irish, got off the train and straggled away. In the afternoon another group arrived. They came so quietly, so unostentatiously, that Diversity was hardly aware of them. A full fifty were on hand—fifty fighting men such as no other set of conditions has produced, men who fought and worked for the joy of it. A race of men who worked, not for pay, but because they loved the work, is worthy of chronicle. They live no more. Men whose highest wage was the knowledge that their camp or crew, or they individually, had done more and harder and better work than some other camp or crew or individual have resident in them something that should be handed down through time for other generations to admire. They possessed vices, but they were brief, flaming, roaring safety-valve vices, almost epic in themselves. For months they were accustomed to live austere, laborious, loyal lives in the camps. Then for a day, a week, they appeared among their fellows, and their fellows received them and robbed them and plied them with liquor and directed their splendid energies into ways of debauchery. On the scales of justice the robust virtue of them outweighs their brief, primitive descents into the depths. They were men.

Tim Bennett reported to Jim Ashe. "They're here, fair bustin' with the thought of it. The taste of a fight is in their mouths and they're rollin' it under their tongues."

"Good men?"

"Mr. Ashe," said Tim joyously, "I'd undertake to drive logs through hell with 'em and the devil throwin' rocks from the shore."

"Any talk in town?"

"Not a peep. Them boys sneaked through like the shadows of a flock of hummin' birds. They're keepin' quiet where they are without even a bit of a song. By night there'll be so much deviltry penned up in 'em lookin' for a place to bust out that when it does come Moran'll think a herd of boilers is blowin' up round him."

"Go out, then, and keep them quiet. I'll be along by ten to-night."

It was not Jim's intention to descend upon the Diversity Hardwood Company with his men blindly and to seize what might by good fortune fall into his hands. He had planned well as a good general plans. Simultaneously he would strike at several points, so that in a single moment, if all went well, the machinery he needed to move logs would be in his hands. He was ready.

Satisfied he had done all he could do to make success certain, Jim went home to the widow's to supper. He was excited. Appetite was lacking. He felt inside very much like a countryman descending for the first time in a swift elevator. It was not fear; it was not excitement; it was all the nerves of his body setting and bracing themselves, making ready to respond to strain.

He scarcely touched his food; sat silently reviewing his plans to make sure every point was checked up, that there would be no omission, no mistake. The widow watched him out of the corner of her shrewd eye; Marie Ducharme watched him, too, less shrewdly, with a different sort of glance. Marie's eyes were dark with much brooding; were circled by drab shadows drawn by the finger of mental anguish. If Jim had looked at her he would have seen again that hungry look with which she followed the departing train—but now it was bent upon himself.

The widow withdrew to the kitchen, not obviously, but with sufficient pretext. She sensed a quarrel; she saw in Jim's silence and lack of appetite an ailment of the heart, not a business worry. She fancied Marie's face spoke of willingness to be reconciled—and eliminated herself to give the difficulty a chance to right itself. Widows have a way of seeing more love affairs than are visible to other eyes more, in fact, than are in being.

Presently Marie spoke:

"Jim," she said. It was the first time she had called him by his first name. "Jim, I want to go somewhere, do something, to-night. I want to get away from this house."

Jim looked at her a moment, and she was hurt to see he was not thinking of her, had hardly understood her words. Perhaps she, too, had put on his silence the same interpretation as the widow.

"Go somewhere?" he said vaguely, then flushed at his awkwardness. "I'm sorry, Marie. I was a long way off when you spoke. It was rude, wasn't it? But I've had such a heap of things to think about these last days that some of them insist on hanging round outside of business hours. Has something happened? Any trouble with Mrs. Stickney?"

(Continued on Page 65)

GEORGE WASHINGTON'S BALL

By Margaretta Tuttle

WHEN a place becomes all effect, with most of its causes hidden, it becomes incredible. You have to see it to believe it, and even then you look at it doubtfully. It produces in you a kind of blurred sensation. You say to yourself: "Yes, here it is; I had no idea it would be like this; I don't know how it happened, or if it is art, but it certainly is a dazzling picture. If I shut my eyes it will probably disappear."

When you have blinked your eyes several times and found it still there, when you can shut your eyes and still see it, it is as much art as any picture is that you can remember after you have gone away from it, especially if it is the kind of picture whose every description ends with: "Well, you have to see it."

That was what the Celebrity said oftenest to me about Palm Beach: "You'll just have to see it. I can't tell you about it." And telling people about things is what made her a celebrity. She has told almost all she knows, in prose and verse and even in a rattling good comedy that ran three months in New York.

"But it will be a ripping good thing for you to see," she succeeded in saying. "There woman is just woman, not the self-supporting, self-sufficient thing you think woman ought to be. She is the decorative, leisurely, talky, need-a-man, look-your-best woman. And her clothes! Well, all you self-sufficient women look like Kipling's woman who stood in the middle of the floor and had her *ayah* throw her clothes on her by way of dressing. You meet me at Palm Beach before you make your other Florida visits, and give a look at our American Leisure Class and learn a thing or two. Get there in time for George Wash's ball on his birthday. You'll never be the same woman again."

I didn't believe the Celebrity. Why should I? You don't believe in the brilliance of tropical plumage until you see its yellows and scarlets among the green of tropical foliage. Very certainly I didn't believe her when I stepped off the train at the hotel's back door. You have to get off at the back door. That's where the railroad takes you. No, I don't know why. All you see for the first five minutes is the Mary Anne back of the largest Queen Anne Hotel in the world and all you say is: "Is this Palm Beach? Where are the palms and where is the beach? And why have they built the hotel so close to the railroad?"

Then the boy who has seized your bag directs you to a pair of stairs, says he will join you at the desk and disappears into the bowels of the earth. You mount the stairs, traverse a pale-green velvet passage, emerge into a pale-green velvet drawing-room and stop to take your breath and your bearings.

Corridors as Long as Tunnels

I HAD expected the Celebrity to meet me at the train. I expected it even more when I saw miles of green velvet hall radiating from the velvet drawing-room. It was no place to be lost in. I looked behind me. The railroad was gone. That was the last of it. I did not see it or hear it again until I was ready to leave, when I found it most conveniently at my elbow as with a wave of the conjuror's wand.

I began to walk down one of the green velvet halls. "It is like St. Peter's," I said, "you don't realize its size until you walk through it." I couldn't believe any hotel could be so long or so broad—for I was not sure which dimension I was treading. But after I had walked about a quarter of a mile I began to be fearful that I should have to go back and take another direction. Then down the hall there came toward me a group of young girls. They were delicious-looking girls, slim, short-skirted, in heelless shoes and linen frocks and sweaters. Yes, sweaters at Palm Beach; but a glorified silken kind of sweater, orange and cerise and turquoise. I've always thought sweaters were a respectable, open-air undershirt. I shall never think so again.

I stopped a tanned and rosy girl in a yellow sports hat, to ask my way to the desk. She had a Southern voice and accent.

"Just you keep goin' right on and on and you'll come to it," she answered.

"At the end of this tunnel?"

She smiled brightly.

"I reckon it does seem far the first time, but it's there. You'll be sure to find it." And I took up my journey again.

But now it was punctuated with gay throngs coming in from the verandas to the dining rooms whose doors opened on the left of the corridor, displaying hundreds of tables ready for the luncheon hour. These gay throngs seemed at first sight to be composed of flock after flock of young girls in sports clothes, like the first group I had passed. But as I neared them I saw that two-thirds of them were older women. The present short skirts and the present style of slim figures make it impossible at a distance to distinguish maid from matron. If her back is turned you cannot tell twenty from forty. They are like the hotel—only reversed, with Queen Anne backs and Mary Anne fronts. The only way that, at a distance, you could distinguish the girls from the matrons was by the sleeker and slimmer aspect of the males accompanying the girls. They were tanned and tall young chaps with water-soaked hair, brushed straight back from their foreheads, and slim bodies clothed in Palm Beach suits.

The Palms Were Very Stately, the Air Like Italy in April

You have read the signs in the dry-cleaners' windows: "Palm Beach Suits Cleaned for Fifty Cents." And perhaps you have wondered where these suits were, and why there should be so many of them to make it worth while to clean them so cheaply. They are right here at Palm Beach, hundreds of them, plaited coats of sand-colored silk, trousers to match. Before you see them you would not believe there were so many men in the world taking a vacation.

You have the idea that most American men have to work for a living. But you change it after a five-minutes' walk down the hotel corridor. Every man who is not attired in a Palm Beach suit is emulating the lilies of the field in white flannels.

It seems strange at first to have your attention called so sharply to clothes, but there is a certain significance about it. You do not really get the Palm Beach feeling—the inimitable vacation atmosphere that hangs so lightly over the place—until you see all of these people coming together in play clothes. You do not have to look at a man's face to know that he is on relaxation bent, if he has on a plaited Norfolk jacket. You do not have to be told that he is not going to shovel coal, if he has on white shoes. Everybody at Palm Beach has on white shoes. It may sound like an insignificant statement, but it isn't. The world doesn't work in white shoes, it plays in them. Nowadays it sees that its white shoes are comfortable to play in. Not even the women wear high heels on their sports shoes, and that signifies a lot. It means clothes you can golf in, blouses that permit the arms to swing a tennis racket, skirts with pockets in them, whalebones reduced to the smallest possible number and not in the way when exercising. When these things appear at a place like Palm Beach comfort is made fashionable. This is an immense advance on the woman of even a few years ago: the woman who rocked on the veranda because her heels were too high and her clothes too tight to make exercise agreeable; the woman whose conversation began with "Before my operation and after my operation," and whose hands were filled with useless embroidery. Time was when if you had not had an operation performed and did not know how to embroider you could not hold a position in the sun among the popular women at a summer or winter resort. But not in these days! Now golf scores are compared and not doctors; the best way to swim, overhand or breast stroke, is argued, and not featherstitching versus French knots; the best bicycle roads are more interesting than the best scandal.

Perhaps you have wondered what has become of all the old bicycles. Not so long ago everybody had one—father, mother, children, and aunts from the country. And then, in the night, automobiles got cheaper and all the bicycles disappeared. Like the Palm Beach suits they are all here in Florida. There are bicycles everywhere, on the flat, hard, beautiful roads, on the curbstones, leaning against the piazzas, in the streets. If the automobile has swept them from the Northern streets it has not done that here. Men, women and children on bicycles whirl about the streets, tinkling their little bells, and the automobile drivers look out for them. Just beyond the veranda at Palm Beach were hundreds of bicycles waiting to be hired. Out on the shaded roads were other hundreds bearing their gayly attired burdens.

Crowds Turned Away

IN THE lobby, where I was making my way to the desk, were dozens of women dressed for wheeling. I could feel the gay active spirit of the place sweep through me as I moved among them. Then the room clerk said: "But, madam, your room was reserved for you last night and, when you did not come, it was given to others."

"Why, surely you could hold a room overnight? I cannot help it if my late train made me miss the connection in Jacksonville."

He was pleasantly apologetic.

"We are so pressed for room. We are turning away so many people from sheer lack of room. Sixty-five were turned away this morning."

You see, there really are hundreds of Americans who actually do go to the Riviera or to Italy each winter. Even for busy men this winter-vacation idea is growing popular. There are droves of others who go to California for the winter. But last winter the war kept them home from Europe and they had recently been to California for the Fair. There was no place left for them but Florida, and the prices climbed and climbed, and the rooms grew fewer and fewer.

"But I must have a room," I insisted. "I am meeting friends here." I mentioned the Celebrity's name.

A relieved look lightened the room-clerk's professional despair.

"Could you perhaps take her room until she comes? By that time we shall have something for you."

"Take her room!" The Celebrity is the most ardent apostle of having some place of her very own from which she can cut out the world that I ever saw.

"But isn't she here?" I gasped.

"She has been delayed. You will probably find a letter from her at the desk. Meantime, until she comes—it is actually all we can do."

It was apparently all I could do, so I did it. There was a letter from her bearing the letterhead of the great magazine that was delaying her, so I took possession of a room and bath that was being saved for her and that looked as if twenty dollars a day would be its minimum price, especially with sixty-five people turned away that morning. I looked about that luxurious room and I began to count up my money and wonder why I had come.

If you can play alone—some people can—if you can look on groups of merry people apparently having the time of their lives and enjoy the spectacle without wishing to be a part of it; if you can drink your orange juice or your tea—Palm Beach is dry—and be content to see others dance while you lack a partner; if you find riding in a wheeled chair, with occasional remarks to the darkey who is pedaling

At Eleven Everybody Goes to the Beach to Swim

you forward, enough of a diversion, then Palm Beach is an ideal place for you to spend a vacation alone, provided you have enough money not to mind spending it.

Every way is provided for you to part painlessly from your money. There is even an attempt made to make you enjoy the process. I heard only one man complain that he was spending nine dollars a day for his board and sending home for all the bread he ate. You can fill every moment of your day with some kind of diversion that does not require another person to help you and that costs a good bit of money.

But I had no great amount of money nor any ability whatsoever to enjoy myself playing all alone. I cannot endure being left out. I cannot even cross the crowded lobby of a hotel alone or enter a dining room by myself without its sending cold shivers down my spine.

So I stopped the head waiter as he preceded me down the aisle of the dining room.

"Put me at a table with somebody else," I said.

Head waiters are born acute. The woman alone and the woman who will speak to the woman alone without a solemn presentation are alike known to head waiters. This one placed me at a table with two amiable women who smiled on me as I settled myself and reached out for the menu.

They were what would be known technically as large, fine-looking ladies. They were not clad in the simple and appropriate sports clothes I had seen in the lobby, but in real dresses. The larger woman had jewels on her capacious chest, a kind of turquoise plaque resting on a yoke of Irish lace. Her hair was done in many loops, with a fringe of bang across the forehead. The other woman was older and she, too, wore a jeweled plaque on her chest, but it was the pin of the Daughters of the American Revolution.

Scraping Feminine Acquaintance

WHEN I sat down I laid my note from the Celebrity on the table. It was stamped in the corner in red and black letters with the name of the magazine now occupying all of the Celebrity's attention. The Daughter of the American Revolution looked down at my letter and read both the name of the magazine and my own name.

"Oh," she said, "you are a reporter, aren't you? Are you going to write about Palm Beach?"

"I have a friend who is," I murmured. To tell the truth I was so glad to be spoken to I didn't mind what she said.

The Lady of the Bangs leaned toward me. "I am Lorena May Ware, of St. Louis." She paused for this to sink in. If my brain were not glass in that spot where names are retained it might have sunk farther. "Surely you have heard of me?" she concluded.

I promptly lied.

"The name is familiar."

"I have been interviewed by eighteen reporters in St. Louis," she murmured. Her voice was persuasive. Had I been a reporter I could not have resisted her. But as I wasn't, I only wondered what on earth she had done and whether any of my friends from home would see me talking with her. I had to say something, for she was looking at me expectantly. I am not one of those perfectly poised people who can keep still under these circumstances.

"Tell me about yourself," I answered. The D. A. R. turned impatiently to the menu.

The menus are long and elaborate and you could order the whole of them if you chose. That is the flaw in the American plan. But these East-coast hotels have used a clever bit of psychology to keep you from ordering more than you will eat. With the menu you are handed a pencil and a slip of paper by the head waiter. It is not entrusted to your own waiter. On this slip you write what you want to eat—the whole meal from soup to nuts. You write and write, and even four or five necessary things look like a gluttonous meal when they are written out. Also it takes so much time to write it and the waiter just stands waiting. Presently you lose your nerve and the hotel saves its money.

The D. A. R. went through all this process while Lorena May Ware, of St. Louis, told me about herself. I do not expect you to believe me, but she did.

"When I was a young girl only elderly men fell in love with me," she sighed. "Now that I am a widow only the young men fall in love with me."

The D. A. R. lifted her pencil and stared a moment, then she went on industriously writing.

"It got so that whenever my father saw a gray-headed man coming up our walk," Lorena May continued, "he got angry.

"It was just all I could do to get him to let me marry Archibald Ware. It was marrying Mr. Ware that made the newspapers write about me. He had five children, all of them pretty well known."

Nine o'Clock is the Popular Time to Golf

"Dear me," I said, for she had paused, expecting me to say something, "did you bring up all five?"

The D. A. R. handed her slip to the waiter and chuckled. "They were all girls and nobody brought them up."

I began to wish the Celebrity was there. She has a genius for strange people and can extract their intimate history painlessly. I tried one of her methods.

"What became of them?"

"I brought them to Palm Beach and they got married."

"Oh," I mused. "This would be a good place to bring a lot of girls who wanted husbands. There are so many men. I never before saw so many men at any vacation place."

"Oh, I don't know," said the D. A. R. "There are a lot of men here, but they are not all ready to propose marriage."

Lorena May sighed, but there was a glint of laughter in the D. A. R.'s eyes. "Aren't you a Daughter of the Revolution?" she asked.

I wasn't the daughter of anything, but I couldn't own up to it under that look.

"No, I am a Colonial Dame."

"Oh, are you? Lorena, why aren't we Colonial Dames?"

"I don't know. Isn't it enough to be what we are?"

"Well, not if the other's any higher up. I do like the best." She turned to me. "That's why I come to Palm Beach. Are you going to the ball to-night?"

"I came for the ball, but now that I'm here I don't like the idea of going to it all by myself."

"Well," said Lorena May amiably, "it would certainly be foolish to miss George Washington's ball because you were lonesome. We'll dine at this same table at seven o'clock to-night, if you would like to dine with us. That's a little early, but the lobby will be wonderful to-night and we want to get through dinner so we can look round. Every kind of ball gown in the world will be in that lobby to-night."

"All except those that are in the window across from the dining room," said the D. A. R.

As I walked out of the dining room, I saw that across the corridor the wall broke into plate-glass windows, full of the most fascinating frocks I had ever seen. There were dozens of windows, one of them brilliant with jewels that made one long to be one of the pampered creatures who had only to say: "Oh, I do want that!" Another was crowded with evening gowns, exquisite foamy silks, frocks of tulle, chiffon dresses dotted with rosebuds, velvet evening cloaks bordered with white fox, drooping hats with feathers.

Playing on the Vacation Spirit

I FORGOT all about skirts in which one could run and shoes with low heels. I thought only of the becomingness of chiffon as I paused in the doorway. Inside there were a half dozen women, creamy-skinned, leisurely looking women who were examining the lovely frocks and buying them, though I heard enormous prices being quoted for them. They were buying without any other concern than their own pleasure. In one corner of the room a delicious blond girl was holding up to her face a yellow gown like a Maréchal Neil rose, while a man examined the effect and urged her to try some other color.

"It is too much like your hair. You need more contrast."

An attentive saleswoman in black silk, with filmy collar and cuffs, and wonderfully coifed hair, answered with just the right shade of deference: "The French say to match the hair, the eyes or the complexion."

"In this case," said the young man, "it can't be done."

The young girl blushed and dimpled and I felt a cramp of loneliness. It certainly would have been a pleasant place to have had a man bending attentively toward me with a bit of flattery. After all, flattery goes a long way in the creation of the vacation spirit; and the vacation spirit, once created, is soon followed by the spendthrift spirit that is willing to hand over hard-earned money for trifles of chiffon. These shops, for which an enormous concession price is paid, are there to profit by this very vacation spirit. And they do a thriving business. Perhaps at home you go to one party a week and the matter of jewels does not concern you greatly. You have the necklace that was the gift of the bridegroom, and the ring you got after Harold was born, and the ordinary jewelry accumulated in an ordinary well-spent life. Sometimes you don't wear any of it for weeks at a time. But at a place like Palm Beach, where you see women ablaze with jewels, your attention is called to them. You look in the jeweler's window at the big platinum rings studded with diamonds and you wish you had one. Well, that's what the jeweler pays his big concession price for—that and the fact that you may possibly have your husband, or your father, or your lover with you, and that he, too, may be in the vacation spirit. The most arrogant man

(Continued on Page 51)

At Twelve They All Stop for a Dance on the Veranda

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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PHILADELPHIA, JULY 15, 1916

Everyman's Platform

WE HAVE duly pondered the national platforms and are glad to say that, with trifling exceptions, we agree heartily with all of them—as, indeed, every sensible man must. First and above all, we agree with every platform in believing, heart and soul, in a thoroughgoing Americanism. Like the platforms, we believe in that degree of preparedness for war which is plainly necessary. We are strong for social justice. We would lift labor to the highest state of freedom and affluence; but in such manner as nowise to offend employers of labor who have votes. As to business, we would, like the platforms, say little—there being some reason to apprehend that trust busting, railroad baiting and the heckling of Wall Street have grown unpopular; while, on the other hand, there's no telling whether a lot of people may not still believe in them.

As a matter of course, we would claim credit for whatever is creditable and charge the other side with whatever is discreditable. We heartily join the chorus in denouncing the crimes and errors of those who want our jobs, or whose jobs we want, as the case may be—that matter of possession of the coveted job being the principal crime and error.

At only one point—a small one, to be sure—do we materially disagree with the platforms. In view of the pork, waste and inefficiency of the Government, we should hardly dismiss that matter with a more or less incidental suggestion that something might be done about a national budget.

Onesided War News

RECALLING the statement of the former First Lord of the Admiralty that "nearly a thousand men of our own race are knocked into bundles of bloody rags every twenty-four hours and carried away to hasty graves or to field hospitals," the London Economist observes that a nation which is undergoing that sort of experience might reasonably expect the fullest available information upon all phases of the war; but no such nation gets such information. It is only in neutral countries like the United States that available information is presented to the public.

For example, not long ago an eminent British banker published an elaborate criticism of Germany's fiscal position, arguing its unsoundness and imminent liability to collapse. Germany's chief fiscal officer replied in much detail, arguing the soundness of the German position and the peril of England's. The British statement was published in British papers, the German in German papers; but only in the United States were both printed.

More recently the British Foreign Minister gave an important interview to an American correspondent. The German Chancellor replied to it, also through the American press. Again, generally, British and German papers printed the statement of their partisan and ignored or slighted the other.

This is by no means a sole effect of official censorship. The newspaper that is free to publish an enemy's statement throws it into the wastebasket in angry contempt, or mutilates it, with a notion that patriotism requires that course. A nation at war cannot expect to know the truth, simply because it does not wish to hear it. But a part of it knows a great deal of truth—that part which is sitting in the trenches and getting knocked into bundles of bloody rags. The Economist wonders what a free vote on the continuation of the war by all the soldiers on both sides would show—an interesting question!

When the Boom Passes

MR. WARBURG, of the Federal Reserve Board, mentions that, since war began, the banks of the city of New York have increased their loans and investments by about a billion and a quarter dollars. Banks elsewhere have been moving in the same direction. From May, 1915, to May, 1916, national banks increased their deposits by two and a quarter billions—loans and investments increasing also.

At the date of the Comptroller's latest statement national banks held about nine hundred million dollars of reserve over and above the legal requirement. But Mr. Warburg points out that the new banking law lowered the reserve requirement; and if we were back under the old system banks would now be thinking of reducing loans.

All of which, in nontechnical terms, means simply that booms never do last forever; and, in spite of an abundance of easy money, the prudent man will keep that fact in mind.

A Modest Proposal

THE Journal of the American Institute of Architects publishes a list of the public-building bills that have been introduced in the present Congress. They number more than seven hundred and would involve an expenditure of a hundred million dollars. The general plan upon which these bills are dealt with is probably well enough understood.

Approximately speaking, round sums of money, ranging from fifty thousand to one million dollars, are written on seven hundred slips of paper, which are then put in a bag and shaken up. Each member of the major party in Congress draws two slips and each member of the minority draws one. Members write down the names of towns on their slips, and the slips are then incorporated in a public-building bill, for which everybody votes.

The actual practice may differ somewhat from the above in detail, but the net result is about the same. Public buildings go where they are not needed and do not go where they are needed. A simple lottery would be nearly as good as the method actually employed. There is no intelligent, comprehensive plan for the erection of public buildings. None of the parties, in its national platform, so much as hints that the pork-barrel, log-rolling scheme should be abandoned or amended.

The Elysian Vacation

WE HOPE you have already made proper preparation for the summer vacation. The first and most indispensable preparation is a good atlas. This should be supplemented by at least six railroad folders and not less than a dozen bundles of resort advertisements, all of which can be obtained by the mere asking. If you possess an automobile you should, of course, have a route book, with maps and careful road directions. Whether you intend going in the automobile or taking it along is immaterial.

Duly prepared with a couple of pecks of vacation literature, the family may spend many hours of happy anticipation weighing the conjectural attractions of this place against that, viewing the scenery as depicted in the illustrations, eating the tempting fare, catching the sociable fish, shooting the abundant game, mingling in the genteel dance, or sitting entranced at the wild camp fire, which burns with the regularity of a first-class gas range.

It is in this way that one gets the pure Elysian joy of a vacation, without a slow train, a punctured tire, a raw potato, a lumpy bed, a blistered nose, or a rainy day in it. Where you really go makes no difference at all. You will have had the untarnished pleasure of the vacation before you started.

After-War Socialism

IN 1907 eleven and a quarter million votes were cast for members of the German Reichstag, and in 1912 twelve and a quarter millions. The whole gain of a million votes went to the Socialists, who in 1912 received more than a third of the total vote and elected a hundred and ten out of three hundred and ninety-seven members of the national legislature. With a fair apportionment they would have elected a hundred and thirty-eight members.

In 1906 French Socialists elected fifty-four members of the Chamber of Deputies, and in 1914 one hundred and one, polling one-sixth of the total vote. The Socialistic Labor Party has thirty-nine seats in the British House of Commons, and on a close division would be able to overthrow the government.

It is true that when the crucial test came the Socialists' antiwar doctrine went to pot, and they fell in line behind the military band, along with the despised bourgeoisie. But up to the moment of the declaration of war they protested vehemently against it, declaring that the workmen of Germany, France, England, Belgium and Austria had no quarrel or cause of quarrel with one another. Their traditional attitude demands disarmament—or greatly reduced armaments—and arbitration of all international disputes. What, we wonder, will be the position and influence of this, the most numerous and highly organized antiwar group in Europe, when peace is restored, and all that the Socialists, or anybody else, formerly said concerning the stupidity and futility of war has been demonstrated in monstrous amplitude?

The Discipline of Peace

WHEN a man tells you that peace and so-called prosperity make people soft, you can be pretty sure he has been looking in a mirror. From his cushioned corner of the club lounge he has been observing his fellow members and drawing melancholic, but erroneous, deductions as to national flabbiness.

If he could look over some seven million industrial wage earners; a million miners; four and a half million male farm laborers; five and a half million farmers; nearly two million gentlemen who sit at locomotive throttles, shovel coal into the fire boxes, throw the switches and ballast the tracks; half a million draymen, and so on, he might get a suspicion that there is quite a bit of bone and sinew left in the country.

We Americans pamper our children at home. At school they mostly muddle along in a free and irresponsible manner. Then, for at least ninety per cent of the males, there immediately arises the exigent problem of earning a living. They go into an office or a factory, and are at once subjected to a discipline much more searching than that of military training, and quite as ruthless.

Professor Veblen, in his recent book on Germany, suggests that, under some circumstances, a part of the apparent economic losses of war are not real losses, because the military adventure draws off the lighter, softer, less responsible elements in the population, which are incapable of meeting successfully the rigorous discipline of peace.

A Record Year's Trade

IN 1912 all the countries of the world shipped across their borders goods of a declared value of about seventeen billion dollars. In the fiscal year that ended with June the United States shipped across its borders goods of a declared value of about four billion dollars.

That indicates the enormous bulge that has happened in international trade and sufficiently explains why business in the United States in the last fiscal year was at the highest pitch ever known. All agriculture, all manufactures, all mining, all transportation, was affected in some way and degree by this tremendous outflow of goods.

To England alone—or the United Kingdom—we shipped about one and a half billions; to France, Italy and Russia, over a billion. To the British Empire and its allies we shipped considerably more than three billion dollars' worth of goods, or over three-quarters of our total exports. To Austria-Hungary and Germany, of course, we shipped virtually nothing.

No other nation ever came within gunshot of our export record for the last fiscal year. Perhaps it will be a long time before any nation—the United States included—comes within reach of it again.

Courtesy to Big Taxpayers

CONGRESS, it appears, proposes to increase the super-tax on incomes and to adopt a graduated inheritance tax. But candor and courtesy, we think, demand a certain embellishment of the scheme Congress baldly proposes.

That is to say, for every hundred dollars of super income tax or inheritance tax a man pays he ought to receive an official set of picture postcards—with decorative borders representing pork rinds arranged in the form of a double cross—illustrating the beauties of Mud Turtle Run and Stumpy Creek, for the improvement of which his tax money will be spent by an appreciative government.

The postcard series should, of course, include cuts of the fifty-thousand-dollar government buildings in ten-thousand-dollar towns, which he has involuntarily assisted. For a thousand-dollar contribution to the Federal Treasury a man should get an embossed testimonial from the Honorable Dill Pickle, M. C., whose otherwise useless career in Congress has been triumphantly perpetuated by a judicious distribution of pork. Larger contributors might even receive a formal vote of thanks from patriots whose land speculations have been rendered fruitful by creek-improvement and flood-control appropriations.

We believe in taxing the rich; but, in view of the purposes to which a large proportion of Federal taxation is devoted, there ought to be that courteous acknowledgment of benefits received which characterizes all properly conducted businesses.

WE, THE PEOPLE—

By Samuel G. Blythe

THE Old Guard surrenders, but it never dies—voluntarily. Its sole purpose now is to retain a semblance of vitality. Witness that committee appointed after the Chicago convention to "confer and advise" with Nominee Hughes, packed to the roof with sterling representatives of the Old Guard gentlemen, who went as far as their courage and their strength allowed them to go—which wasn't so very far, albeit their intentions were Old-Guardie—to prevent the very nomination about which they made haste to "confer and advise," with no more ulterior motive in the proceeding than to get to Mr. Hughes first and nail him down for their own purposes.

It is too early to say, as I write, just how their nailing-down enterprise will succeed; but many of them took the hammer and the nails with them and hastened to Washington on the first available train, leaving so precipitately that they had to send their congratulations to the Honorable Charles Warren Fairbanks from the train. It was deemed expedient from the Old Guard view to see the nominee at the earliest opportunity, for it is the earnest desire of the Old Guard that Mr. Hughes shall start his campaign correctly impressed with the valiant service done for him at Chicago by this very Old Guard, whose ranking members clamored for audience with him under the guise of being the leaders of the Republican party, and thus the logical captains general of his forthcoming fight.

The Old Guard Surrenders to Vox Populi

NOW it is quite true that the Old Guard did valiant service for and in behalf of Candidate Hughes, both at Chicago and before Chicago. They were against his nomination, fought against it, intrigued against it, protested against it, and didn't want it on any terms. Inasmuch as Mr. Hughes was the strongest candidate in a popular sense, this opposition made his nomination quite certain and brought it to pass. Perhaps it is too flattering to say the Old Guard intrigued against the nomination of Hughes. Intrigue demands instrumentality and interpretation. The better way to describe what the Old Guard did at Chicago is to say they dickered against Hughes and got nowhere. Hughes beat them; but that didn't feeze the Old Guard. They are out in all sections of the country now claiming credit. No situation or any set of conditions can shift quicker than these ancient politicians. They may not be able to get over; but they always can and do get under.

It was an interesting comedy of politics that occupied the attention of the country during the first days of June. No person who had any adequate perspective on the situation but knew that the final curtain was going down on Hero Hughes triumphant and nominated; but the complications were excellently maintained and worked out, and a fillip of interest sustained. The week was vocal and vertiginous with the absurd claims of the press agents and promoters of favorite sons, who were in large supply; and, while unbiased observers were calmly sitting back waiting for the inevitable to happen, the biased ones were frenzied in their demands that the inevitable should not happen, but should be postponed in some miraculous way.

Two ballots were taken on Friday night, June ninth, and the convention adjourned. Hughes led all the candidates on the first ballot and gained seventy-five or eighty votes on the second ballot. Hence, if the Old Guard was to prevent the nomination of Hughes the deed must be done between that adjournment on Friday night and the assembling of the convention on Saturday morning—in the midnight hours, which, as there is eminent authority for saying, are the exact hours best suited to treason, stratagem and spoils.

Let me set the stage for you: After the defeat of Taft, in 1912, by the defection of Roosevelt and the formation and campaign of the Progressive party—which defection and formation had for their main inception and stimulus, first, the refusal of the Old Guard to give Roosevelt a nomination and, second, the protest thus ensuing from the radical element in the Republican party—the Old Guard, much battered, but still clinging eagerly to the wreck of its organization, painfully got together, took counsel and resolved to reconstruct that organization out of the pieces of flotsam and jetsam left after the storm of November, for the purpose of giving themselves a semblance of excuse for remaining in politics, and with the hope of getting back into power in 1916.

The amount of painstaking work that was done to reconstruct that machine was enormous. Nothing remained but a few oldish men, who had been powerful, but who were left practically powerless, and the balance wheel of the machine, which was the political designation Republican, and the basis that gave them for their work of reassembling. The Old Guard determined to regain control, to remake the party, to hold it together and to bring it back, if possible; which, of course, meant that they would, at the same moment of successful return, bring themselves back. The boys in the various states were called in and the situation was explained and elaborated. It was pointed out that the only way by which the Old Guard might hope to get back, and bring back with it the minor adherents and adhesions to the once great organization, was to provide for a national convention in 1916 that would unfailingly and unceasingly register the will of the leaders.

I have explained this process in previous articles. Briefly, it consisted in selecting candidates in various number and in various localities, and building delegations round them, each unit of delegations to be nominally for the favorite-son candidate selected for it; but all to be really at the final command of the Old Guard. The preparation for this job took two years, and the execution of it eighteen months more. When the work was done, a few weeks before the opening of the Chicago convention, the results seemed to be all that could be desired.

Elaborate card indexes had been constructed. Every man was known; and, to the number of some seven hundred out of a total of nine hundred and eighty-five delegates, every man was dependable. Two absolute propositions were laid down:

The first was that in no circumstances, or in no set of circumstances, was Theodore Roosevelt to be nominated by that convention. The second was that the man desired by the Old Guard, who was to be selected later, was to be taken up after the preliminary flubdub and made the nominee. That was all there was to it—Roosevelt never, and their man whenever the time was right.

Anything to Defeat the Colonel

IT LOOKED easy at the start. Roosevelt, until the time of his Trinidad statement, was not openly a candidate, and was making no fight for the nomination that was having a delegate effect; and Hughes, though talked about, was held to be unattainable. It is odd to think of the supposed unattainability of Mr. Hughes as the card fell out; but the general impression was that Hughes would not allow himself to be taken from the Supreme Bench. Hence, the superficial politics of it was to build the convention, hold it in control, and at the proper time deliver the delegates to the selected candidate.

Now the Old Guard is perfectly competent to deal with an obvious situation in the usual obvious and conventionally political manner. The hatred for Roosevelt among the machine Republicans, because of the split in 1912 and the consequent wrecking of the Republican party, gave them their basis against The Colonel, and they worked it effectively. Then it seemed simple enough to hold off Hughes, who apparently was not a candidate and did not give a hoot whether he was nominated or not. The Old Guard intelligence does not comprehend the strategy of inaction and aloofness. It only comprehends the actual physical preponderance of delegates secured by the usual methods and tied by the usual obligations, foremost of which in this instance was the return to power and the consequent perquisites.

They felt able to cope with Hughes. Why not? Hughes was not in the race and was doing nothing; whereas they had men from all parts of the country, cleverly segregated geographically and doing everything the Old Guard knows how to do, which is all that is comprised in the usual bag of political tricks. They did not want to nominate Hughes. They felt no sense of security with Hughes; for Hughes, not being a candidate, had made no proffers or promises, and with Hughes as President the Old Guard knew they would be out in a leaky boat on an uncharted sea. Still, it was the old situation of an organization with delegates against a man with no delegates; and the Old Guard had no particular fears.

They are literal-minded folks, these

survivors of the powerful men of the Republican party. They deal with things on the cash-register and the adding-machine basis. Most of them consider a psychologic postulate as something in the nature of a headache; and though there may be some justification for that, judging from the headaches the worked-out psychology of the politics of that convention gave them, the primary fact is that they were defeated by a popular and widespread psychology, or psychologic wave.

This is what happened: The Republicans of the United States are used to victory. They have lost only three elections, thus far, since the election of Lincoln in 1860. They consider the governing of this country their natural attribute and perquisite, and the offices and power that go with that administration as their inalienable right. They felt that the split in 1912 robbed them of four years of this pleasant supremacy, and they were eager, except for a few of the fanatics and ultraradicals, to do almost anything to get back to what they consider their constitutional prerogative.

Necessarily the getting back entailed the selected medium for such return; and, as it is impossible to elect a party as President, one individual must be the party representative. The Republicans, restless under the Democratic Administration, and holding themselves as deprived of their just endowments, looked over the big men in their party and canvassed their claims for use as the medium for restoration to the high places of power and patronage—the rank and file of the party, I mean, not the so-called leaders.

There was no commanding figure in sight. Colonel Roosevelt was obviously impossible with the bulk of them, because Colonel Roosevelt, favored at their hands, had, they held, betrayed them, and had driven them from power. They realized that President Wilson is a minority President, who secured only forty-two per cent of the total presidential vote in 1912, and felt that if the Republicans had been united in that year they would have won. However, there was an equally prevalent impression that the defeat of President Wilson in this coming election is only to be accomplished by the most vigorous effort, and by the selection and use as a candidate of the very best material in the party.

No man measured up to these requirements, and the rank and file of the Republicans made a mental image of the sort of man they felt must be secured. They built for themselves a superman—a real statesman and patriot, and a loyal Republican—and they set him forth as the type required. That is the reason why all these parading favorite sons, scurrying back and forth across the country, received such scant encouragement and attention. None of these came up to the required specifications. They were nice-enough fellows, but they were not big enough. They didn't measure up to this imaginary colossus.

A Substitute for Favorite Sons

This created a situation that led to the consideration of possible substitutes for the man pictured as necessary. There is where Hughes got his strength. He was held to be no superman, but he approximated, more closely than any other in sight, the qualities required. He was the best there was. Wherefore, there began to grow across the country the Republican demand for Hughes. It was not a demand of the leaders. It was a demand of the rank and file. Earnest Republicans who wanted nothing for themselves knew that only the strongest man possible could have a hope of defeating President Wilson. Candidates for all sorts of national, state, county, city and local offices felt that way too; for they wanted as much aid in their individual and petty political enterprises from the top of the ticket as they could secure. They felt and knew that a strong leader would help the ruck of minor aspirants for place.

They knew exactly the sort of man they needed, but also had positive knowledge of the limitations of choice. However, as Hughes loomed above the rest, Hughes last fall became the star of the hopes of these rankers and filers. They paid no attention to the claims of the favorite sons. They paid no attention to the schemings of the Old Guard. They made it known that they were for Hughes, not because they had any particular fancy for Hughes, or knowledge of him, save that they considered him a good, strong man—the best there was—and had, in a way, acknowledged the mysterious influence of the penumbra of power that enveloped Hughes, mostly because he presumably was out of politics and on the Bench.

That was the complementary phase of the psychology of the situation—the universal attributing to Hughes of tremendous strength; and it was psychologic, largely, for the majority of the men who were determined to have Hughes as the candidate had only the most nebulous knowledge of Hughes in a political way. They knew he had been Governor of New York, elected by virtue of an insurance investigation; some of them had heard him speak in the 1908 campaign, when Taft ran; and they knew he was an Associate Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States. That about comprised it. However, Hughes approximated to their ideal, and they were for him.

The Old Guard wanted no Hughes. They looked at him in the light of practical politics. They recalled his doings when he was Governor of New York and saw no future nourishment for them with Hughes in the White House; and they felt reasonably secure, for they had the convention well in hand—on paper.

The Old Guard's New Problem

Meantime Colonel Roosevelt became an active candidate and the Hughes demand grew. The Old Guard went to Chicago confident they could do as they pleased after the preliminaries and paradings were over, for they had absolute control, they thought. Their work had been well done. They had builded securely. Their delegates were tried and true, and professional. The convention, as it finally assembled, was the most political—speaking of it delegatewise—that has assembled in some years. It was almost all professional. It looked as if it might work. The leaders fully expected to pick out some man—not Hughes or Roosevelt—and nominate him; a man of their own kidney, and amenable, and bound to them by oaths and obligations to confer all future benefits demanded in case of election.

Once upon a time they might have won. Once upon a time they might have had the courage of their construction. This time they were met with the insuperable and overpowering psychologic barrier of the fetish for victory that Hughes had become with the folks back home—the boys who do the voting, not the bossing. In addition to that they were met by the mortal terror of Uncle W. Murray Crane that if something was not done immediately Roosevelt would take their machine away from them and nominate himself. They vainly argued with Uncle Murray that the convention was sewed up against Roosevelt beyond any doubt; and they were right, for there never was a minute when that convention would have named Roosevelt, and there never would have been a minute when it would have named Roosevelt if it had remained in session two weeks. That part of the Old Guard job was expertly and effectively carried out.

Uncle Murray Crane may have known this or he may not have known it. Anyhow he sensed the conditions out in the country among the Republicans more keenly than any of the others, and insisted that Hughes must be nominated. Now Uncle Murray is a noiseless man and a sibilant man, but he is an adroit man. He circulated round among the delegates and whispered his fears of Roosevelt to them, and insisted that the only way to make sure was to name Hughes.

Thus the thing swung into its last day, with Hughes the favored and leading candidate, the Old Guard opposed to him, but not able to stop Uncle Murray Crane, their principal member; and with the psychology of it beating in on their astonished brainpans. The incoming delegates were loyal enough. They all promised to perform as per agreement up to a certain point. They said that if the Old Guard would make a combination that would stand they would be for that combination, but in their hearts they knew no such combination could be made, and they didn't help any with suggestions. They had heard from the folks back home. They knew the great bulk of the Republican people wanted Hughes, not because they knew anything in particular about Hughes, but because they had a sort of exalted ideal of Hughes as measuring up to the requirements of the forthcoming campaign.

In so complicated and uncertain a situation it didn't take much of such whispering as Uncle Murray Crane was doing to fix an impression that largely, though somewhat indefinitely, existed. Uncle Murray was terrorized over Roosevelt and that made him heroic for Hughes. The minor Crane psychologic effect on the delegates, eager for victory and the consequent rewards, and the major psychologic effect of the demand from the rank and file for the best possible man—Hughes—finally cowed the Old Guard. They had their machine, but they couldn't work it.

The thing had its broadly comic aspects. Here were Crane and Penrose, and Smoot and Lodge, and Hemenway and Barnes, and all the rest, absolutely—on paper in possession of that convention, which was built, at great pains and travail and expense, to register just two ways—against Roosevelt, and for the man they would finally pick as best suited for their purposes and perquisites; and there was the Old Guard, with their backs to the wall, trying to beat back a Hughes sentiment that was impalpable, imponderable—a fearsome unformed sentiment that enveloped them and bore down on them.

The first two ballots were taken. There had been more rumors and rumorings, more dope and dopesters, more surmise and supposition, more bluff, bunko, bluster and braggadocio than are usually observed at a convention. And that had a psychologic aspect, too, for it rained for four days without cessation in Chicago, and this kept the delegates and the delegated, and the press agents, and the promoters, and the fanatics and the managers, and the proponents and the pessimists all herded together in a few hotel lobbies. The thing became intensive. The insiders and the outsiders fed on themselves and one another, and it developed into an orgy of speculation, assertion, assumption and excited surmise.

Through it all ran that thread of Hughes—Hughes—Hughes—best man—only man to defeat Wilson—strong with the people—Hughes—Hughes—Hughes! There was no getting away from it, no matter how the favorite sons tried to elaborate and establish their claims, or how the Old Guard protested that nothing could be or would be done with that convention not dictated by themselves and in accord with their wishes. The Old Guard maintained a valiant front, but inwardly they were quaking with fear; and Uncle Murray Crane, moving noiselessly about, spread the fear of Roosevelt, and exalted the opportuneness of Hughes to avoid the utter disaster that the nomination of Roosevelt would mean—the utter disaster and the utter humiliation.

Finding the Combination

It is the oldest of political maxims that a man cannot be defeated with no man. The Old Guard had been unable to make a combination. They were drifting, in the hope that something would turn up, though they felt inwardly and said in secrecy that it looked like Hughes. Finally, on that night of June ninth they came to the last ditch. It was then or never. They must combine on somebody or Hughes would overwhelm them. The far cry was raised. Every state leader who had even a suspicion of control of a portion of the Old Guard machine was summoned for final conference; and they all came gathering in, through the mist and the rain, to rooms on the G floor of Congress Hotel, on Michigan Boulevard.

They began arriving about eleven o'clock, and the conference was in full and quavering progress at half after that hour. The last scene of the comedy was to be played with the full strength of the company. They were there in full force, about thirty of them—men holding commissions in the Guard, and high privates and affiliated operators. They sat in terrified rows on camp chairs and began to confer.

The favorite sons were there, or their managers, but no Hughes representative save the overpowering sense of the demand of the people for him. That permeated the entire outfit. The situation was absurdly simple, as was shown in detail. Every man took pencil and paper and made mathematical combinations of delegates. It was proved in a dozen ways and by a dozen combinations that the convention was absolutely and irrevocably in the control of the leaders—theirs to do with as they wished. There was no doubt of that; for figures do not lie, and half of nine hundred and eighty-five and the one more needed for a majority are four hundred and ninety-three. Why, the smallest combination made by the figures had five hundred and seventy-one votes in it—enough to control the convention on a rock-bottom basis made up of men who never, never would swerve from the Old Guard path, who would stand without hitching, and would not only obey orders but anticipate them!

Thus, all there was to do was to agree on a combination, tell the delegates about it, and go on next morning and nominate the chosen man. That is positively all there was to do, and it seemed as simple as eating bread and butter. The materials were all at hand. The delegates were amenable. The leaders were in harmony. The only discordant note was Hughes. Drat that man Hughes! The people wanted him!

They talked, conferred, figured, tabulated, confabulated and connived. As soon as a combination was figured out it was proposed that an agreement should be made. Then came the difficulty. It was all right, of course, and they wanted to do it; but —— There was Hughes! Each leader present hoped sincerely that all the other leaders would select a man, but he insisted that he must be left out of it—for his people, you know, were for Hughes. Likewise each leader felt, though the boys in his delegation were perfectly trustworthy and reliable and complaisant, that that durned Hughes obsession had hold of them, and maybe he couldn't quite deliver. Thus, in all fairness, he felt that he should be left out of it, and he knew they would see the justice of his position; which they could—the justice of his position being Mr. Justice Hughes.

The Georges That Did It

They had control of the convention. They never doubted that, but they were a little nervous about exercising it. There was more side-stepping, trimming, passing the buck, and other political maneuvering to let the other Georges do it than has been known in a similar gathering for many years.

Impassioned speeches were made, all counseling united action—except in the case of the speaker. Each speaker was for harmonious and forceful effort—for all the others. As for himself, he could not fail to recognize the fact that Hughes was the man his own people wanted, and he felt he must abide by that decision. Only two men were for a fight. They were James A. Hemenway, representing Fairbanks, with some others, and Charles G. Dawes, representing Sherman. Hemenway is not only the best politician of the lot, but he also has the greatest courage. He and Dawes were not trembling and trimming. They were for getting in and putting over another man.

The rest begged to be excused, personally. They would look with pleasure—not to say delight—on any movement that would culminate in the elimination of Hughes, but could take no part in it. They talked and figured and planned and exhorted until half past two on Saturday morning, June tenth. Then they quit. There was no use. They controlled the convention against any person but Hughes, and especially against Roosevelt; but they couldn't control it against Hughes. The Old Guard machine, which took three years and a half in the building, crumbled to dust right there in those rooms on the G floor of Congress Hotel.

It was decided that nothing could be done and that Hughes must be nominated. The word was passed, but not before the expert Indiana politicians had grabbed the Vice Presidency for Fairbanks. Those are the greatest politicians in the United States—those Indianians, both Democrats and Republicans. They never go to a national convention without coming home with something. Look back over the list and see how many Indiana men, of both parties, have been nominated on national tickets for one place or the other. They always get theirs—those boys from Indiana—because they always have the most cold nerve.

Hughes was nominated on the first ballot ten hours after that conference of convention controllers adjourned. They couldn't withstand the pressure.

The very nomination of Hughes proves how utterly fatuous are the claims of the Old Guard that they are the leaders of the Republican party, even in its present decidedly scrambled condition. They didn't lead anything. They were led all the way. The only thing they accomplished that they set out to accomplish was the defeat

(Concluded on Page 29)

The National dinner-call

In countless thousands of American homes the daily call to dinner is also a call to *Campbell's Soups.*

And this widespread custom of eating these wholesome soups once a day at least is among the best things that ever happened to the national health and welfare.

Good soup is the key to good living

Not only is it an inviting dinner-course but it is the best of appetizers; a valuable assistance to digestion; a most efficient promoter of health and vigorous condition. Good soup plays a part in the re-enforcement of the human organism which no other food can perform so well.

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But, as a matter of fact, cars equipped with Timken-Detroit Axles do not cost the buyer more than they otherwise would - for if the car-builders could buy or build axles of equal merit for less cost they would certainly do so.

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The better the car the more dependable is its market and the car-builders who use Timken-Detroit Axles year after year do so because they value public confidence in their product.

Look over the list of "The Companies Timken Keeps." These users of Timken-Detroit Axles are among the most prominent concerns in the industry. They build cars on this principle—"*first make it right, then add a fair profit and establish the price.*"

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And don't forget to write for that book, "The Companies Timken Keeps," and look over the list of Timken-Detroit customers.

THE TIMKEN-DETROIT AXLE COMPANY
Detroit, Mich.

(Concluded from Page 26)

of Colonel Roosevelt, and it isn't so sure they could have done that if Roosevelt had made an active contest for delegates in the primaries. They didn't want or intend to nominate Hughes. They intended to nominate some man like Harding, or Burton, or Fairbanks, or Knox. The reason they did nominate Hughes was because things have advanced far enough to enable the people to impress a desire on a convention even if that convention has been stacked against whatever desires the people were expected to have.

The victory of Hughes was, in a sense, a people's victory; and the real reason for it was that Hughes seems to the people to be the man best qualified to defeat Wilson. Hughes is no popular idol. He is an available instrument. He sensed his own power that existed prior to the convention, not because the people know all about him, but because the people knowing little about him endowed him with the attributes they think he ought to have, whether he has them or not; and the character of his success will lie in the manner in which he measures up to the qualities imputed to him in the minds of those Republicans who want so much to get back into power.

Hughes has been invested with a great many qualifications he may have or he may not have; and that is why he was nominated. If he doesn't demonstrate he will have hard sledding, for not all the support of him was based on selfish partisan interest by the people. A great deal of it is predicated on the high respect the people have for the office of President and our invariable elevation of the man to the office rather than the bringing of the office down to the man.

The one place where the Old Guard did make a point was with Colonel Roosevelt. Their original enterprise was two-sided. They set out to make the nomination of Roosevelt impossible on the Republican ticket, and to make the nomination of their own man possible. They won fifty per cent, but only because of the feeling among the professional Republicans who comprised the convention that there was no actual popular demand for Roosevelt, and that most of the men who voted for Taft would not, in any circumstances, vote for Roosevelt. Roosevelt defeated himself. The Old Guard didn't defeat him.

However, the Old Guard was pacific and conciliatory. There was none of the spirit of murder that was displayed in Chicago in 1912. The Old Guard had no delusions over the fact that Roosevelt had strength with the people, and they were anxious to propitiate Roosevelt and avoid a split. To this end they were willing to do almost anything Roosevelt asked, within reason—except nominate Roosevelt. There is no doubt that, on the Monday or Tuesday before the convention, say, Roosevelt might have named the Republican nominee, provided he was not entirely unreasonable and took a man of even apparent regularity; that is, the leaders of the Republicans would have listened to his selections and consulted with him, and would probably have taken the man who would be certain of the undivided support of Roosevelt.

The difficulty with that program rested with Roosevelt himself. The truth of it is that The Colonel never had but one candidate for that nomination, and that candidate was Theodore Roosevelt. He favored no compromise, save on himself. He held off, though he had been told a month before by candid and real friends that a Republican convention never would nominate him—and until the very last; then he sent in the name of Henry Cabot Lodge, when there was no more chance of nominating Lodge than there was of nominating Gooseneck McDonald.

Before the Republican nomination was made, it was reasonably certain that Roosevelt would do exactly what he did do—decline the Progressive nomination tentatively, with results that are yet to happen as this is written. The Progressives were in two camps. The practical ones felt that it would be the wise thing for the two parties to get together; but the popeyed contingent wanted to remain militant, and did so by naming Roosevelt, with no prospects of success, inasmuch as Roosevelt wasn't militant.

This is the real story of what happened at Chicago and why it happened; and it is the comical story of the dismayed decrepitude of the Old Guard, who won against a tangible terror in a most workmanlike manner, but who lost against an individualized ideal most ludicrously. However, as I said in the beginning, the Old Guard surrenders, but it never dies. To all and sundry who may be interested I cite the eager attempts of the Old Guard to abscond with the person of the candidate and keep him in close and Old-Guarded captivity until the end of the campaign.

Now that he is down from the Bench, and out in the open as a candidate, it may not be *lese erminis* to remark that this same Charles Evans Hughes is a handy man and sagacious. It is worth while recalling that though he always said he was not a candidate, he never said he would not be a nominee.

Wherefore, there doesn't seem to be much responsibility resting on the Old Guard, except such as the Old Guard can bluff themselves into and annex.

THE AGONY COLUMN

(Continued from Page 18)

"There is one detail to be cleared up," he said. "You told me the other night that it was shortly after seven o'clock when you heard the sounds of struggle in the room above you. You were somewhat excited at the time, and under similar circumstances men have been known to make mistakes. Have you considered the matter since? Is it not possible that you were in error in regard to the hour?"

I recalled Hughes' advice to humor the inspector; and I said that, having thought it over, I was not quite sure. It might have been earlier than seven—say six-thirty.

"Exactly," said Bray. He seemed rather pleased. "The natural stress of the moment—I understand. Wilkinson, bring in your prisoner."

The constable addressed turned and left the room, coming back a moment later with Lieutenant Norman Fraser-Freer. The boy was pale; I could see at a glance that he had not slept for several nights.

"Lieutenant," said Bray very sharply, "will you tell me—is it true that your brother, the late captain, had loaned you a large sum of money a year or so ago?"

"Quite true," answered the lieutenant in a low voice.

"You and he had quarreled about the amount of money you spent?"

"Yes."

"By his death you became the sole heir of your father, the general. Your position with the money-lenders was quite altered. Am I right?"

"I fancy so."

"Last Thursday afternoon you went to the Army and Navy Stores and purchased a revolver. You already had your service weapon, but to shoot a man with a bullet from that would be to make the hunt of the police for the murderer absurdly simple."

The boy made no answer.

"Let us suppose," Bray went on, "that last Thursday evening at half after six you called on your brother in his rooms at Adelphi Terrace. There was an argument about money. You became enraged. You saw him and him alone between you and the fortune you needed so badly. Then—I am only supposing—you noticed on his table an odd knife he had brought from India—safer—more silent—than a gun. You seized it ——"

"Why suppose?" the boy broke in. "I'm not trying to conceal anything. You're right—I did it! I killed my brother! Now let us get the whole business over as soon as may be."

Into the face of Inspector Bray there came at that moment a look that has been puzzling me ever since—a look that has recurred to my mind again and again, even in the stress and storm of this eventful day. It was only too evident that this confession came to him as a shock. I presume so easy a victory seemed hollow to him; he was wishing the boy had put up a fight. Policemen are probably that way.

"My boy," he said, "I am sorry for you. My course is clear. If you will go with one of my men ——"

It was at this point that the door of the inspector's room opened and Colonel Hughes, cool and smiling, walked in. Bray chuckled at sight of the military man.

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"Ah, colonel," he cried, "you make a good entrance! This morning, when I discovered I had the honor of having you associated with me in the search for the captain's murderer, you were foolish enough to make a little wager ——"

"I remember," Hughes answered. "A scarab pin against—a Homburg hat."

"Precisely," said Bray. "You wagered that you, and not I, would discover the guilty man. Well, colonel, you owe me a scarab. Lieutenant Norman Fraser-Freer has just told me that he killed his brother, and I was on the point of taking down his full confession."

"Indeed!" replied Hughes calmly. "Interesting—most interesting! But before we consider the wager lost—before you force the lieutenant to confess in full—I should like the floor."

"Certainly," smiled Bray.

"When you were kind enough to let me have two of your men this morning," said Hughes, "I told you I contemplated the arrest of a lady. I have brought that lady to Scotland Yard with me." He stepped to the door, opened it and beckoned. A tall, blond, handsome woman of about thirty-five entered; and instantly to my nostrils came the pronounced odor of lilacs. "Allow me, inspector," went on the colonel, "to introduce to you the Countess Sophie de Graf, late of Berlin, late of Delhi and Rangoon, now of 17 Leitrim Grove, Battersea Park Road."

The woman faced Bray; and there was a terrified, hunted look in her eyes.

"You are the inspector?" she asked.

"I am," said Bray.

"And a man—I can see that," she went on, her eyes flashing angrily at Hughes. "I appeal to you to protect me from the brutal questioning of this—this fiend."

"You are hardly complimentary, countess," Hughes smiled. "But I am willing to forgive you if you will tell the inspector the story that you have recently related to me."

The woman shut her lips tightly and for a long moment gazed into the eyes of Inspector Bray.

"He"—she said at last, nodding in the direction of Colonel Hughes—"he got it out of me—how, I don't know."

"Got what out of you?" Bray's little eyes were blinking.

"At six-thirty o'clock last Thursday evening," said the woman, "I went to the rooms of Captain Fraser-Freer, in Adelphi Terrace. An argument arose. I seized from his table an Indian dagger that was lying there—I stabbed him just above the heart!"

In that room in Scotland Yard a tense silence fell. For the first time we were all conscious of a tiny clock on the inspector's desk, for it ticked now with a loudness sudden and startling. I gazed at the faces about me. Bray's showed a momentary surprise—then the mask fell again. Lieutenant Fraser-Freer was plainly amazed. On the face of Colonel Hughes I saw what struck me as an open sneer.

"Go on, countess," he smiled.

She shrugged her shoulders and turned toward him a disdainful back. Her eyes were all for Bray.

"It's very brief, the story," she said hastily—I thought almost apologetically. "I had known the captain in Rangoon. My husband was in business there—an exporter of rice—and Captain Fraser-Freer came often to our house. We—he was a charming man, the captain ——"

"Go on!" ordered Hughes.

"We fell desperately in love," said the countess. "When he returned to England, though supposedly on a furlough, he told me he would never return to Rangoon. He expected a transfer to Egypt. So it was arranged that I should desert my husband and follow on the next boat. I did so—believing in the captain—thinking he really cared for me—I gave up everything for him. And then ——"

Her voice broke and she took out a handkerchief. Again that odor of lilacs in the room.

"For a time I saw the captain often in London; and then I began to notice a change. Back among his own kind, with the lonely days in India a mere memory—he seemed no longer to—to care for me. Then—last Thursday morning—he called on me to tell me that he was through; that he would never see me again—in fact, that he was to marry a girl of his own people who had been waiting ——"

The woman looked piteously about at us.

(Continued on Page 33)

That Yearning for the Right Pipe Tobacco

When you see a man fill his pipe from a tin or package of unfamiliar color or design, do you wonder if *he* has found the *right* tobacco?

Are you convinced that some men enjoy their pipes more than you do yours?

Are you willing to believe that there is a tobacco on the market that you might like better than the kind you bought last time?

You haven't "tried them all," you know. Unless you are in the tobacco business, you probably couldn't guess *within a thousand* of the number of brands of tobacco manufactured in America.

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We don't know, but we will make it possible for you to find out, by sending you a sample free, if you will just signify that you are willing to try it.

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Edgeworth is put up in Plug Slice and Ready-Rubbed. The two differ only in form—they are the same tobacco. Edgeworth is worked up from the properly aged tobacco leaf, put through a drying and "ordering" process and under enormous pressure made into flat cakes or plugs. These plugs are then placed under keen, thin blades that slice them into oblong slices. In this form they are sold as Plug Slice. Edgeworth Plug Slice comes to you wrapped in gold foil, in flat blue tins, and the one-to-a-pipeful slices are prepared for the pipe by rubbing the slice in the hand until it is broken into small bits.

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You may sample either the Plug Slice or the Ready-Rubbed, and if you wish to try both, we will send both, free and postpaid.

If you have never tried Edgeworth, you will never have a more favorable opportunity.

When we start to describe its mellowness, or its flavors, our words have a more or less empty sound and we prefer simply to invite you to try it.

The retail prices of Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed are 10c for pocket size tin, 50c for large tin, $1.00 for humidor tin. Edgeworth Plug Slice is 15c, 25c, 50c and $1.00. It is on sale practically everywhere. Mailed prepaid where no dealer can supply.

If you will accept the proof of the samples, write to Larus & Brother Co., 1 South 21st Street, Richmond, Va. This firm was established in 1877, and besides Edgeworth makes several other brands of smoking tobacco, including the well-known Qboid-granulated plug—a great favorite with smokers for many years.

To Retail Tobacco Merchants—If your jobber cannot supply Edgeworth, Larus & Brother Co. will gladly send you a one or two dozen carton of any size of the Plug Slice or Ready-Rubbed by prepaid parcel post at same price you would pay jobber.

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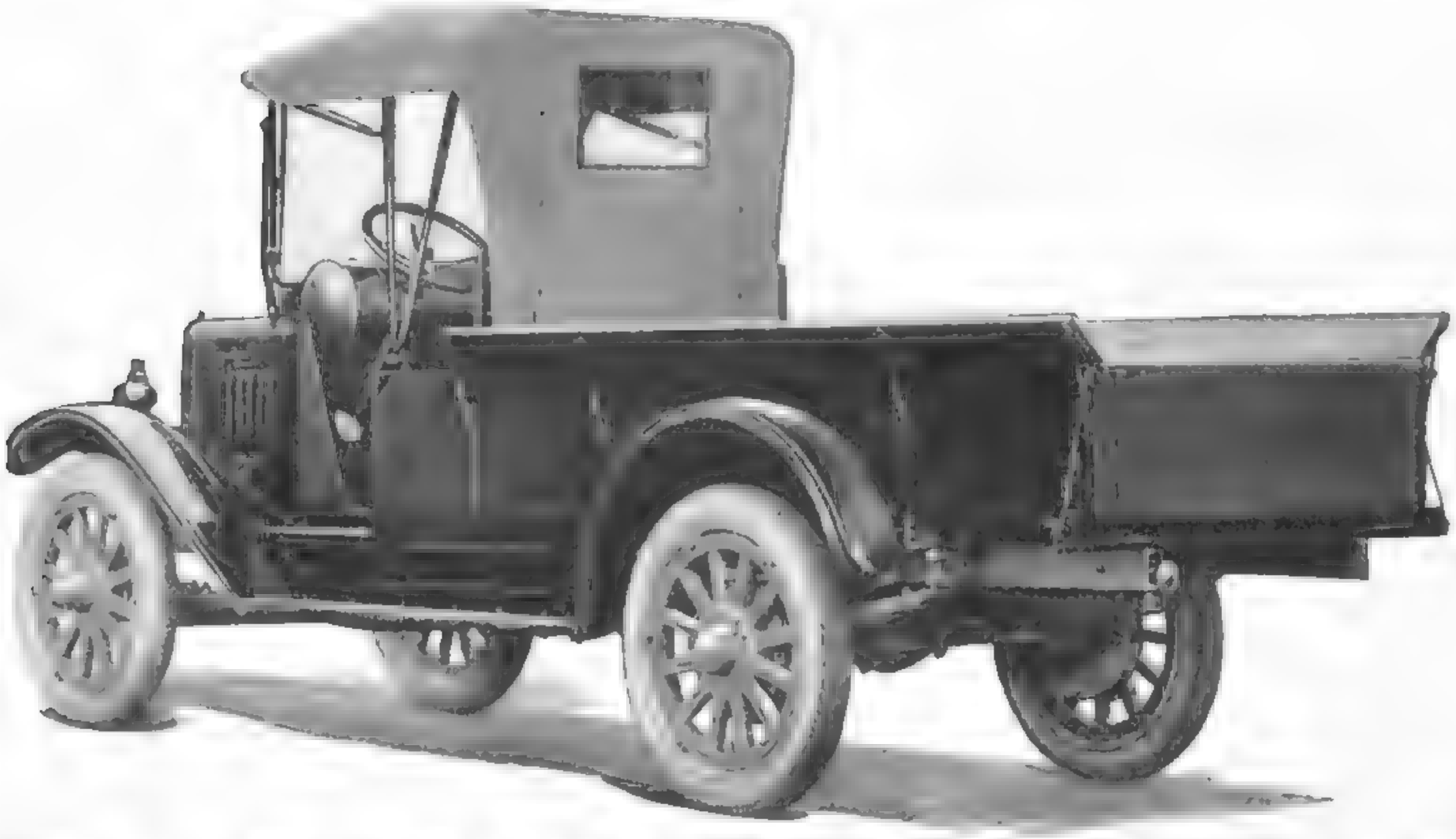

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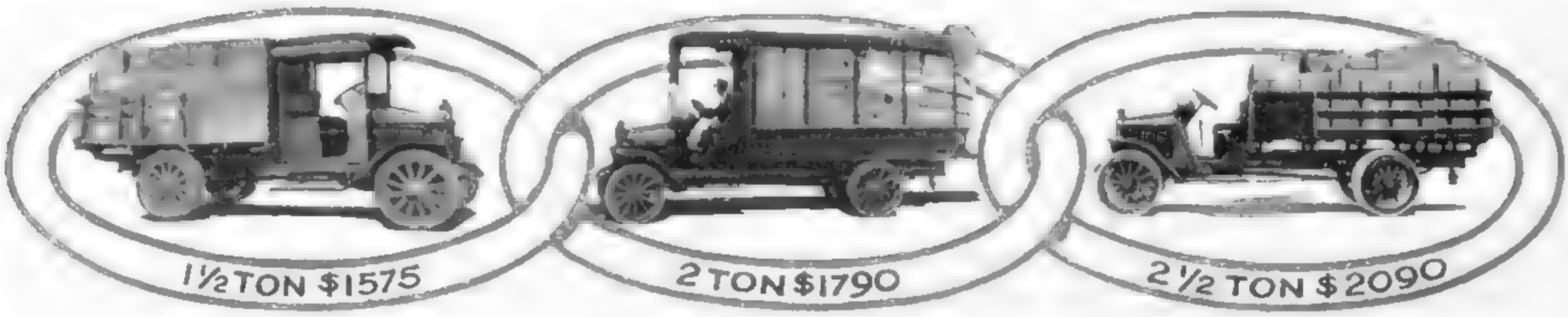

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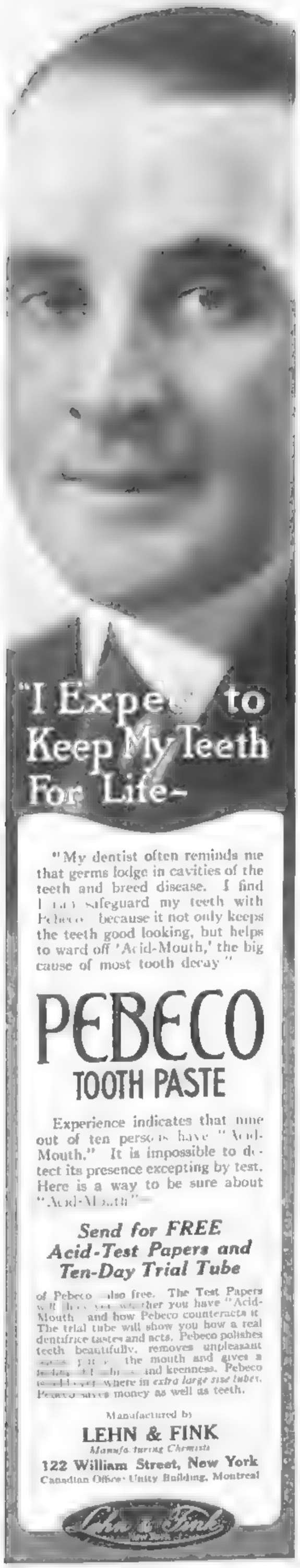

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(Continued from Page 30)

"I was desperate," she pleaded. "I had given up all that life held for me—given it up for a man who now looked at me coldly and spoke of marrying another. Can you wonder that I went in the evening to his rooms—went to plead with him—to beg, almost on my knees? It was no use. He was done with me—he said that over and over. Overwhelmed with blind rage and despair, I snatched up that knife from the table and plunged it into his heart. At once I was filled with remorse. I "

"One moment," broke in Hughes. "You may keep the details of your subsequent actions until later. I should like to compliment you, countess. You tell it better each time."

He came over and faced Bray. I thought there was a distinct note of hostility in his voice.

"Checkmate, inspector!" he said.

Bray made no reply. He sat there staring up at the colonel, his face turned to stone.

"The scarab pin," went on Hughes, "is not yet forthcoming. We are tied for honors, my friend. You have your confession, but I have one to match it."

"All this is beyond me," snapped Bray.

"A bit beyond me, too," the colonel answered. "Here are two people who wish us to believe that on the evening of Thursday last, at half after six of the clock, each sought out Captain Fraser-Freer in his rooms and murdered him."

He walked to the window and then wheeled dramatically.

"The strangest part of it all is," he added, "that at six-thirty o'clock last Thursday evening, at an obscure restaurant in Soho—Frigacci's—these two people were having tea together!"

I must admit that, as the colonel calmly offered this information, I suddenly went limp all over at a realization of the endless maze of mystery in which we were involved. The woman gave a little cry and Lieutenant Fraser-Freer leaped to his feet.

"How the devil do you know that?" he cried.

"I know it," said Colonel Hughes, "because one of my men happened to be having tea at a table near by. He happened to be having tea there for the reason that ever since the arrival of this lady in London, at the request of—er—friends in India, I have been keeping track of her every move; just as I kept watch over your late brother, the captain "

Without a word Lieutenant Fraser-Freer dropped into a chair and buried his face in his hands.

"I'm sorry, my son," said Hughes. "Really, I am. You made a heroic effort to keep the facts from coming out—a man's-size effort it was. But the War Office knew long before you did that your brother had succumbed to this woman's lure—that he was serving her and Berlin, and not his own country, England."

Fraser-Freer raised his head. When he spoke there was in his voice an emotion vastly more sincere than that which had moved him when he made his absurd confession.

"The game's up," he said. "I have done all I could. This will kill my father, I am afraid. Ours has been an honorable name, colonel; you know that—a long line of military men whose loyalty to their country has never before been in question. I thought my confession would end the whole nasty business, that the investigations would stop, and that I might be able to keep forever unknown this horrible thing about him—about my brother."

Colonel Hughes laid his hand on the boy's shoulder, and the latter went on:

"They reached me—those frightful insinuations about Stephen—in a roundabout way; and when he came home from India I resolved to watch him. I saw him go often to the house of this woman. I satisfied myself that she was the same one involved in the stories coming from Rangoon; then, under another name, I managed to meet her. I hinted to her that I myself was none too loyal; not completely, but to a limited extent, I won her confidence. Gradually I became convinced that my brother was indeed disloyal to his country, to his name, to us all. It was at that tea time you have mentioned when I finally made up my mind. I had already bought a revolver; and, with it in my pocket, I went to the Savoy for tea."

He rose and paced the floor.

"After tea I went to Stephen's rooms. I was resolved to have it out with him, to put the matter to him bluntly; and if he had no explanation to give me I intended to kill him then and there. So, you see, I was guilty in intention if not in reality. I entered his study. It was filled with strangers. On his sofa I saw my brother Stephen lying—stabbed above the heart—dead!" There was a moment's silence. "That is all," said Lieutenant Fraser-Freer.

"I take it," said Hughes kindly, "that we have finished with the lieutenant. Eh, inspector?"

"Yes," said Bray shortly. "You may go."

"Thank you," the boy answered. As he went out he said brokenly to Hughes: "I must find him—my father."

Bray sat in his chair, staring hard ahead, his jaw thrust out angrily. Suddenly he turned on Hughes.

"You don't play fair," he said. "I wasn't told anything of the status of the captain at the War Office. This is all news to me."

"Very well," smiled Hughes. "The bet is off if you like."

"No, by heaven!" Bray cried. "It's still on, and I'll win it yet. A fine morning's work I suppose you think you've done. But are we any nearer to finding the murderer? Tell me that."

"Only a bit nearer, at any rate," replied Hughes suavely. "This lady, of course, remains in custody."

"Yes, yes," answered the inspector. "Take her away!" he ordered.

A constable came forward for the countess and Colonel Hughes gallantly held open the door.

"You will have an opportunity, Sophie," he said, "to think up another story. You are clever—it will not be hard."

She gave him a black look and went out. Bray got up from his desk. He and Colonel Hughes stood facing each other across a table, and to me there was something in the manner of each that suggested eternal conflict.

"Well?" sneered Bray.

"There is one possibility we have overlooked," Hughes answered. He turned toward me and I was startled by the coldness in his eyes. "Do you know, inspector," he went on, "that this American came to London with a letter of introduction to the captain—a letter from the captain's cousin, one Archibald Enwright? And do you know that Fraser-Freer had no cousin of that name?"

"No!" said Bray.

"It happens to be the truth," said Hughes. "The American has confessed as much to me."

"Then," said Bray to me, and his little blinking eyes were on me with a narrow calculating glance that sent the shivers up and down my spine, "you are under arrest. I have exempted you so far because of your friend at the United States consulate. That exemption ends now."

I was thunderstruck. I turned to the colonel, the man who had suggested that I seek him out if I needed a friend—the man I had looked to to save me from just such a contingency as this. But his eyes were quite fishy and unsympathetic.

"Quite correct, inspector," he said. "Lock him up!" And as I began to protest he passed very close to me and spoke in a low voice: "Say nothing. Wait!"

I pleaded to be allowed to go back to my rooms, to communicate with my friends, and pay a visit to our consulate and to the Embassy; and at the colonel's suggestion Bray agreed to this somewhat irregular course. So this afternoon I have been abroad with a constable, and while I wrote this long letter to you he has been fidgeting in my easy-chair. Now he informs me that his patience is exhausted and that I must go at once.

So there is no time to wonder; no time to speculate as to the future, as to the colonel's sudden turn against me or the promise of his whisper in my ear. I shall, no doubt, spend the night behind those hideous, forbidding walls that your guide has pointed out to you as New Scotland Yard. And when I shall write again, when I shall end this series of letters so filled with ——

The constable will not wait. He is as impatient as a child. Surely he is lying when he says I have kept him here an hour.

Wherever I am, dear lady, whatever be the end of this amazing tangle, you may be sure the thought of you ——

Confound the man!

YOURS, IN DURANCE VILE.

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FREE
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DO you know why some car owners get over 15,000 miles from their tires?

Do you know how Maurice Costello, the popular movie star, secured over 25,000 miles from his tires and won the $300 Ajax prize?

Do you know why the hot weather affects your tires and reduces your mileage?

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Do you know why sand pockets appear? Why oil and grease injure the rubber and fabric? Why spare casings and tubes deteriorate?

All these questions and 19 other vital ones on tires are answered and explained fully in this valuable book, "Care and Repair of Tires" which we send to all interested car owners free.

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Reduce Your Tire Expense

The Shaler Vulcanizer is very easy to use because the heat control is automatic. No chance to over-cure or under-cure. No need to watch it or regulate it. No dangerous exposed blaze or liquid fuel to spill. The Shaler is standard and is the only complete line for every requirement. Besides the model illustrated, there are other motorists models from $1.75 up, as well as complete plants for public repair shops. Ask your dealer to show you a Shaler.

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Largest Vulcanizer Mfrs. in the World

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Send me your free book, "Care and Repair of Tires," and catalog of Shaler Vulcanizers.

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The Sports of Summer Create a Thirst

that calls for something special in the way of a quencher. We offer you Clicquot Club Ginger Ale as that special beverage. We have tried to make Clicquot a little bit better than any bottled beverage in the world—and judging by the way Clicquot Club has been received by the American Nation we believe we have succeeded.

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Sold by the better class of dealers because it is *real* ginger ale—made of real ginger, bottled under the cleanest imaginable condition, and so highly carbonated and delicately flavored that it mixes well with almost any kind of drink you can prepare.

Good grocers and druggists sell it by the case. Also at fountains.

THE CLICQUOT CLUB COMPANY, Millis, Mass.

Clicquot Club

Pronounced Klee-ko

GINGER ALE

THIS IS THE LIFE

(Continued from Page 11)

"Yes, quite," she drawled now; "but I do wish she would not receive people at a house party in those long white gloves, at the top of the stairway."

"And doesn't she give the most atrocious food at her dinners?" murmured Mr. Parry, the steel magnate, looking by the exquisite ivory vase under the pendulous white roses to where, on the other side of the table, the embankments of white shoulders were lighted with jewels like the Palisades at night. "I suppose you're going to her dinner next week?" he added, turning to Mrs. Commodore.

"Oh, yes," assented the beauty with a look of silent suffering.

Meantime the orchestra in the hall cooed La Paloma; and meantime Parrins, fresh from England, stood behind Mr. Rhinebeck Cuttle's chair with an expression of keen disappointment.

"These people don't have many conversational powers," he remarked to me afterward. "Now in England, madam, it's a treat to stand behind the master's chair and listen to the talk that goes on."

But there were at least two people in the room that night who enjoyed the dinner, two people who did not fidget with their knives and forks, two people who hearkened to the balmy strains of La Paloma. These were Miss Veronica Grey and Mr. Stephen Faircope. Seated there with some other young people at the undesirable site by the butler's pantry, right near the bulky form of Mrs. Archibald Humwasp, filled now with rancor at the affront put upon her, the two were looking into each other's eyes exactly as though they had been together in some dewy glade.

Miss Veronica Takes Notice

"Why," cried Tommy Ogle in a loud voice as he peered round at them from his exalted place at the center table, "if Veronica Grey isn't actually looking at a man! First time in her life, I bet, she ever got beyond a northeast ear."

And, at the table right near him, Mrs. Tinkleton Mannerly Grey, daughter of a hundred shipchandlers and petty merchants of old New York, shuddered with apprehension. That ogre of the society matron, a poor young man, had puckered the sails of her daughter's career.

A few remarks upon the mechanical details of the dinner: In certain obscure circles of society it is esteemed good form to serve a formal dinner on the same set of china. No such spirit animates the fashionable society hostess. That dinner of Mrs. Cuttle's, rising at the source of cream-colored, gold-banded china, drifted idly through red salad plates of Sèvres ware, and finally broke over into a beautiful set of deep-blue Limoges ice-cream plates, each with a hand-painted portrait of some historical personage. Then, too, there was no attempt to mobilize all the knives and forks and spoons in the household at the side of the plate. As has been mentioned, the tables were set with the three preliminary implements. After that, forks and spoons and knives were provided at need by the footmen.

After the dinner the men remained in the dining room; and, while several footmen here passed coffee and cigarettes and liqueurs, the women were being treated to cigarettes and beverages by servitors upstairs. When this divided ceremony had been observed the men came upstairs, and everybody settled down to listen to our seven-hundred-dollar operetta.

It was simple. It was guileless. But these honest faces beamed for the first time with something like joy.

"Something like—yah!" gargled Mr. Quentin Van Feder Neat. "Last night—yah—at Mrs. Sudbroke Jones', it was awful, you know!"

"That quiet you could hear a pin drop!" agreed Mr. Monteith Robbins. "Everybody was trying hard to get near the door so they could get out. I got into an awful jam myself."

Indeed, there was no doubt about it. Mrs. Rhinebeck Cuttle was a successful impresario. The one thing these people did not want was an opera dispensary.

But a dinner in this set has not the ordinarily limited significance. For the entertainment and the dancing which followed about one hundred or one hundred and fifty extra people were generally invited in. These invitations, which I had got out, of course, at the same time as the others, were engraved on heavy square gold-crested cards, and read:

MR. AND MRS. RHINEBECK CUTTLE

REQUEST THE PLEASURE OF

'S

COMPANY

ON THURSDAY EVENING, JANUARY SECOND

AT TEN O'CLOCK

R. S. V. P. DANCING

A large number thought favorably of these invitations, and perhaps two hundred people witnessed our little Irish operetta and took part in the dancing. To all of these was served at about twelve o'clock a buffet supper consisting of chicken croquettes, scrambled eggs and sausage, lobster and chicken salad, sandwiches, gelatin, ice cream, cake and champagne. But the festivities did not, according to the standards of fashionable society, last until late. And at one o'clock the two hundred guests, having made their adieus to host and hostess, escaped through the brilliant hallway and marshaled their forces for another skirmish with gayety on the morrow.

Who enjoyed this fifteen-hundred-dollar function? Certainly not Mrs. Rhinebeck Cuttle herself. For her the one ecstatic moment at any of her parties was when the orchestra struck up Home, Sweet Home. Often in the midst of an entertainment she used to say to me: "Oh, I'm tired of these people! Can't we make them go home?" The fact of it was that her energy was entirely constructive. She enjoyed getting up a big party. It was that which made her the great leader of her set. But when it came to actual assimilation of the event she left that to the servants. They had enjoyed themselves, those footmen and maids. To them the clotted gayety of a winter season was a very pleasant thing.

The Useful Fillers-In

Meantime, even before this first dinner, I had got out the invitations to our second dinner. Here my path was less rosy. Many persons were aggrieved because they had not been asked to the first affair. And, at any rate, as the season wears on the game of "Guest, guest, who's got the guest?" becomes an absorbing one. There are so many invitations for every night in the week that the hostess has to go out into the highways and byways.

Fortunately the highways and byways are fairly well populated. In the Social Register there are numbers of what may be termed fillers-in. These will come at any moment to cover the lapse in your party. Of such persons Mrs. Cuttle was accustomed to rely on Mrs. Haber Dasher, with whom an invalid husband stood in the way of any responsive entertainment. Then there was Mrs. Aaron Finn Gordon, one of Mrs. Cuttle's most intimate friends. There were two brothers who were always looking wistfully through the social grating for any crumb of an invitation. And, last of all, there was that brownstone front of reliability, Miss Juanita Douglas.

Regarding this branch of social service Miss Douglas had a word of protest.

"Honestly," said she one day toward the end of the season, "I'm tired of it! I don't mind filling in for Mrs. Cuttle, because I'm her friend; but when it comes to these other people calling me up at the last minute I must say I've had enough. And the people they've put me with—my gracious! There was old Thumbly Scrinn—eighty-five if he's a day; there was a Scandinavian baron who didn't speak any English; and once I got a man they had released from a sanatorium for the insane—why they had released him I don't know. Well, I've got one more step—I can learn the deaf-and-dumb alphabet."

When it is considered that every hostess in the most sacred element of society is supposed to give three big dinners each winter, it is not surprising that the guest market runs so short. Yet great is the resentment if any of these hostesses fails in her duty. Mrs. Joseph Clef Penmorton, for instance, annually lays great welts on the feelings of her own exclusive circle by refusing to have more than one dinner a year. Yet she continues to go about.

(Continued on Page 38)

TALCOGRAM
Be bright, but do not shine in society. Use Colgate's Talc Powder.
TALCOGRAM
Three common-sense reasons for buying Colgate's Talc Powder—
Touch
Sight
Smell
TALCOGRAM
Use Colgate's Talc Powder—be just to yourself and fair to others.

Any One Can Write a Talcogram

—about Colgate's Talc, and there are very good reasons why *everyone* should use it.

COLGATE'S
TALC POWDER

Write a few Talcograms [illegible] including the words "Colgate's Talc [illegible]" and [illegible] to us. We will send you [illegible] Talc free [illegible] some of our advertising. [illegible] number

that Colgate's has just the right amount of boric acid (that mild yet efficient antiseptic) and is soothing and comforting to chafed or sunburned skins. Offers a choice of 11 perfumes as well as an Unscented Talc which many men prefer after shaving.

Sold everywhere—or a trial size sent for 4 cents

COLGATE & CO., Dept. P, 199 Fulton St., New York

Makers of Cashmere Bouquet Soap—luxurious, lasting, refined

A new size at 10c. a cake

For Health and Comfort

There's both health and comfort in the home cooled by refreshing breezes from a Robbins & Myers Electric Fan.

Housework is done more easily. The children do not fret and worry. Everyone is happier.

When fan buying be sure to look for the Robbins & Myers flag on the guard. It is always a sign of quality—a guarantee of fan service.

It stands for twenty years' successful experience in the making of electric fans.

Robbins & Myers Fans are made in all styles for all uses—ceiling, desk, bracket, oscillating, exhaust—a fan for the nursery or the great commercial workroom.

They operate on direct or alternating current, and cost but a few cents a day to run.

And the first price is likewise small—you can get a Robbins & Myers Fan for very little.

We have a dealer near you who will be glad to show you which particular type of fan will best suit your requirements.

Robbins & Myers Fans

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BRANCHES—New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, St. Louis, Boston, Cleveland, Cincinnati, Rochester, San Francisco

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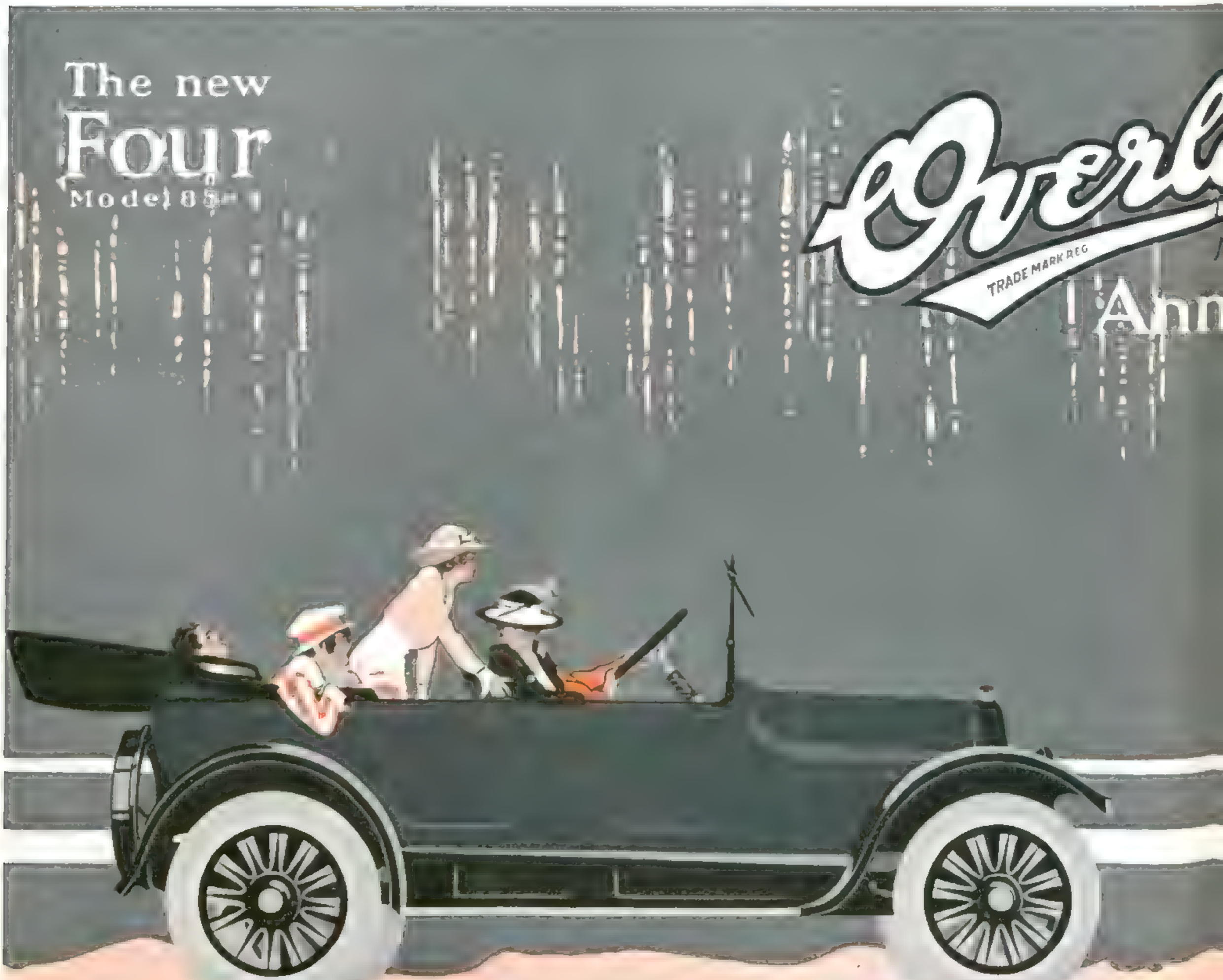

What 1000 Cars a D

The New Four
Model 85 4

35 horsepower en bloc motor
112-inch wheelbase
32 x 4 inch tires
Cantilever rear springs
Auto-Lite starting and lighting
Vacuum tank fuel feed
Gasoline tank in rear with gauge
Electric control switches on steering column

"Made in U. S. A."

These two latest Overland developments again emphasize the enormous economy of enormous production.

No one has ever before made 1000 a day of cars of this size and class—nor half that many.

1000 cars a day enable us to use materials of a much higher quality and not only permit but actually enforce an accuracy of workmanship which smaller productions of cars in the same price range *neither permit nor require.*

1000 cars a day make possible better, larger, much more comfortable cars than have ever before been possible at anywhere near the price.

* * *

This newest Overland is the largest Four ever offered for so low a price.

In the first place, note the longer wheelbase—112 inches.

The 35 horsepower en bloc motor which has made the Overland famous is continued.

True—it is perfected even more and now it is a fitting climax of the experience obtained from a quarter of a million of these Overland motors in daily use.

Shock absorbing cantilever type rear springs are a big improvement.

The gasoline tank placed in the rear is another improvement. The vacuum system insuring a steady, even gasoline flow at all times is still another improvement.

The famous an
Auto Lite electric
lighting equipment
All electric swit
the steering column
in reach.
The artistic
streamline body
cowl makes this
America's most
models.
Yet the price
greatest Four cylin
less than any car of
sold for before.

The Willys-Overland Co

Day Make Possible

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car one of
attractive

f this, our
er value, is
its size ever

No less a pace maker is the newest Overland Six.

Here is the Six of Sixes! A snappy five passenger long stroke 40 horsepower model—easy to handle, light, economical, mighty comfortable, having the advantages of higher priced Sixes, yet it comes absolutely complete at a lower price than any other six of its size.

Its smart body design is long and low—having lines of artistic simplicity.

And the motor! This will warm the heart of every Six cylinder enthusiast in the country.

You've heard all about fast getaways—smoothness—crawling and climbing on high. This Six does all that and then some!

The wheelbase is 116 inches. It has cantilever springs and even-flow vacuum system with the gas tank in rear.

The tires are four inch. It has the complete Auto-Lite electric starting and lighting equipment with all switches on the steering column.

Some Six! Yet the price is lower than any other six of its size.

* * *

But go to the nearest Overland dealer and see these new models. Go over them—note all the very real and important improvements, and learn the prices.

The Overland dealer is ready to make demonstrations of both models now.

The New Six
Model 85 6

35–40 horsepower en bloc motor
116 inch wheelbase
32 x 4 inch tires
Cantilever rear springs
Auto-Lite starting and lighting
Vacuum tank fuel feed
Gasoline tank in rear with gauge
Electric control switches on steering
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"Made in U. S. A."

"Ever-Ready"—the utmost in value—the foremost in safety razors.

$1.00 for the Ever-Ready complete with twelve 'Radio' blades, is the biggest shaving value of today.

Your dollar back instantly if a trial does not convince.

Extra Ever-Ready Blades
6 for 30c—10 for 50c

Sold everywhere $1.00 with 12 Blades—Druggists—Hardware, Jewelry and general stores.

Refuse substitutes with less blades.

American Safety Razor Co., Inc.
Brooklyn, New York

Brides think thar's nothin' on earth like the fragrance of orange blossoms. But married folks know ole Dan Cupid thrives a lot better on the fragrance of good tobacco in hubby's pipe.

Velvet Joe

VELVET Is Good Tobacco

IT'S that to start with. But after two years' natural "ageing in the wood", VELVET is good tobacco plus a smooth mellowness that only a *naturally* aged tobacco can have.

Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.

10c Tins 5c Metal-lined Bags
One Pound Glass Humidors

(Continued from Page 35)

Upon our second dinner we did not spend nearly so much money as on our first. This time we had by way of entertainment some Highland pipers who appeared under the direction of Mrs. Falconvaux at various great establishments. The triumphant entry of these kilted and tartaned figures through the reception hall, up the red-carpeted stairway and round the great ballroom remains, however, one of the most vivid pictures of my life. And when, later, some braw young MacGregor danced the Sword Dance and the Highland Fling in the center of a ring of these bonneted figures, the opera-surfeited spirits of our guests expanded touchingly. After this a barefoot dancer rang up a number of moods by aid of colored lights and veils. The dancer was not yet well established. We paid her only one hundred dollars.

Several years afterward Mrs. Cuttle bade me call up this same entertainer and ask her price for the evening.

"One thousand dollars," replied the secretary to the secretary of Miss Terpsichore.

Mrs. Cuttle indicated the exact distance she wished to put between Miss Terpsichore and herself.

"After I helped make her by giving her a chance to be seen at my house!" snorted she.

It was one of those flagrant cases of ingratitude that do so much toward embittering the sweet dispositions of the wealthy.

At this second dinner Mrs. Cuttle was plainly displeased. The dinner had not gone well. A new chef was in the kitchen, and he had given out a little too much bric-a-brac in the way of food.

"Come here, Pemberton; I want to see you," she called to me as, after dinner that night, the women were having cigarettes and liqueurs in the ballroom. When she was in a bad humor she always had to have me round, like a poultice.

From Bad to Worse

It was Mrs. Norman Digly whom she had thus, by calling to me, dismissed. Mrs. Digly had the reputation of getting her gowns made more cheaply than any other woman in New York society. The reason was very evident.

"Lord! Why doesn't that woman try clothes for a change!" cried she, testily "Why, her back's positively got goose flesh on it! Now, Mrs. Pemberton, wasn't that the worst dinner you ever ate? I was so ashamed I nearly went through the floor. Old Thumbly Scrinn turned to me once and said: 'Say, Mrs. Cuttle, can't your chef give us anything but shapes and forms?'"

Regarding our third dinner the least said the better. It came off in the early part of February, after our guests had been subjected to nearly six weeks of gastronomic athleticism. They showed it too. If at the first banquet people turned to the food with absolute indifference they now turned from it with absolute distaste. Never have I seen anything like the settled loathing with which a certain young broker surveyed the roast of that evening. Only ship stewards are familiar with that look.

Between the dinners Mrs. Cuttle had a number of luncheons—one every two or three weeks. These lasted from about half past one to three and were generally designed solely for the discipline of women. Tommy Ogle, however, was now and then invited to come, and bring along his tatting.

At these luncheons we generally had from twenty-five to forty guests, and these were always seated about one large table in the center of the dining room. For a luncheon the decorations were very different from those at the dinner, and in another article I shall describe in detail some of the more elaborate of such occasions. Here I shall content myself with saying that down the length of the table was placed a long, narrow mirror fenced about with gilt, standing on legs an inch in height, and reflecting obsequiously every nod and tint of the flowers that adorned the event. Then, too, we generally used a great silver épergne which, standing in the center of the table, adapted itself to every mood of the blooms with which it was massed.

The food at the luncheons was as diligently and artfully prepared as that at the dinners. Here is a characteristic menu: Grapefruit or caviar; eggs in some diplomatic way; little chickens, boned; mousse of ham; hot or cold bird, with

THE GREAT SHIP "SEEANDBEE"

A Good Night's Rest Be it East or West

Let old Lake Erie lull you to [illegible] for me [illegible] and, with 510 [illegible] ng 1500 pa[illegible] [illegible] ght [illegible] [illegible] 8 to September 2nd.

Daily Between Cleveland and Buffalo

Fare $3 **May 1st to Nov. 15th**

Leave Cleveland 8:00 p. m. (Cen. Time)
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Delicately seasoned with pure spices and prepared in our clean, sanitary kitchens that are the envy of every woman who visits us.

It keeps after it is opened.

For a tempting relish with the true tomato taste, insist on

BLUE LABEL KETCHUP

Adds zest to all it touches

Contains only those ingredients Recognized and Endorsed by the U. S. Government

Our chili sauce, soups, jams, jellies, preserves, meats, canned fruits and vegetables, are equally as high quality and satisfying as Blue Label Ketchup.

Write for booklet, "Original Menus." A postal mentioning your grocer's name will bring it

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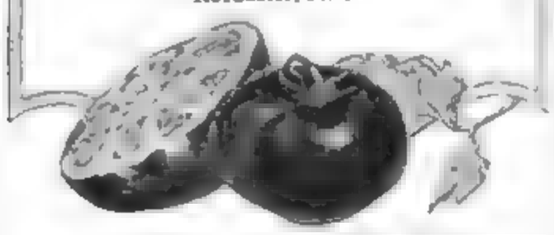

Your friends can buy anything you can give them—
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There's a photographer in your town.
Eastman Kodak Co., Rochester, N.Y.

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salad, and ices served in candy boxes. Mrs. Cuttle was famous for her delicious caviar, and this delicacy was always served in a wonderful boat of ice. After the luncheon the women went upstairs to the reception room; and at three or half past three they hurried away to tea or cards, or some other festivity which should bridge over the gap until another big dinner that night.

In addition to the dinners and luncheons the fashionable hostess' program is always rounded out by a number of small dances, for which we sent out invitations on visiting cards.

Mr. and Mrs. Cuttle were going out every night when people were not coming in. Their departure from the house was achieved with a great deal of state. At about eight o'clock, or before, two footmen were lined up at the door. If one of them was absent Mrs. Cuttle got homesick for splendor.

"What have you done with the other man?" she would ask fiercely of Parrins, who always had to be on hand to accompany the sable-muffled captain and her silk-hatted lieutenant to the carriage.

"I let him off to go to the theater," would reply Parrins.

"See that it doesn't happen again!" commanded she generally. "I can't be sure I'm really off unless there are two."

The Climbers' Charity Ladder

There was one respite from the sentence of perpetual feeding. This came in the week-end visit to the place on the Hudson. Every Friday afternoon during the season the great American man of affairs sought sanctuary on the five thousand acres of his country estate. On Saturday his wife and I followed him; and, although we generally brought down with us a houseful of people, he stole enough solitude and fresh air to revive him for another week of forcible feeding. I can see him now plunging over the frost-hardened roads and among the bare and lordly trees of his forests, setting his great shoulders against the northwest wind—a pathetic Antæus gaining strength for an unworthy and trivial conflict by this occasional contact with the ground.

The winter path of the fashionable hostess is beset by the social climber. Mrs. Rhinebeck Cuttle, in particular, suffered from the advances of such aspirants. The reason for this was because she had the reputation of having made several women. "If she happens to take a fancy to you she'll take you up" was whispered among those spectral forms who, having acquired enough money to do things fashionably, are embarrassed only by the lack of any fashionables with whom to do them. Notable among such rich people was Mrs. George Flickheimer, who had come on from a Western city to buy her way into New York society.

The ladder she used was, as is generally the case, that of charities. This is the way it was set up: Mrs. Rhinebeck Cuttle and Mrs. Norman Digly were interested in getting subscriptions to the Society for the Disinfection of Mousetraps in the Homes of the Poor.

"Say," remarked Mrs. Digly, "there's Mrs. George Flickheimer. She might give one thousand if she were asked to a luncheon and two thousand if she were asked to a dinner."

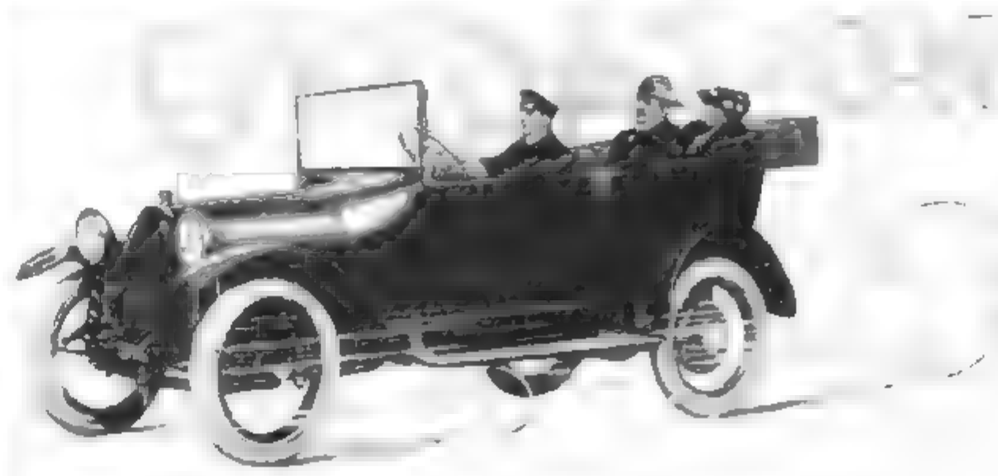
"Very good," replied Mrs. Cuttle. "I'll let her in on my last dinner."

Mrs. Flickheimer paid the two thousand for her dinner, and after that the donor to the Society for the Disinfection of Mousetraps worked hard to advance her position. It was no escalator she had chosen to get her up. Every day she bombarded Mrs. Cuttle with invitations and with gifts. One morning she would send round a huge box of orchids; the next a twenty-five-pound box of candy. Candies and flowers, flowers and candies—the constant artillery fire was meant to bring down that key to your New York social position, an invitation to one of Mrs. Cuttle's house parties. But by her very diligence she defeated her own ends.

"Tell her No!" she snapped one morning when I communicated to her Mrs. Flickheimer's tenth invitation to luncheon; then, turning to me, she mused almost sadly: "Good Lord! And what does she want to get in with us for, anyway? Why, I've eaten the same cakes at old Edgely Wimbledon's for the last twenty years!"

Mrs. Cuttle had no illusions about her lifework.

Editor's Note—This is the second of a series of articles giving the autobiography of a social secretary. The third will appear in an early number.



The ever-present destroyer of your car's beauty

On the road or in the garage, wherever your car is today, oxidation is slowly but surely ruining the beauty of its finish

For this destructive chemical action is produced by *oxygen*, and oxygen is *everywhere*—in water, mud, even dust and air. Oxygen absorbs, or dries out, certain important ingredients in the finish, first "killing" the lustre, finally crazing, checking and cracking the paint or enamel film itself

"There is only one way effectually to prevent oxidation," declares David S. Pratt, Ph D., University of Pittsburg scientist, "and that is to shut off the contact of oxygen with automobile finish." This is exactly what Old English Wax for Automobiles does. It imparts to the finish of the car a thin, glass-like wax film that is air-tight, water-tight, mud proof, dust-proof—a protective shield through which oxygen-bearing elements cannot penetrate.

Write for sample of wax and Prof. Pratt's booklet

The booklet fully explains oxidation and this new scientific method of preventing it. The sample of the wax will open your eyes. It not only prevents oxidation, but imparts a lasting lustre that liquids and oils cannot equal. One washing will go twice as far, a dry "rub down" removing dust and mud-spots like magic. Absolutely guaranteed not to injure the finest finish. Sheds dust. Write today, enclosing 10c for postage and packing

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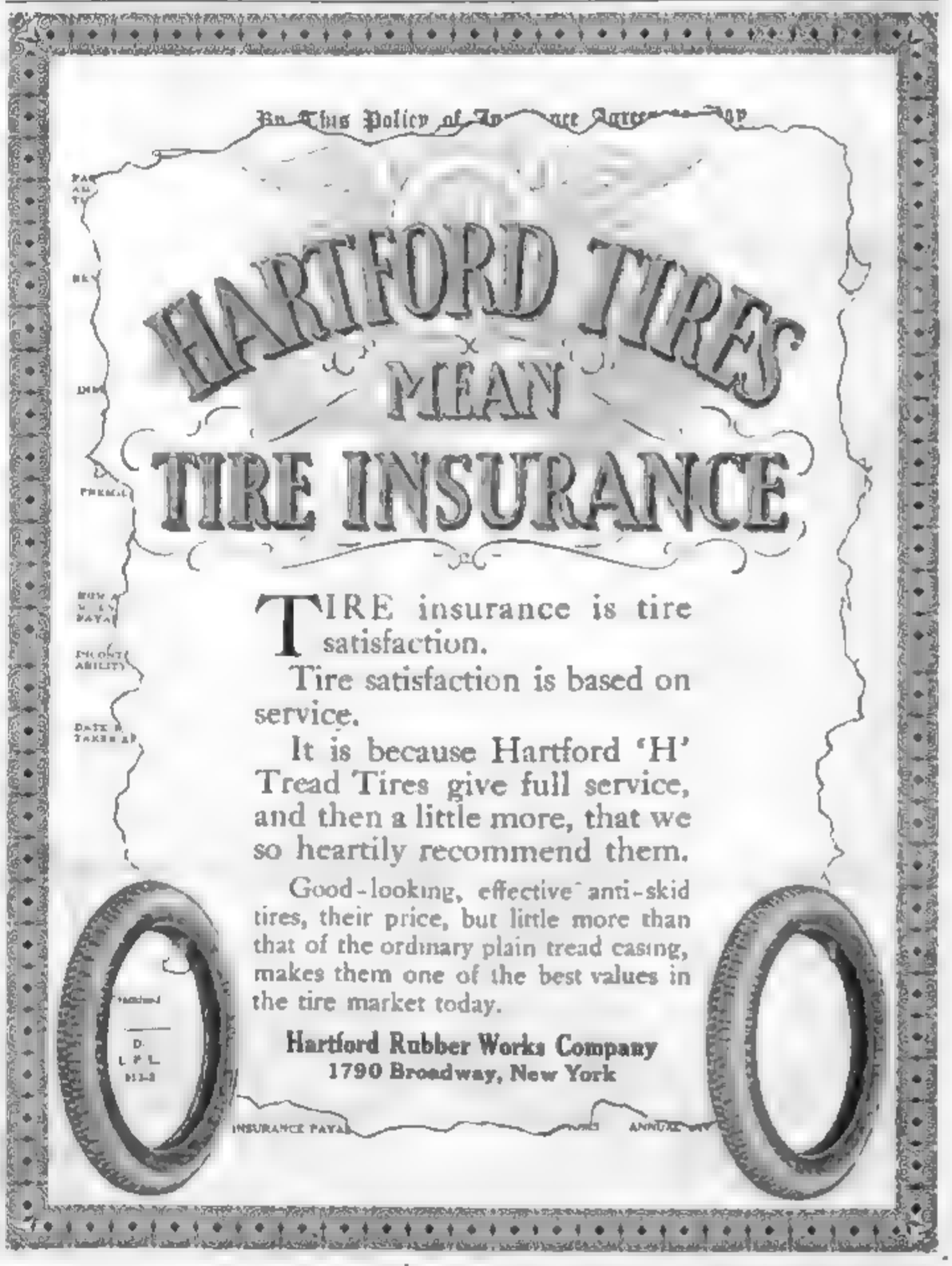
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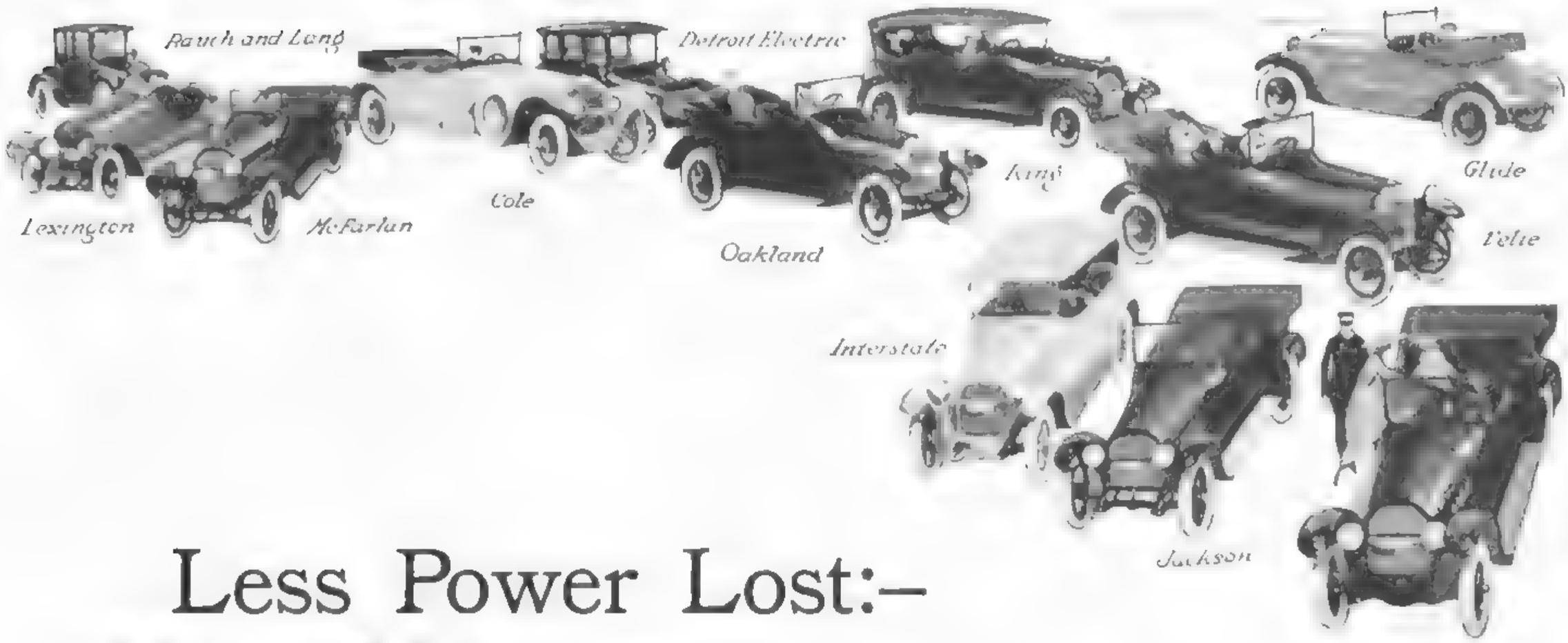

Less Power Lost:— More Mileage Gained

EVERY great popular movement has a deep underlying reason.

The nation-wide swing toward Goodyear Cord Tires is not a mere caprice of public opinion.

It is based on something which owners of all classes of cars have found out for themselves about Goodyear Cords.

There are half a dozen such why's and wherefore's, but chief among them is the discovery that Goodyear Cords mean *less power lost and more mileage gained.*

That is the practical dollars-and-cents aspect which appeals to the thrifty instincts of American motorists. It reconciles them to the higher first cost of Goodyear Cords.

Less power lost because of the extraordinary flexibility of the Goodyear Cord construction. The cords yield freely under impact. Road obstructions are literally absorbed. The tire runs more smoothly and consumes less power.

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Of course, these aren't the only reasons why the owners of all the cars shown in the picture, and dozens of others, are coming in crowds to Goodyear Cords.

There's the lure of greater beauty as well—the air of greater dignity and distinction which comes from the sturdy, substantial construction of Goodyear Cords.

They make the car bigger, stronger, more competent, because *they* are bigger, stronger and more competent themselves.

These are the reasons Goodyear Cords are standard tire equipment on the Franklin, the Packard Twin Six, the Locomobile, the Peerless, the White, the Haynes Twelve, and the Stutz.

You will see them often on such cars as the Pierce-Arrow, Hupmobile, Stearns, Jeffery, Saxon, Jackson, Apperson, King, Case, Interstate, Oakland, KisselKar, Velie, Glide, Milburn, Detroit Electric, Rauch & Lang, Lexington, Regal, Cole, Lozier, Mitchell, Empire, and so on.

Because they make an economical car more economical; a lively motor livelier; a comfortable car more comfortable.

And because these tire-qualities—so pronounced and definite in Goodyear Cords—are the advantages most sought by the motoring masses.

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Goodyear Cord Tires, in No-Hook and Q. D. Clincher types, are made with the famous Goodyear All-Weather and Ribbed Treads, both double-thick, for gasoline and electric cars.

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Jars and jolts are combated by great oversize and the suppleness of Goodyear Cord construction.

They are easy to put on and take off because they do not rust fast to the rim.

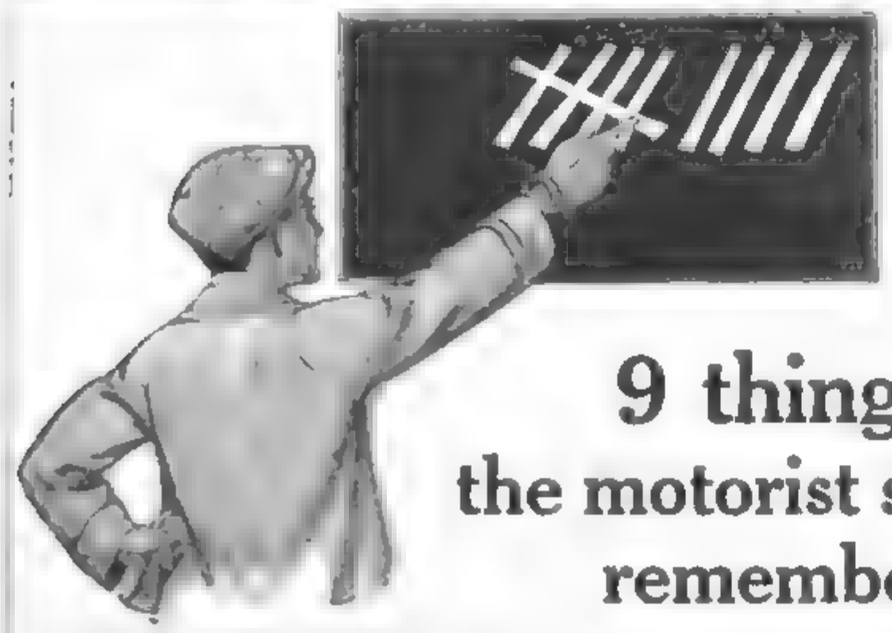
Blowouts are lessened by our No-Rim-Cut feature.

Punctures and skidding are reduced by our double-thick All-Weather and Ribbed Treads.

Loose Treads are diminished by our On-Air-Cure.

Blowing off the rim is prevented by our Braided Piano Wire Base.

CORD TIRES

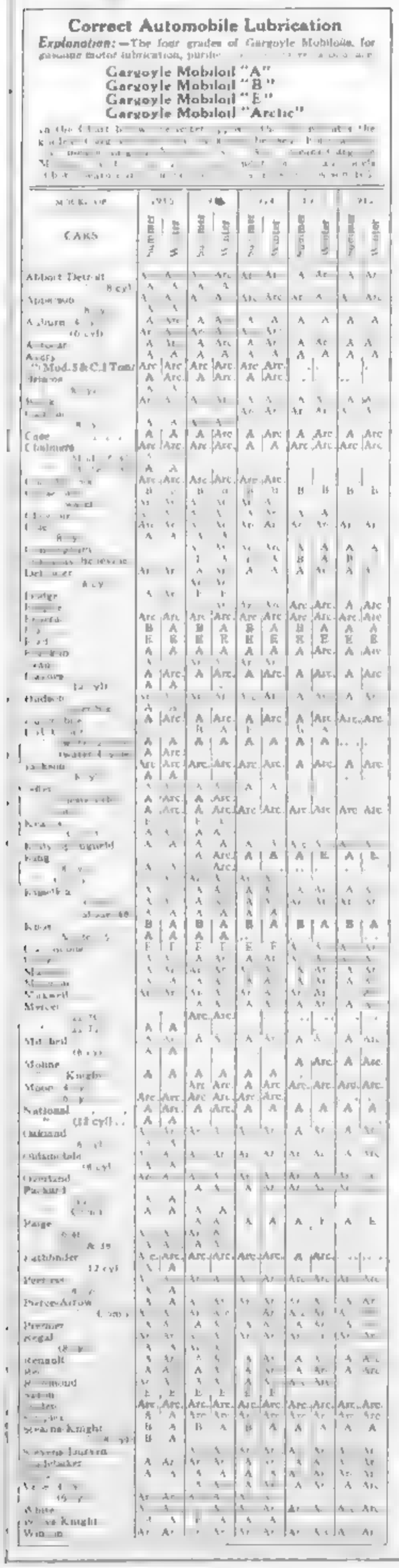


9 things the motorist should remember

Correct Automobile Lubrication

Explanation:—The four grades of Gargoyle Mobiloils for gasoline motor lubrication, purity

Gargoyle Mobiloil "A"
Gargoyle Mobiloil "B"
Gargoyle Mobiloil "E"
Gargoyle Mobiloil "Arctic"



1. One of your smallest expenses—lubrication—is your chief safeguard against your heaviest expense—depreciation.

2. Friction is relentless.

The effects of the incorrect oil will not be apparent during the first piston stroke or the second. But when piston strokes run up into the millions—and that does not take long—friction begins to get its due. You need not *look* for the effect of wear then. You can *hear* it.

3. Worn motors never "come back."

4. If given intelligent care and scientific lubrication, your car should run better the 2000th mile than the first.

5. No matter how freely a low quality or wrong-bodied oil is used it can never do the work of the correct lubricant.

6. No one oil will suit all cars. This is absolute.

7. You selected a car that suits you. Now select an oil that suits your car.

8. Though you may use correct lubrication, you will seldom stumble on it by chance.

9. The Lubrication Chart, printed at part on the left, was prepared only after an engineering analysis of every American car and the leading foreign makes. It is revised yearly to include each season's new models. It represents our professional advice and specifies the correct oil for your car.

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Domestic Branches:

KATE; OR, UP FROM THE DEPTHS

(Continued from Page 8)

mere child's play for that plucky little band of nine dogs to clean up that rabbit. They never had a minute's fear of it and the rabbit didn't have the least chance of winning the fight, not at any stage. Yes, sir! Any time you see nine beagles setting on a tuckered rabbit—I don't care how wild he is—you'll know how to put your money down.

"I never did see a rabbit put up a worse fight than that one did. I rode up to its fragments, and the old lady was saying how ripping it was and calling sister a mollycoddle, because here was sister crying like a baby over the rabbit's fate—a rabbit she'd never set eyes on before in her life. Brother didn't look like he had gone in keenly for the sport, either. He was kind of green and yellow, like one of these parties on shipboard about the time he's saying he don't feel the boat's motion the least bit; and, anyway, he's got a sure-fire remedy for it if anything does happen. I just kind of stood round, neutral or revolted.

"Pretty soon the pack beagles off again with glad cries; and this time, up on the hillside, what do they start but a little spike buck that has been down to a salt lick on the creek flat! They wasn't any more afraid of him than they had been of the rabbit, and started to chase him out of the country. Of course they didn't do well after they got him interested. The last I saw of the race he was making 'em look like they was in reverse gear and backing up for speed. Anyway, that seemed to end the sport for the day, because the dogs and the buck must of been over near the county line in ten minutes. The old lady was mad and blamed it on the valet, who come up and had to take as sweet a roasting as you ever heard a man get from a lady word painter. It seems he'd ought to have taught 'em to ignore deer.

"Then I lied like a lady and said it was a ripping sport that I would sure go in keenly for if I had time; and we all went back to the house and sat down to what they called a hunt breakfast. Ma said at last her chits could head up their heads in the world of sport and not be a reproach to her training. The chits looked very thoughtful. Sister still had red eyes and couldn't eat a mouthful of hunt breakfast, and brother just toyed with little dabs of it.

"Next day I learned the pack didn't get back till late that evening, straggling in one by one, and the valet having to go out and look for the last two with a lantern. Also, those last two had been treated brutally by some denizen of the wildwood. Rex II had darn near lost his eyesight and Lady Blessington was clawed something scandalous. Brother said mebbe a rabbit mad with hydrophobia had turned on 'em. He said it in hopeful tones, and sister cheered right up and said if these two had it they would give it to the rest of the pack, and shouldn't they all be shot at once?

"Mother said what jolly nonsense; that they'd merely been scratched by thorns. I thought myself that mebbe they'd gone out of their class and tackled a jack rabbit, but I didn't say it, seeing that the owner was sensitive. Afterward she showed me a lot of silver things her pets had won—eye-cups and custard dishes, and coffee urns and things, about a dozen, with their names engraved on 'em. She said it was very annoying to have 'em take after deer that way. What she wanted 'em to do was to butcher rabbits where parties in the right garments could stand and look on.

"Next day they tried again and one foul rabbit was soon gone in for keenly, to the renewed sound of sister's bitter sobs, and brother looking like he'd been in jail two years—no color left at all in his face. But pretty soon the pack took up the scent of a deer again, and that was the end of another day's sport. Brother and sister cooled off and resumed their peaceful fancies. He hunted butterflies with a net, and she sat down and looked at birds through an opera glass and wrote down things about their personal appearance in a notebook. The old lady changed to her cowboy suit and went out and roped three steers just to work her mad off I guess.

"Well, this time the beagles not only limped in at a shocking hour of the night but three of the others had had their beauty marred by a demon rabbit or something. They had been licked very thoroughly indeed; and the old lady now said it must be a grizzly bear, and brother and sister beamed on her and said 'What a shame!' And would they hunt again next day? For the first time they seemed quite mad about the sport. Mother said they better wait till she went out and shot the grizzly, but I told her we hadn't had any grizzlies round here for years; so she said, all right, they could lick anything less than a grizzly. And they beagled again next day, with terrible and inspiring results, not only to Rex II and Lady Blessington again, but to two of the others that hadn't been touched before.

"This left only two of the pack that hadn't been horribly abused by some unknown varmint; so a halt had to be called for three days while Red Cross work was done. Brother and sister tried to look regretful and complained about this break in the ripping sport; but their manner was artificial. They spent the time riding peacefully round up in the cañon, pretending to look for the wild creature that had chewed their little pets. They come back one day and cheered their mother a whole lot by telling her the pack had been over the pass as far as the house of a worthy rancher, Mr. Floud by name. They said Mr. Floud didn't believe there was any bears round, and further said he greatly admired the beagles, even though at first they seriously annoyed his pet kitten.

"The old lady said this was ripping of Mr. Floud, to take it in such a sporting way, because many people in the past had tried to make all sorts of nasty rows when her pets had happened to kill their kittens. Brother said yes, Mr. Floud took the whole thing in a true sporting way and he hoped the pack would soon be well enough to hunt again. Right then I detected fussity in his manner. I couldn't make out what it was, but I knew he was putting something over on mother.

"Two days later the dogs was fit again, and another gay hunt was had, with a rabbit to the good in the first twenty minutes and then the usual break, when they struck a deer scent. Brother said he'd follow on his horse this time and try to get whatever was bothering 'em. He didn't. He said he lost 'em. They crawled back at night, well chewed; and mother was most frantic.

"There had to be another three days in bed for the cunning little murderers, after which brother and sister both went out with 'em on horseback, with the same mysterious results—except that Rex II didn't get in till next day and looked like he'd come through a feed chopper. For the next hunt, four days after that, the old lady went, too, all of 'em a-horseback, but the same sinking marauder got at the pack before they could come up with it, and two of 'em had to be brought back in arms. They all stopped here on the way home to tell about the mystery. Brother and sister was very cheerful and mad about the sport, but their manner was falser than ever. Mother says the pack is being ruined, and she wouldn't continue the sport, except it has roused the first gleam of interest her chits has ever showed in anything worth while. I caught the chits looking at each other in a guilty manner when she says this, and my curiosity wakes up. I says next time they go out I will be pleased to go with 'em; and the old lady thanks me and says mebbe I can solve this reprehensible mystery.

"In another three days they come by for me. The beagles was looking an awful lot different from what I had first seen 'em. They was not only beautifully scarred but they acted kind of timid and reproachful, and their yapping had a note of caution in it that I hadn't noticed before. So I got on my pony and went along to help probe the crime. We worked up the canon trail and over the pass, with the pack staying meekly behind most of the time. Just the other side of the pass they actually got a rabbit, though not working with their old-time recklessness, I thought. Of course we had to stop and watch this. Brother looked the other way and sister just set there biting her lips, with an evil gleam in her pale-blue eyes. Not a beagle in the pack would have trusted himself alone with her at that minute if he'd known his business.

"Then we rode on down toward Cousin Egbert's stack, with nothing further happening and the pups staying back in a

highly conservative manner. Brother says that yonder is the Mr. Floud's place he had spoken of, and ma wants to know if he, too, goes in for ranching, and I says yes, he's awfully keen about it; so she says we'll ride over and chat with him and perhaps he can suggest some solution of the mystery in hand. I said all right, and we ride up.

"Cousin Egbert is tipped back in a chair outside the door, reading a Sunday paper. Whenever he gets one up here he always reads it clean through, from murders to want ads. And he'd got into this about as far as the beauty hints and secrets of the toilet. Well, he was very polite and awkward, and asked us into his dinky little shack; and the old lady says she hears he is quite mad about ranching, and he says, Oh, yes—only it don't help matters any to get mad; and he finds a chair for her, and the rest of us set on stools and the bed; and just then she notices that the beagle pack has halted about thirty feet from the door, and some of 'em is milling and acting like they think of starting for home at once.

"So out she goes and orders the little pets up. They didn't want to come one bit; it seemed like they was afraid of something, but they was well disciplined and they finally crawled forward, looking like they didn't know what minute something cruel might happen.

"The old lady petted 'em and made 'em lie down, and asked Cousin Egbert if he'd ever seen better ones, or even as good; and he said No, ma'am; they was sure fine beetles. Then she begun to tell him about some wild animal that had been attacking 'em, a grizzly, or mebbe a mountain lion, with cubs; and he is saying in a very false manner that he can't think what would want to harm such playful little pets, and so on. All this time the pets is in fine attitudes of watchful waiting, and I'm just beginning to suspect a certain possibility when it actually happens.

"There was an open window high up in the log wall across from the door, and old Kate jumps up onto the sill from the outside. He was one fierce object, let me tell you, weighing about thirty pounds, all muscle, with one ear gone, and an eye missing that a porcupine quill got into, and a lot of fresh new battle scars. We all got a good look at him while he crouched there for a second, purring like a twelve-cylinder car and twitching his whiskers at us in a lazy way, like he wanted to have folks make a fuss over him. And then, all at once, catching sight of the dogs, he changed to a demon; his back up, his whiskers in a stiff tremble, and his half of a tail grown double in girth.

"I looked quick to the dogs, and they was froze stiff with horror for at least another second. Then they made one scramble for the open door, and Kate made a beautiful spring for the bunch, landing on the back of the last one with a yell of triumph. Mother shrieked, too, and we all rushed to the door to see one of the prettiest chases you'd want to look at, with old Kate handing out the side wipes every time he could get near one of the dogs. They fled down over the creek bank and a minute later we could see the pack legging it up the other side to beat the cars, losing Kate—because he didn't like to get his hide wet.

"When the first shock of this wore off, here was silly old Egbert, in a weak voice, calling: 'Kitty, Kitty, Kitty! Here, Kitty! Here, Kitty!' Then we notice brother and sister. Brother is waving his hat in the air and yelling 'Yoicks!' and 'Gone away!' and 'Fair sport, by Jove!'—just like some crazy man; and sister, with her chest going up and down, is clapping her hands and yelling 'Goody! Goody! Goody!' and squealing with helpless laughter. Mother just stood gazing at 'em in horrible silence. Pretty soon they felt it and stopped, looking like a couple of kids that know it's spanking time.

"'So!' says mother. That's all she said—just 'So!'

"But she stuffed the simple word with eloquence; she left it pregnant with meaning, as they say. Then she stalked loftily out and got on her horse, brother and sister slinking after her. I guess I slunk, too, though it was none of my doings. Cousin Egbert kind of sidled along, mumbling about Kitty:

"'Kitty was quite frightened of the pets first time he seen 'em; but someway to-day it seemed like he had lost much of his fear—seemed more like he had wanted to play with 'em, or something.'

"Nobody listened to the doddering old wretch, but I caught brother winking at him behind mother's back. Then we all rode off in lofty silence, headed by mother, who never once looked back to her late host, even if he was mad about ranching. We got up over the pass and the pack of ruined beagles begun to straggle out of the underbrush. A good big buck rabbit with any nerve could have put 'em all on the run again. You could tell that. They slunk along at the tail of the parade. I dropped out informally when it passed the place here. It seemed like something might happen where they'd want only near members of the family present.

"I don't hear anything from Broadmoor next day; so the morning after that I ride over to Cousin Egbert's to see if I couldn't get a better line on the recent tragedy. He was still on his Sunday paper, having finished an article telling that man had once been scaly, like a fish; and was just beginning the fashion notes, with pictures showing that the smart frock was now patterned like an awning. Old Kate was lying on a bench in the sun, trying to lick a new puncture he'd got in his chest.

"I started right in on the old reprobate. I said it was a pretty how-de-do if a distinguished lady amateur, trying to raise ranching to the dignity of a sport, couldn't turn loose a few prize beagles without having 'em taken for a hunt breakfast by a nefarious beast that ought to be in a stout cage in a circus this minute! I thought, of course, this would insult him; but he sunned right up and admitted that Kate was about half or three-quarters bobcat; and wasn't he a fine specimen? And if he could only get about eight more as good he'd have a pack of beagle-cats that would be the envy of the whole sporting world.

"'It ain't done!' I remarked, aiming to crush him.

"'It is too!' Egbert says. 'I did it myself. Look what I already done, just with Kitty alone!'

"'How'd it start?' I asked him.

"'Easy!' says he. 'They took Kate for a rabbit and Kate took them for rabbits. It was a mutual error. They found out theirs right soon; but I bet Kate ain't found out his, even to this day. I bet he think's they're just a new kind of rabbit that's been started. The first day they broke in here he was loafin' round out in front, and naturally he started for 'em, though probably surprised to see rabbits traveling in a bunch. Also, they see Kate and start for him, which must of startled him good and plenty. He'd never had rabbits make for him before. He pulled up so quick he skidded. I could see his mind working. Don't tell me that cat ain't got brains like a human! He was saying to himself: "Is this here a new kind of rabbits, or is it a joke—or what? Mebbe I better not try anything rash till I find out."

"'They was still coming for him across the flat, with their tongues out; so he scooped himself up a bit with a few jumps and made for that there big down spruce. He lands on the trunk and runs along it to where the top begins. He has it all worked out. He's saying: "If this here is a joke, all right; but if it ain't a joke I better have some place back of me for a kind of refuge."

"'So up come these strange rabbits and start to jump for him on the trunk of the spruce; but it's pretty high and they can't quite make it. And in a minute they sort of suspicion something on their part, because Kate has reared his back up and is giving 'em a line of abuse they never heard from any rabbit yet. Awful wicked it was, and they sure got puzzled. I could hear one of 'em saying: "Aw, come on! That ain't no regular rabbit; he don't look like a rabbit, and he don't talk like a rabbit, and he don't act like a rabbit!" Then another would say: "What of it? What do we care if he ain't a regular rabbit or not? Let's get him, anyway, and take him apart!"

"'So they all begin to jump again and can't quite make it till their leader says he'll show 'em a real jump. He backs off a little to get a run and lands right on the log. Then he wished he hadn't. Old Kate worked so quick I couldn't hardly follow it. In about three seconds this leader lands on his back down in the bunch, squealing like one of these Italian sopranos when the flute follows her up. He crawls off on his stomach, still howling, and I see he's had a couple of wipes over the eye, and one of his ears is shredded.

"'A couple of the others come over to ask him how it happened, and what he quit for, and did his foot slip; and he says: "Mark my words, gentlemen, we got our

(Concluded on Page 46

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Avenue de l'Opera—Paris

The Atelier of the Master Designer

At the Races—Paris

Butterick Shop—Paris

On the Way

Photo Fay Thompson

A Style is Born

PARIS—cradle of style—nursery of artists, "*les créateurs de la mode*"—synonym of all that is beautiful and fresh in fashion!

First in the mind of the master *couturier* a style is born. Surrounded by those who sympathize and understand, it is developed in silks, satins, chiffons and laces especially designed and manufactured for him by the wonderful fabric makers of France.

Then worn by a chic *mannequin* in the salon of the master, the creation is shown. Later it appears at the races, in the Bois, or at some famous watering-place. It is admired—accepted.

Butterick representatives, whose headquarters are at 27 Avenue de l'Opéra, within a few blocks of all the famous *ateliers*, have entrée to them and secure from the masters the Paris fashion letters—one of the features which makes THE DELINEATOR "the fashion authority of the world."

Fifth Avenue—New York

The Horse Show, near New York
Photo Paul Thompson

In the Butterick Studios

Where Patterns Are Sold

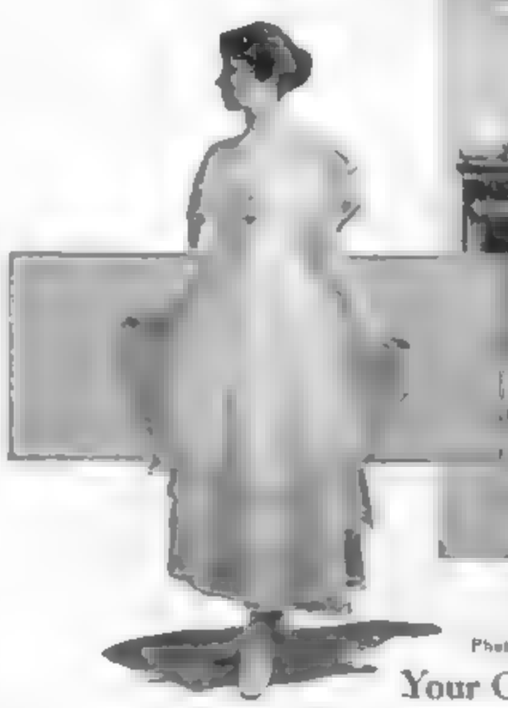

Photo Joel Feder
Your Own Creation

At the races, the watering-places, the famous cafés, in the Bois, the theatres, the opera—everywhere that "*le beau monde*" gathers, Butterick representatives are present—a part of this creative atmosphere.

Designs and models evolved by them, and all the suggestions that may prove inspiring, are sent by cable or fast steamer to New York. Meanwhile other expert designers have absorbed from Fifth Avenue and from the meeting-places of the gay world of the American metropolis, every idea that is novel and charming.

In the big airy Butterick Studios, all these chrysalis ideas are examined minutely by a style committee, and the best selected and embodied in Butterick Patterns.

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YOU get a lather that treats your face like a friend. There is no smart, no pull, no roughness—just a feeling of cleanliness and a healthful glow. Try this lather tomorrow. If you dodged the shave today all the better. Williams' Shaving Soap likes nothing better than to go up against a regular beard. That's how it made its reputation back in the "forties" when your grandfather got out his Williams' original Yankee Shaving Soap on Sunday mornings and fixed up for the week. Your dealer carries Williams' in all four forms—

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Send 12 cents in stamps for a trial size of all four forms, and then decide which you prefer. Or send 4 cents in stamps for any one.

THE J. B. WILLIAMS CO.
Dept. A, Glastonbury, Conn.

Add the finishing touch to your shave with Williams' luxurious Talc Powder

(Concluded from Page 43)

work cut out for us here. That animal is acting less and less like a rabbit every minute. He's more turbulent and he's got spurs on." He goes on talking this way while the others bark at Kate, and Kate dares any one of 'em to come on up there and have it out, man to man. Finally another lands on the tree trunk and gets what the first one got. I could see it this time. Kate done some dandy short-arm work in the clinches and hurled him off on his back like the other one; then he stands there sharpening his claws on the bark and grinning in a masterful way. He was saying: "You will, will you!"

"'Then one of these beetles must of said, "Come on, boys—all together now!" for four of 'em landed up on the trunk all to once. And Kate wasn't there. He'd had the top of this fallen tree at his back, and he kites up a limb about ten feet above their heads and stretches out for a rest, cool as anything, licking his paws and purring like he enjoyed the beautiful summer day, and wasn't everything calm and lovely? It was awful insulting, the way he looked down on 'em, with his eyes half shut. And you never seen beetles so astonished in your life. They just couldn't believe their eyes, seeing a rabbit act that way! The leader limps over and says: "There! What did I tell you, smarties? I guess next time you'll take my word for it. I guess you can see plain enough now he ain't no rabbit, the way he skinned up that tree."

"'They calm down a mite at this, and one or two says they thought he was right from the first; and some others says: "Well, it wouldn't make no difference what he was, rabbit or no rabbit, if he'd just come down and meet the bunch of us fair and square; but the dirty coward is afraid to fight us, except one at a time." The leader is very firm, though. He tells 'em that if this here object ain't a rabbit they got no right to molest him, and if he is a rabbit he's gone crazy, and wouldn't be good to eat, anyway; so they better go find one that acts sensible. And he gets 'em away, all talking about it excitedly.

"'Well, sir, you wouldn't believe how tickled Kate was all that day. It was like he'd found a new interest in life. And next time these beetles come up they pull off another grand scrap. Kate laid for 'em just this side of the creek and let 'em chase him back to his tree. He skun up three others that day, still pursuin' his cowardly tactics of fighting 'em one at a time, and retirin' to his perch when three or four would come at once. Also, when they give him up again and started off he come down and chased 'em to the creek bank, like you seen the other day, telling 'em to be sure and not forget the number, because he ain't had so much fun since he met up with a woodchuck. The next time they showed up he'd got so contemptuous of 'em that he'd leap down and engage one that had got separated from the pack. He had two of 'em darn' near out before they was rescued by their friends.

"'Then, a few days later, along comes the pack again—only this time they're being herded by the lad with the ginger-colored whiskers. He gets off his horse and says how do I do, and what lovely weather, and how bracing the air is; and I says what pretty beetles he has; and he says it's ripping sport; and I says, yes; Kate has ripped up a number of 'em, but I hope he don't blame me none, because my kitty has to defend himself. Say, this guy brightened up and like to took me off my feet! He grabs both my hands and shakes 'em warmly for a long time and says do I think my cat can put the whole bunch on the blink?—or words to that effect. And I says it's the surest thing in the world; but why? And he says, then the sooner, the better, because it's a barbarous sport and every last beetle ought to be thoroughly killed; and when they are, in case his mother don't find out the crooked work, mebbe he'll be let to raise orchids or do something useful in the world, instead of frittering his life away in the vain pursuit of pleasure.

"'Oh, he was the chatty lad, all right! And I felt kind of sorry for him; so I says Kate would dearly love to wipe these beetles out one by one; and he says: "Capital, by Jove!" And I call Kitty and we pull off another nice little scrap on the fallen tree, though it's hard to make the beetles take much interest in it now, except in the way of self-defense. Even at that, they're kept plenty occupied. Say, this guy is the happiest you ever see one when Kate has about four more of 'em licked to a standstill in jigtime. He says he has one more favor to ask of me: Will I allow his sister to come up some day and see the lovely carnage? And I says, Sure! Kate will be glad to oblige any time. He says he'll fetch her up the first time the pack is able to get out again, and he keeps on chattering like a child that's found a new play-pretty.

"'I can't hardly get him off the place, he's so grateful to me. He tells me his biography and about how this here blond guy has been roughing him all over Europe and Asia, and how it had got to stop right here, because a man has a right to live his own life, after all; and then he branches off in a nutty way to tell me that he always takes a cold shower every morning, winter and summer, and he never could read a line of Sir Walter Scott, and why don't some genius invent a fountain pen that will work at all times, and so on till it sounded delirious. But he left at last.

"'And we had some good ripping sport when him and sister come up. I never seen such a bloodthirsty female. She'd nearly laugh her head off when Kitty was gouging the eye out of one of these cunning little scamps. She said if I'd ever seen the nasty curs pile on to one poor defenseless little bunny I'd understand why she was so keen about my beagle-cat. That's what she called Kate.

"'Kate, he got kind of bored with the whole business after that. He hadn't actually eat one yet, and mebbe that was all that kept him going—wanting to see if they'd taste any better than regular rabbits. But you bet they knew now that Kate wasn't any kind of a rabbit. They didn't have any more arguments on that point—they knew darn' well he didn't have a drop of rabbit blood in his veins. Oh, he's some beagle-cat, all right!'

"That's Cousin Egbert for you! Can you beat him—changing round and being proud of this mixed marriage that he had formerly held to be a scandal!

"Well, I go back home and here is mother waiting for me. And she's a changed woman. She's actually give up trying to make anything out of her chits because, after considerable browbeating and third-degree stuff, they've come through with the whole evil conspiracy—how they'd got her prize-winning beagles licked by a common cat that wouldn't be let into any bench show on earth! Her spirit was broke.

"'My poor son,' she says, 'I shall allow to go his silly way after this outrageous bit of double-dealing. I think it useless to strive further with him. He has not only confessed all the foul details, but he came brazenly out with the assertion that a man has a right to lead his own life—and he barely thirty!'

"She goes on to say that it's this terrible twentieth-century modernism that has infected him. She says that, first, woman sets up a claim to live her own life, and now men are claiming the same right, even one as carefully raised and guarded as her boy has been; and what are we coming to? But, anyway, she did her best for him.

"Pretty soon Broadmoor was closed like you seen it to-day. Sister is now back in Boston, keeping tabs on orchestras and attending lectures on the higher birds; and brother at last has his orchid ranch somewhere down in California. He's got one pet orchid that I heard cost twelve thousand dollars—I don't know why. And he's very happy living his own life. The last I heard of mother she was exploring the headwaters of the Amazon, hunting crocodiles and jaguars and natives, and so on.

"She was a good old sport, though. She showed that by the way she simmered down about Cousin Egbert's cat before she left. At first she wanted to lay for it and put a bullet through its cowardly heart. Then she must of seen the laugh was on her, all right; for what did she do? Why, the last thing she done was to box up all these silver cups her beagles had win and send 'em over to Kate, in care of his owner—all the eye-cups and custard bowls, and so on. Cousin Egbert shows 'em off to everyone.

"'Just a few cups that Kate won,' he'll confess as he passes them around. 'I want to tell you he's some beagle-cat! Look what he's come up to—and out of nothing, you might say!'"

This is the "7-22" Chalmers for 1917—a 3400 r. p. m. Chalmers; $1280 Detroit

Quality First

Seven Wonderful Chalmers for 1917; 5 Months in Advance

The seven cars, which the House of Chalmers has built five months in advance—for 1917, astonish.

They excite and please the eye nerves by rare good taste in line and color.

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They surprise by a generosity in merit of material; not only in steel backbone, steel ribs and aluminum fists, but in leather garment and richness of polish. That, no doubt, makes doubly sensational the prices. Think of them:

A 5-passenger Chalmers for $1090
(You save $200 here)

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A Chalmers Roadster for $1070
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A Chalmers Cabriolet for $1440
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A Chalmers Sedan for $1780
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A Chalmers Limousine for $2480
(You save $500 here)

A Chalmers Town Car for $2480
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Beauty, performance, quality, price—if you travel two days' march you'll never meet an equal in all four points—perhaps never in three.

It's a full line of cars and it's a line that'll save you many a shopping jaunt. You can compare car for car here in a Chalmers store—under one roof

Women and men who have been writing large checks in seasons gone by for closed cars of superior design will seek the new Chalmers and put away many a good dollar in Government bonds.

For Chalmers this year breaks down the old tradition of paying a handsome price for a handsome car.

Then, there'll be the annual descent on the Chalmers dealers—each year growing more and more—of those who have had their first fling with a car down the ladder in price. Perhaps one ride in a new Chalmers will lure them. Perhaps the snap, the action, the spunk will make them say good-bye to Old Betsy.

For the 3400 r. p. m. is an uncanny thing. 3400 revolutions per minute in the crankshaft of her engine have rolled up $27,300,000 sales for Chalmers since December 1.

3400 r. p. m. is the technical way of saying performance plus. It's one of the many good things Chalmers has done for the automobile.

Remember, these 1917 Chalmers are built in two sizes of wheelbase: 115 inches and 122 inches.

A phone call to the Chalmers merchant in your city or a note direct to us for the New Book will rest your conscience.

Ask your dealer about Chalmers service inspection coupons, negotiable at all Chalmers dealers' everywhere. This system is a most important consideration in buying your car.

We have mentioned the United States prices. The prices in Canada are as follows:

Seven-Passenger Touring Car,	$1775	Five-Passenger Touring Car,	$1475
Six-Passenger Sedan,	$2475	Two-Passenger Roadster,	$1475
Seven-Passenger Limousine,	$3475	Three-Passenger Cabriolet,	$1900

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LET B. V. D. teach you the fine art of "Take-It-Easy." It helps you get the most fun out of your holiday. It makes a business of coolness and brings coolness into business. It eases the stifling discomfort of a hot day and lessens the fag of a close evening. It's the National Cooler-Off.

Loose fitting, light woven B. V. D. Underwear starts with the best possible fabrics (specially woven and tested), continues with the best possible workmanship (carefully inspected and re-inspected), and ends with complete comfort (fullness of cut, balance of drape, correctness of fit, durability in wash and wear).

If it *hasn't* This Red Woven Label — MADE FOR THE B.V.D. BEST RETAIL TRADE — It *isn't* B. V. D. Underwear

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B. V. D. Closed Crotch Union Suits (Pat U. S. A.), $1.00 and upward the Suit. B. V. D Coat Cut Undershirts and Knee Length Drawers, 50c. and upward the Garment

The B. V. D. *Company*, *New York.*

THE OTHER UNIT

(Continued from Page 4)

a lack of formity, if I may be permitted to clip a word.

Saturn will be a fine planet some day if it keeps on cooling and revolving, and women will have good substantial minds some day if they keep on thinking. You will always find them frailing fruit off the forbidden Tree of Knowledge, as you will always find men feeding on it, as Adam did in the beginning. Even now, if you ask me, I say the average woman has more knowledge and more breadth of vision along humanitarian lines than the average man. In order to be humane a man must specialize in the humanities; but a woman is born that way, endowed with pity and compassion.

No adequate notice was taken of the real work accomplished by this unit. The press gave space to the social functions, to an incidental fashion exhibit; and efforts were made to interpret feminine politics from the humorous standpoint. But the record of what these women have actually accomplished in the past two years was scarcely mentioned.

The explanation is: First, women are not yet recognized as the other unit. It is a sort of outrage to masculine sensibility for men to think of women as they do of men—as an organized energy in this civilization. They think of them one at a time. They love them one at a time. They will not divorce them from their charms and their weaknesses. They are willing to raise a statue to one Joan of Arc; but when it comes to twenty thousand of them, that is another matter, a sort of rebellion against the order of things to which they are either consciously or unconsciously antagonistic.

In the second place, the work accomplished by this other unit is homely, plain service to plain people. It is the domestic drudgery of this nation. Men are not and never have been interested in domestic drudgery, whether it is in their own homes or in the nation. Their instinct is to clear out and leave the women to do it. But the reports from the various states during this convention show how much of it the women are doing.

The Federations of the Northern and Western states are actively engaged in teaching foreign-born children and their parents the American standards of life, sanitation and domestic economics. The Nebraska women have a portable school, which they send to communities in need of it. The Dakota women have concentrated upon efforts to lighten the drudgery of farmers' wives. Seven thousand women in Oklahoma are educating teachers. They sent thirty-eight into the schools of that state last year. The Arkansas women have organized eleven thousand college girls into an active domestic-educational force, devoted to service in rural communities. The Wisconsin clubs specialize upon the health of children, free clinics for babies, and eugenics. Illinois has more women in its clubs than there are soldiers in the regular United States Army. Ten thousand of these are giving all their time to social service.

Clubwomen's Worth-While Work

The women of Nevada admitted that they specialize on the men of Nevada. We were not informed of how they did this, or for what purpose, further than the effort to keep the men at home. It seems that the male citizens of that state have a maverick instinct for roving into other states, and must be called home by wire when it is time to vote.

The New England clubs are engaged in every kind of service by which the immigrant is protected as an immigrant, and by which he is developed into an American citizen. The New Hampshire clubs have a fund for educating teachers, who, instead of returning the money spent, pledge themselves to teach for two years among immigrants or in rural communities. These Eastern women are giving their time, their influence, and freely of their means, to the training and education of this vast spelling class in citizenship.

The clubwomen of Louisiana, Georgia and Alabama are working for compulsory education laws. They have canning clubs and teachers of domestic economics and sanitation in rural communities. Twenty thousand clubwomen in Texas are working for good roads. They have built rural clubhouses, established markets for farm women, offered prizes for the best-conducted rural schools. Kentucky, Georgia, North and South Carolina women are conducting and financing "moonlight" schools for illiterates. Kentucky has one thousand of these schools, and there is a certain clubwoman in this state who has taught eighteen hundred men and women how to read and write.

On the night these reports were read twenty reporters sat below the Armory platform, very much bored until a Georgia clubwoman mentioned moonlight schools. Georgia is unfortunately identified in the public mind with a certain "moonshine" business not regarded as educational. The reporters sat up, took notice, then drove their pens at a staving rate. Here at last was copy! Unfortunately another Georgia woman descended upon them and spoiled the copy with the facts. She hastened to explain that moonlight was the name given to any group of illiterate men and women in a village or rural community who gathered at the end of the day to learn their A B C's.

The ambition of these clubwomen is to wipe out illiteracy in the South by the end of 1920. They are not likely to accomplish so much, for in most of these states they face the opposition of politicians to compulsory education. But they offered facts and figures to show that they are working to this end. The clubs of Georgia are educating eighty-six mountain boys and girls in an industrial school owned and supported by the State Federation.

Work in Vocational Training

In addition to these activities there were reports from the department of vocational training, where the clubwomen united with every possible means to fit girls for business life, as nurses, saleswomen, stenographers—everything but cooks, laundresses and housemaids—which is queer when one considers the growing problem of domestic service. It is another case where they miss their cue and become involved in the farther-from-home things first. The handling of servants and the training of servants are such immediate needs that they shrink from them, for that means a revolution in the character of the women who have servants; and, like other people, women prefer to revolutionize other people and conditions—not themselves.

There was not a single report from a Browning Club, not a word about the Maeterlinck bee culture in mysticism. Nobody, it seems, has been studying the origin of Shakspere's plays.

One other omission impressed the thoughtful person. There was no report of church work done by the State Federations. They told of how many babies had been saved by the introduction of clinics and rural nurses; how many girls had been taught this and that; what they had accomplished in civic sanitation, health and morals; their educational plans with moving pictures; their very real activities in the conservation of forests—everything from canning beans to the development of rural drama leagues; but not one woman reported what the women of her state were doing in the churches or Sabbath schools, and the immigrant seemed to have taken the place of the heathen in their minds. This was remarkable, because they appear to be the same patient women one sees in church and at prayer meetings. Many of them wore that expression of soft effulgence peculiar to saints who have practiced the Beatitudes and sung hymns.

I mention this, not as a criticism but as a fact that has an important bearing upon the way this other unit is developing. Feminine energy and emotion, which for generations have found their expression in church work, piety and prayers, are passing rapidly into other channels. There was, in fact, a lecture given by someone on the Benefits of Christianity to Civilization, and there is a course of Bible study to be found in the Federation literature; but, as I say, there was no report on religious matters from any of the State Federation presidents.

This does not mean, as I see it, a loss of interest in Christianity; but it may be interpreted as an answer unconsciously given by this great body of useful, good women to those churches that have long profited and subsisted so largely upon their labors, and which, nevertheless, refuse to give proper recognition for such service and do continue to deny to women the

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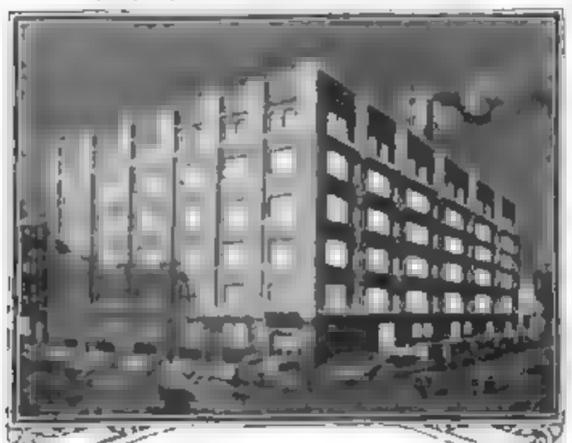

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laity rights and privileges enjoyed by male members. It means the weakening of the bonds that bind thoughtful women to these churches. Their energies and interests are going more and more into this other unit, less and less into the missionary societies of those churches controlled by preachers to the exclusion of the rights of women. They prefer to practice their piety in humanitarian service under organizations that belong to women and are directed by women.

This is wrong. It is sure to be unfavorable in its effects upon the Christian life of the nation, because women have been the chief spiritual force at work in the churches; but the masculine government of the churches is to blame.

The majority of clubwomen believe in suffrage; but no suffrage league or club is admitted into this Federation, which shows how farsighted and prudent women can be when they put their minds upon that. This other unit is to be in no way confounded with suffrage agitation. The members of it are banded together for the purpose of service—not to themselves chiefly, but to the communities in which they live. Meantime the suffrage organizations are devoted, first and all the time, to their own cause. To admit one of them into the Federation would be like keeping a cat fight in a home where you desire to practice domestic peace and train the children in civic virtues as well as home economics. No matter how much sympathy you have with the cats, you can't stand the racket and do your work.

However, there was a mass meeting of suffragists held during this convention where representatives from the twelve states that have granted the franchise to women discussed the effects of suffrage. This was in many respects the most important event of the week, although it was not on the program and not officially recognized by the Federation. The speakers have had a different training, which kept them from sputtering into eloquence and which enabled them to come quickly to the important facts, and to produce records and proofs to substantiate what they had to say. The audience had an opportunity to study the spirit and quality of these women, many of whom were or had been members of legislatures in their states, or who had held other political offices. We were able, also, to compare them and their points of view with other suffragists who took part in the program, but who were from states that had not granted the franchise to women.

A Magnified Revival

If by the grace of many modiste angels you could dress up an old-fashioned Methodist revival, multiply it by ten thousand, and then have an experience meeting, it would give a fairly good, though dangerously secular, impression of this suffrage meeting. The franchised women testified with all the cheerful sweetness of the recently redeemed concerning the blessings they had received through the ballot, while those who had not yet got it sat figuratively on the mourners' bench, unforgiving, very unhappy, with the shreds of their sins and sorrows sticking to them.

One after another the citizen women addressed the meeting. They were all agreed on one point—the wonderful virtues of the Western man. These were the most chivalrous men in America, and had proved it by giving women the vote. You never could have inferred the fight that had been made in many of these states for suffrage. The hatchet was not only buried—there never had been a hatchet. All is peace and harmony in the West. Families are united—not divided—by more interests in common, more duties and privileges in common. It seems that the feminine sense of injustice has been carefully eradicated in the West. No more antagonism between the sexes. If something is wrong they do not complain or abuse the men.

"We just go to the polls and vote against it. We place our opinion in the ballot box, where it counts, and is the best, most modest use we can make of it," said a woman from the state of Washington.

And I must say there were no gentler, easier-tempered women at this convention than these citizen women of the West. They were normal; not aching with a fixed idea, which is a very common expression among women.

Naturally we must make proper allowance for the leakage of the common heinousness of human nature. Knowing women as we know them, and men as we have every

YOU don't know this young woman. You never saw her before. You wouldn't know her name if we mentioned it and *her name doesn't matter anyway*. We picked her out of the ranks to play the leading rôle in "SHOES", the wonderful BLUEBIRD photo play produced from Stella Wynne Herron's short story in Collier's Weekly. Why did we pick her out of the ranks? Simply because she was *the one woman best fitted to portray the character*. It made no difference to us that she was not a star. All we knew was that she *fitted* the rôle. That's the big thing in the success of any play.

This aptly illustrates what we are driving at—that "The play's the thing"—that if we buy a good play and cast it appropriately, we are following the *very spirit of the drama* rather than trying to boost some individual to prominence. Naturally we haven't anything against the stars, for we employ lots of them and appreciate their work when it is good, but we *do not believe in writing our plays around somebody's particular style*. We believe in *the play first* and if the play is *good*, we pick the people who will play it *best*. That's the only way you can always get your money's worth and be assured of an evening of *delightful entertainment*

Why should you or I care *who* is in the play if the play is high-class and pleases us? If the play isn't high-class and it isn't absorbing in plot, human interest and otherwise, does the mere presence of some actor or actress change its atmosphere and make it good? We think not. We've got to have *a good foundation* and the good foundation is the *good play*. If it is faithfully cast and faithfully portrayed, then in all respects it's a good play. We believe that's what the public wants and we are proceeding on that basis. We have the whole world to choose from in finding people to fit the parts properly. And we'll find them wherever they are. So, if the photo play is a BLUEBIRD, it's *got* to be good.

TO THE PUBLIC—You can see these artistic BLUEBIRD Productions by simply asking the Manager of your favorite Theatre to show them. The Manager is keen to learn what his patrons want most, thus you confer a favor on him and gratify your own wishes at the same time. Ask for BLUEBIRD Photo Plays Today

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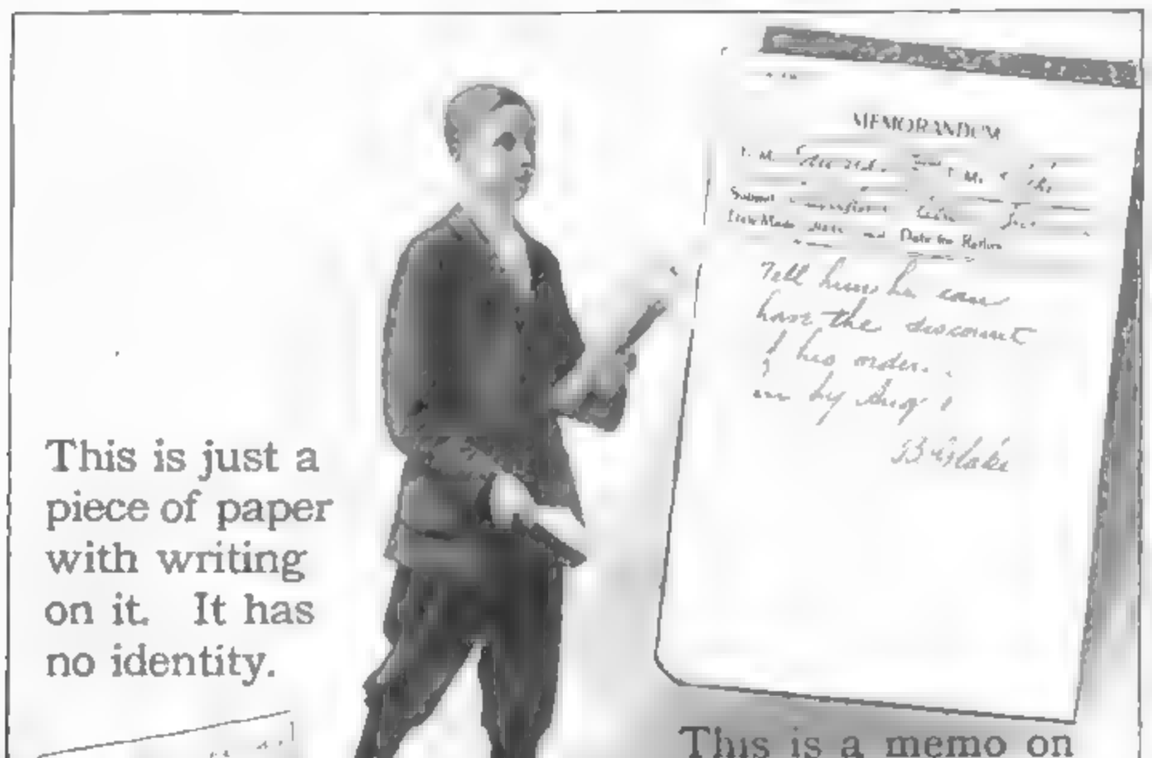
"The Play's The Thing"
Photo Plays


This is just a piece of paper with writing on it. It has no identity.
MEMORANDUM
This is a memo on an authorized form It is read, executed and filed.

The Memo That Will Never Be Found

It was written on a little slip of blue scratch-paper and attached to a letter that was routed to the treasurer.

The little slip of scratch-paper came loose and fell on to the floor.

Several people saw it there, and walked right by it. There was nothing about it to identify it as a message. It was not addressed to anybody—not dated. It wasn't picked up. It was *swept up and out.*

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reason to suspect them, the political atmosphere of the West cannot be so salubrious as these redeemed citizens represent it to be. There is bound to be more or less friction and much masculine dissatisfaction; but there is no question at all that the exercise of the franchise has restored the Western woman to her sphere in mind and spirit. Whenever you give a woman what she wants it quiets her nerves and sends her back to her place in the order of things.

No better proof of this can be found than the present state of those women still engaged in the struggle to get the vote. They are bitter. They register antagonism to men on all occasions. Their energies are dissipated; they and their thoughts run constantly in belligerent channels. Many of them are unbalanced and suffering from a form of vitriolic hysteria. Nothing will ever restore them to their husbands and children and to normal relations to society now but the right to vote. The longer they are put off the more evidence they will accumulate concerning the perfidy and brutality of man, which is dangerous information in the hands of women. It injures them far more than it does the men. Nature designs that all women shall live in illusions, so far as men are concerned; and this is what the citizen women are doing. They have recovered every ideal of the beauty, glory, strength and chivalry of manhood that were cherished by the women of the romantic period.

But this does not mean that they do not exercise all the rights which have come to them through the franchise.

The statement has been made frequently that, since California gave the ballot to women, there has been no increase in the registered vote. Records were offered at this meeting which show that more women than men register in the country districts, nearly as many women as men in the cities, and that only twenty-three per cent of the tenderloin districts register. In Colorado the registration of men and women is about the same; but one hundred and twenty-seven men vote to every hundred women.

Another extraordinary claim is that in some of the states where women have the vote there is a marked decrease in the number of divorces. A list of laws passed in these states for equal guardianship of children, for the pensioning of mothers, for compulsory medical laws, eugenics, and many other laws of a strictly humane character, indicate that where women vote a new element, domestic and educational, appears in the government of the people.

Lectures and Lectures

These citizen women represent four and a half million women in the West. The Federation represents two and a half million women. I have indicated very briefly the work accomplished by this unit, but the preparation the twenty thousand women who attended this convention underwent for future service was drastic and terrible. During the ten days of the convention about eight lectures were given each day by experts in every imaginable subject—from peace to preparedness; from baby culture to prison reforms; from the conservation of forests to the canning of tomatoes and beans. One woman said that the Federation was the middle-aged woman's university. She might have added—and told the truth—that it sometimes crammed a whole university course into ten days.

The artless fidelity with which the delegates attended these lectures was pathetic. They came day after day, listened hour after hour, until they were hollow-eyed from exhaustion, but still acquisitive. This meant two or three things very significant about the other unit. In the first place, they are conscientious. Second, they feel their inefficiency; it is bred in them to feel so. Third, they lack the genius of originality. They will depend for years yet upon other people's knowledge, experience and advice rather than work more wisely and effectively according to their own experience. They lack confidence in themselves. But at least they are making the best possible preparation they know how to make for service.

And it is not a bad thing to learn how to do the things you are called to do. The men who govern this nation might follow their example with profit. It is a safe wager that many women in this convention know more about the conditions and literal needs of the people in the states from which they come than the representatives in Washington from these states do. We have Civil Service examinations for Government employees. A man must take a four-years training to become the lowest officer in the army or navy, but a village politician who knows less of what he ought to know than the president of the women's club in that town can get himself elected to Congress.

This is what we call "government by the people for the people," a frightfully expensive thing when you consider that he gets a salary of seven thousand five hundred a year while he sits still and learns the business—if he ever does. It would not be a bad idea to have a kindergarten for teaching the rudiments of government connected with the Government at Washington. In that case we should perhaps have fewer thirty-thousand-dollar post offices in little villages and more money to spend on education and public health.

The other unit is at least making an honest effort to fit women for service.

I have said there were no reports on literary matters in this convention—meaning that there were no formal reports. As a matter of fact, the delegates had literary meetings on the side, when they discussed the "Mind of America," and other small topics, with the usual seriousness of women.

"The Poets' Hour" will serve as well as any to indicate the character of these meetings. This took place in the Drill Room of the Armory on a certain afternoon, with no shaded lights, but with an audience of nearly a thousand of the same women who had listened all the morning to experts telling how to develop morals in moral defectives. The poets were there, arranged in two groups far down in front of the audience, and modestly facing the same.

The Shorthand of Fiction

Probably many in the audience had never seen a real poet before—to say nothing of two dozen poets! I admit that I never saw one stripped for action before; and, however they may have impressed others, they appeared to me no more remarkable than the lean writers of prose. What I mean is that, to look at them, you would never suspect them of hexameters—much less pentameters.

We received much useful information in the opening lecture on poets and poetry, which no doubt will be quoted in many women's clubs during the coming year. A good deal of it went over this writer's head; but I recall this singular definition of poetry. "The shorthand of fiction!"

It seems that there are seventy poets in America, besides a number of also-rans. Of these, thirty are women, which is remarkable, because other countries have only two or three female poets at a time. The speaker gave her own explanation of this phenomenon. She said it is because "America is becoming more and more a woman's civilization."

Good Lord, deliver us from that! Women can no more make a civilization than men can. It requires children—and a lot of them—to make either men or women industrious in this business. This opinion was doubtlessly inspired by the highly feminized atmosphere of the occasion and cannot possibly represent the views of thoughtful observers of American life.

It has long been known that women novelists are more daring and less modest than men in the portrayal of sex emotions; but it came as a distinct shock to many in this audience when three women poets recited poems addressed to the spirits of unborn children.

The sentiment of the Federation is far otherwise; but my own belief is that women should avoid the serious study of literature as a man avoids strong drink. It intoxicates them and removes them too far from the realities they are now so earnestly seeking. Besides, it is an acquired taste with them. Few of them have the instinct for it. They do not really feel it or understand it for themselves; but they invariably take the critic's word for it, and the critic may be a charlatan or a fool.

What women need is life, not literature that is the dead second cousin of life; the liberty to think and act according to their own convictions, which are remarkably honest and decent, not according to the best writers and speakers, who are often dishonest and decadent.

For this reason we must respect the work of this Federation, which represents the mind and activities of the best women in this country, who are trying in actual service to escape from the innocuous desuetude of borrowed living and borrowed thinking.

GEORGE WASHINGTON'S BALL

(Continued from Page 23)

about women that I ever knew used to look at an ugly woman and say: "Think of buying jewels for her!" I thought of him, as I passed the glittering window, and I determined in my next incarnation to be a man at a vacation resort.

As I turned away from the window the room clerk came to me with a distinguished-looking man whom he presented as the manager of the hotel. He bowed as only a man who has had military training can bow, and he looked far too young to be the manager of so enormous an industry as this hotel. He opened out a telegram he held in his hand and he spoke the Celebrity's name.

"I have known her quite a long time!" he exclaimed. "She has come here so often. She wires me that she is worried about your being here all alone and that she cannot arrive for a day or two. She asks me to have you shown about the place. Will you permit me to do this?"

My permission was the gladdest thing you ever heard.

"In that case I will present our publicity man to you."

"What!" I exclaimed.

"Oh, we are not going to make copy of you. But this young man has been for many years a reporter on a New York paper, and he is equal to any situation, even that"—his eyes twinkled—"of diverting a disappointed lady's attention to the surrounding scenery. You can believe anything he says—or nearly anything. He is in charge of our tennis tournament that is now going on and he will have to attend to it at three. But at four I will put you in the care of one of my assistants, Mr. Winton, and what the publicity man has not called to your attention Mr. Winton will."

We were joined by two men, one of them the assistant manager, tall and quiet, with an air that the Celebrity calls nameless distinction. The other, the publicity man, was the kind you so often see on a college campus. He was tanned and athletic in appearance, with a lot of hair that looked as if it had been brushed for hours to subdue its thickness. He took me in charge with a laughing nod at the taller man.

The Patter of the Publicity Man

"I'll bring her back at three, A. M.," he said. Then to me: "A. M. stands for assistant manager, not for the time I shall bring you back. P. M. stands for me."

The tall man merely said: "Back where? Perhaps she will require a little rest after being personally conducted. She will want to see Coconut Grove when the crowd gathers. What if I present myself there at four-thirty, at the gate?"

I accepted, and the P. M. piloted me out into the brilliant sunshine and ensconced me in one of the rolling chairs. The P. M. wore no hat. Why his eyes were not put out I cannot tell, for I needed black glasses. No, I didn't wear them. I didn't care for an East-Lynne effect while riding with an agreeable young man, but I blinked like a bat—if bats do blink.

The great hotel, painted a light yellow, with white pillars, stretched behind us like some enormous old Southern mansion set in an exquisite garden of hibiscus, oleanders and poinsettia. You can imagine nothing more brilliant than masses of poinsettia, with a yellow background, under a tropical sky.

Our chair turned about into an avenue of dignified Australian pines. I should have called them majestic but that the P. M. said they grew more quickly than almost any other tree; that five years would produce a cathedral arch of Australian pines if you planted them properly on both sides of a road. He further added that we were heading for the beach; that so far I had seen only the palm part of the place. To our right ran a ribbon of hard white road, shaded by royal palms and bordered by golf links that looked a trifle too crowded.

"Yes, it is crowded," said the P. M. "And the real players don't like it. But if they are real enough they get up early in the morning and play before the crowd gathers. If they are not real players they like the crowd, because it is composed of interesting people. For instance, you see those two men playing there? Each has had a thrilling career and each has made many millions."

We paused to see one of them drive. It was not a thrilling drive. Evidently it takes more than millions to make a real player.

"I should think you would get blase about all these millions here at Palm Beach. So many of your people seem to be decorated with them."

He grinned.

"One forgets it. Of course the place is organized to separate them from their millions as pleasantly as possible, but to do this you have to provide perfect comfort, and you have to create a belief that the worth of the money is being obtained. Usually these are busy men at home and idleness would bore them even on a vacation, so we keep them all as busy as we can. There is something to do at every hour, and most of them run on a schedule. For instance, nine o'clock is the popular time to golf. At eleven everybody goes to the beach to swim. If you were to go at half past ten or at half past twelve, you would find it deserted. But at eleven it is a spectacle. At twelve all the swimmers, reclothed, stop for a drink of orange juice and a sandwich, and perhaps a dance on the veranda if the water has made them cold. I believe the women nap after luncheon, at any rate they seem to disappear off the face of the earth; but at four they all appear again at Coconut Grove for tea and a dance and to see the crowd and hear the music. There is a regular program for each day. You could amuse yourself here alone very easily."

"A man might," I answered.

Easy Come and Easy Go

"I suppose you mean that a man can make acquaintances more easily than a woman. Yet you cannot be here long without meeting people. They talk to you even if you do not meet them—you'll see. And you overhear all kinds of interesting talk. Yesterday I heard two men talking together. One said: 'I think I was foolish about that stock. I dropped two hundred and fifty in it.' I supposed he meant two hundred and fifty dollars, but he didn't—he meant two hundred and fifty thousand."

"Ah, dollars?"

He laughed.

"Well, it either makes you very economical or very extravagant—all this money talk."

And right there I caught another aspect of the place. It is not a place of half measures. You like it or you don't. You want to spend every cent you own dressing as the other women do, or you know it can't be done and you don't care. You want to hire a rolling chair by the day, or you walk on your two feet. If I were a man and a woman had kept me waiting I would bring her to Palm Beach. The spirit of compromise would be smothered there. It is a great "yes" place. I began to see the reason for all the solitaires in the jeweler's window. It is also a concentrated place. Everything is close together. It takes fifteen minutes at a slow gait to get to the beach. The golf links is on the way; Coconut Grove is only a few steps from the hotel; the club only a few steps in the other direction.

Comment on the club can be heard every time you listen to the chatter of strolling groups:

"A man won five hundred dollars last night and then lost every cent of it. . . . John's friend bet twenty-two dollars and won one hundred and eight. . . . Mary's husband gave her ten dollars to play with, to keep her quiet while he tried his luck. He lost more than he will ever tell about, but Mary won. How much? Why, she didn't bet and so she still has her ten."

"Oh, yes," said the P. M., "you can hear wild stories about the club, but they are most of them pretty fishy. The hotel has nothing to do with it, you know. We attachés do not even go there, but I heard this the other day, better substantiated than most of the stories: One of our Middle-Western business men had been ordered to take a couple of weeks' vacation, and he and his wife came here, intending not to waste their money.

"One evening they were introduced at the club, and the wife was immensely interested. 'Come on,' she urged, 'risk a five-dollar bill. Maybe you'll win.' He was not anxious to. 'Not I,' he said, 'I work too hard for my money to spend it supporting a gambling joint.'

"'Oh, go on,' she insisted. 'Don't be so stingy. Even if you lose your five, you can stand that much. Don't be such a piker.'

(Continued on Page 54)

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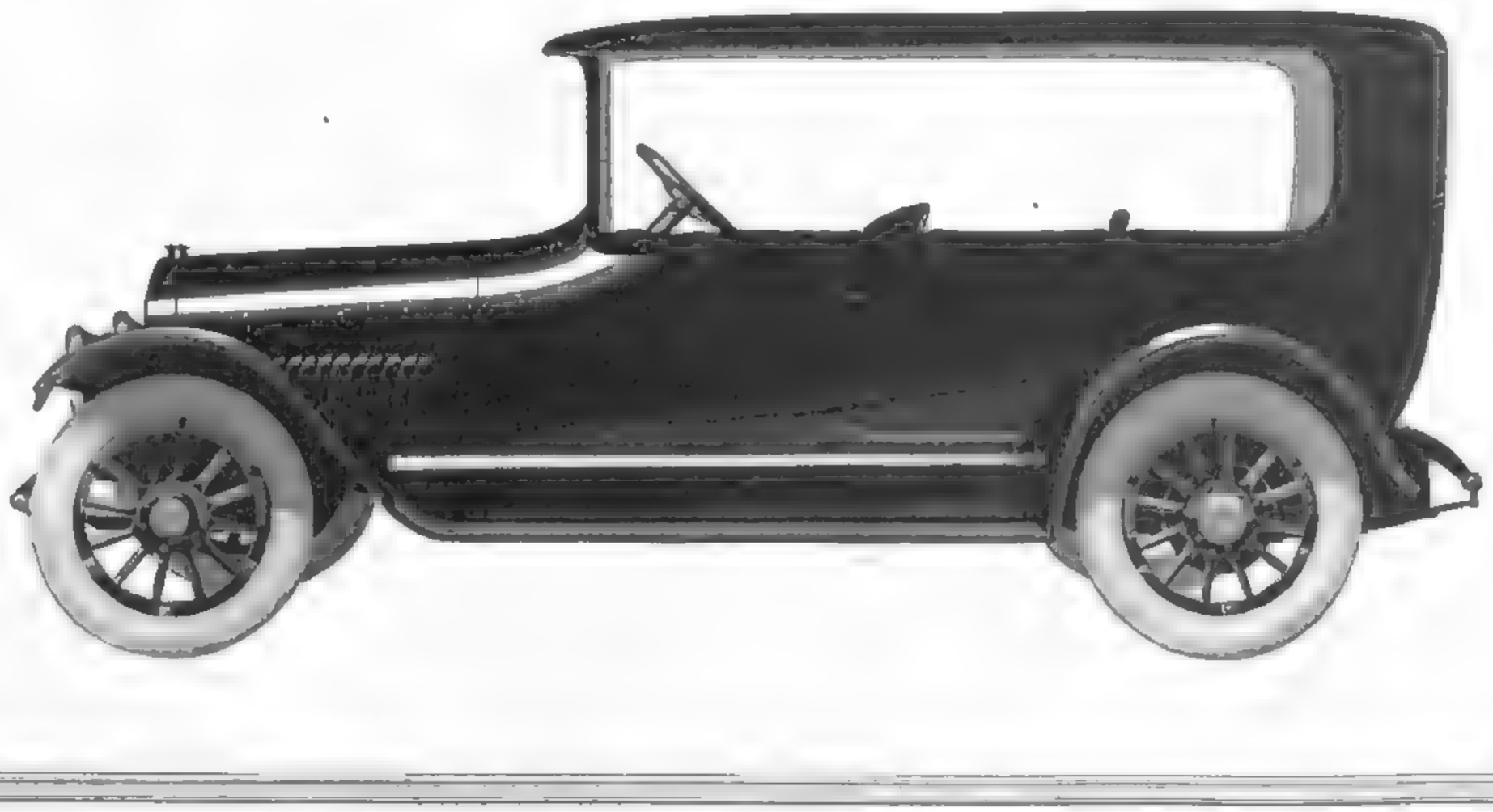

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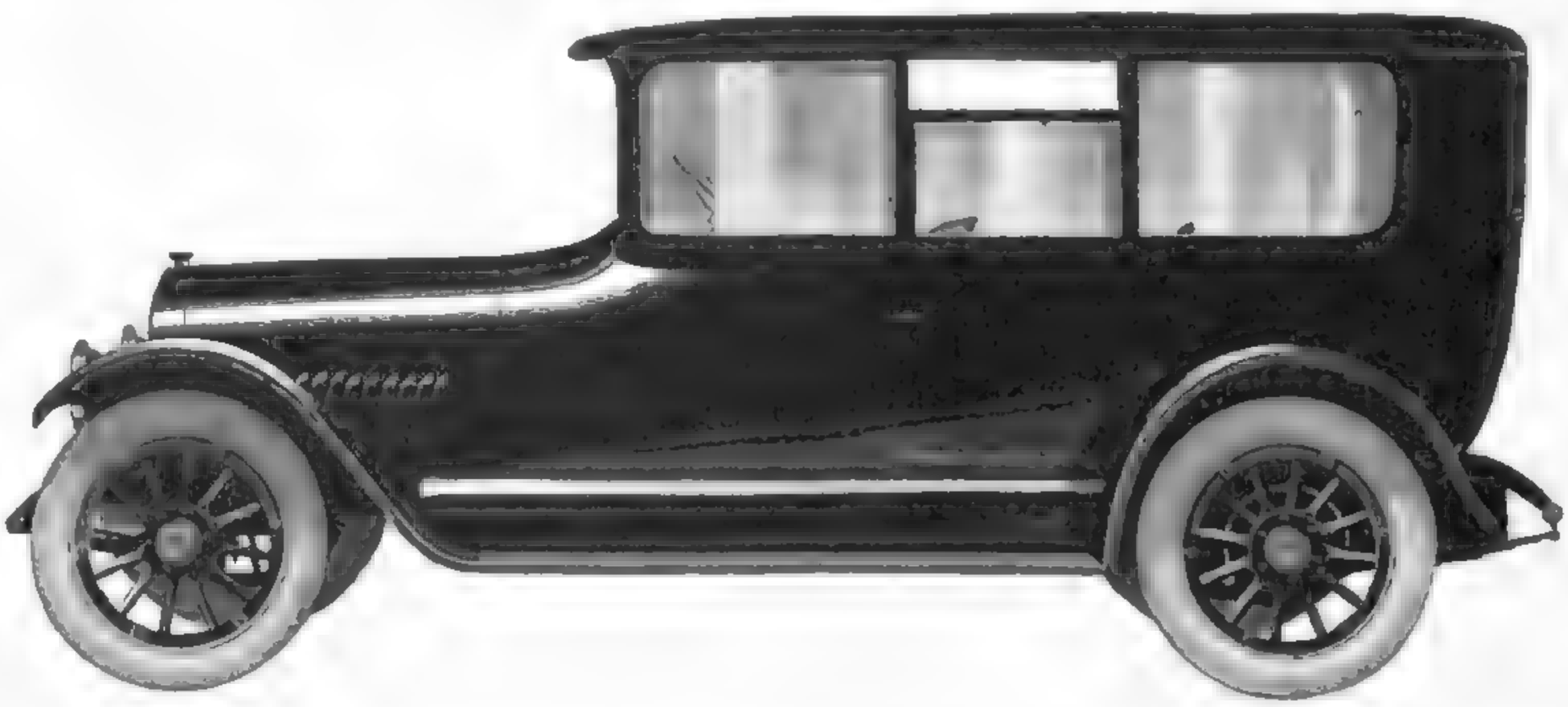

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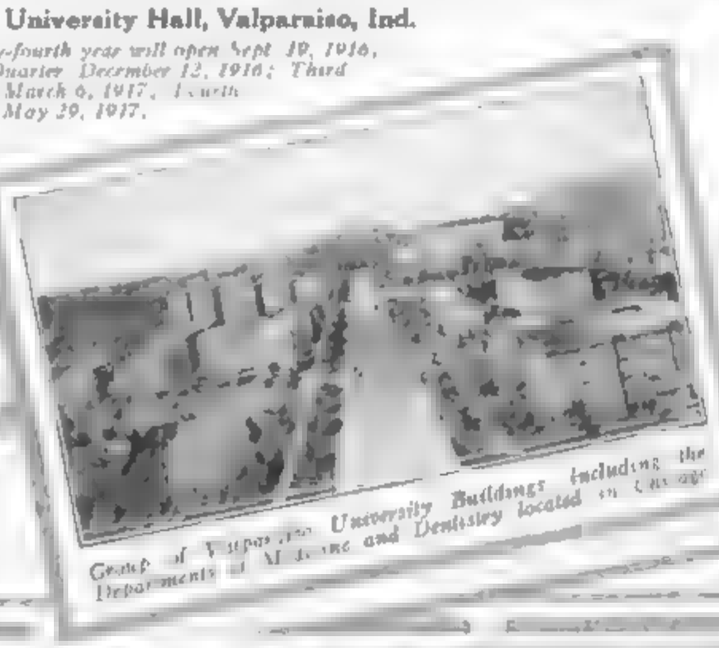

Group of Valparaiso University Buildings including the Departments of Medicine and Dentistry located in Chicago

(Continued from Page 51)

"So he gingerly drew his five out and began. He won and his wife triumphed. 'I told you so,' she gurgled. 'Now be a sport!'

"So he was a first-class sport. At the end of an hour, which was probably the most exciting hour his wife had ever spent, he rose from the table and said: 'Now, confound you, go pack your trunk. Your Palm Beach vacation is spent.'"

We passed a deserted pier where a real ocean was splashing on a real beach bordered with luxurious cottages, which were not cottages at all, but commodious houses with master's rooms and four baths, such as are advertised in the society magazines. A little back from the beach was another hotel, where you have the ocean and a little more quiet than at ours. Then we returned on the side of the road next to the golf grounds, while the P. M. talked of the famous Sailfish Club, the most exclusive fishing club for multimillionaires in the world, and pointed out on the links one man after another whose name was famous in finance and law and politics and business. I heard no names renowned for artistry. I suppose artistry does not pay well enough.

We passed a hedge of oleanders ten feet high, skirted a villa, gleaming white among delicate foliage, and took the shore road about Lake Worth, where more luxurious cottages basked quietly in the tropical sun, secure from the sound of horses' hoofs or auto horns that are not allowed on these roads.

When we returned to the great hotel it looked half asleep after the noon activity that had overflowed it when I left. The gay groups of flower-colored women were gone. Empty chairs rocked in the wind. A thousand blank windows peered from the yellow walls. Inside, there were a few people playing bridge in secluded corners and others were writing home. I also wrote home after my escort left me. I bought postals with the magic name of Palm Beach upon them and wrote to everybody I could think of, until an hour had passed. Then from nowhere in particular flurries of women appeared, sauntered through the pale-green halls and out a side door. I rose and followed. I was not sure where Coconut Grove was, though I was sure it could not be far off.

Young Men With Nothing to Do

The piazza to the right became an unroofed promenade, at the end of which a dozen musicians were tuning up. A broad sweep of stairs descended to the greenest of lawns, where hundreds of coconut trees shaded tea tables, their white teacloths brilliant in the midst of all that green. In the center of the grove was a cleared place for dancing. But the music had not begun yet and the place was empty save for its waiters. I looked about the promenade and wondered why there weren't chairs on both sides of the railing, for I appeared to be one of fifty or sixty hunting for a place to sit down. Then I saw a man pay a bell boy for a chair. I accosted the next boy I saw.

"Boy, bring me a chair!" He gave me a haughty stare and passed on without answer. Two women who had seated themselves on the steps below me smiled up at me.

"Do you think I'll get it?" I asked.

"If you pay for it. The only thing you don't have to pay for here is these steps. When I first came I expected to be charged for getting out of the water when I took my swim."

I sat down on the steps beside them, and I wondered with terror what my luxurious room and bath were costing me a day; and then I forgot about it, for as if by magic there seemed to spring from the ground hordes of men and women, strolling over the lawn toward the grove, rounding the corner of the big yellow hotel, ten or twelve at a time; flowing down the steps on which we sat while the music played a brisk march.

"Where do they all come from?" I asked.

"They converge here at four-thirty. They leave whatever else they are doing and come here. It's the thing to do. Here's your chair."

The haughty boy put the chair beside the top step and I paid him a quarter. I was afraid to insult him with less. Then I leaned forward and looked down the steps, scanning the men's faces. Two men who passed me came near bowing to me. I saw the women who had been talking to me give me a look of appraisal.

"I am going to tea with a man I have only just met," I explained. "I am so afraid of missing him. If you see me making a wild lunge down these stairs to speak to a man and then discover it is the wrong one, it will be my eyesight that is deserting me and not my reason."

"Perhaps you've used it too much—your eyesight and not your reason," one of the women answered demurely. "Still, it's quite proper to take pains about a man at a place like this. Should you have one to dance with, it is customary to dance several times in succession with him and to take him out on the veranda between times, so that he will not ask anybody else."

"And there seem to be so many detached men here," I mourned—"more than I ever saw before. I can't think why they are not in college or earning a living. They do not all look like idle rich men's sons. They look like the very flower of the country's manhood. And they certainly look well valeted."

"Nevertheless, you will see what I mean at the ball to-night."

I had a sudden sinking sensation. There would be no men for me to dance with at the ball unless, perhaps, some of those young men who had fallen victims to Lorena May's mature charms were passed over to me. Then I saw the A. M. standing at the entrance of the grove.

Rainbows on Parade

"I think that is he," I confided to my smiling companions. "Will you have my twenty-five-cent chair?" And I sped down the stairs.

I think the A. M. thought I was also a writer like the Celebrity, for he asked me if I did not want to sit at a table near the entrance, where he could tell me who was who. Here was a young millionaire, paying his entrance fee while the richest bride in America waited for him. Here was an English baron and his still young and beautiful mother, who had recently married a Spanish grandee. The Spanish grandee was listening gravely to the vivacious talk of one of the loveliest women on the stage. Behind them were three men, one of whom had been in a recent cabinet, one the president of a great railroad, and the other the inventor of an aëroplane refused by his own Government but bought by France.

"But," I said to my guide, "these are all superlatives. Are there no ordinary people in your hotel?"

"Oh, yes. But it is a selective place. It is like a novel; the author tries to make his characters realistic, but unless they are a little out of the ordinary they have no place in the book."

There approached a woman in black-and-white chiffon, with a heavy chiffon veil lying in folds on her neck and covering the lower part of her face.

"Is she just out of a harem?" I asked.

"I think not. I think she is a *poseuse*."

"An excellent way to hide a flabby chin. She attracts attention."

"And excites interest. We are glad to have her dress so!" He smiled gently.

"I never realized before," I said, "that clothes were so picturesque. See what exquisite color all these frocks lend to the picture—these sports clothes in bright yellow and gray blue and vivid cerise and even orange and purple, and the softer gowns of chiffon and voile, pink and écru and pale green!"

He smiled again.

"I did not know there were so many colors. You can also see the golden glow that the great expanse of yellow wall behind you casts through these coconut trees."

It was quite true. There was an actual haze of gold most appropriate to the place. I shut my eyes a second to see if it were merely my imagination, and then I opened them suddenly.

"Heavens! Have I gone mad?" I ejaculated. For every delicate frond of each coconut tree had blossomed into orange lights. Hundreds of brilliant oranges seemed to have burst into being. The golden haze had materialized into a shower of gold that might well have been Jupiter himself.

"Oh, you had shut your eyes! It is nice that it happened so; almost as good as a psychological moment."

Now when a man mentions the word psychology to you in that casual manner you talk to him of different things from what you otherwise might—if you can. So I looked about this butterfly crowd, drinking tea, rising to dance, coming back flushed by the exercise in the open air, surrounded by every luxury, and I said:

"I believe a big part of all this gayety is that nobody has to be sorry for anybody here. They all look healthy, they all look

(Continued on Page 57)

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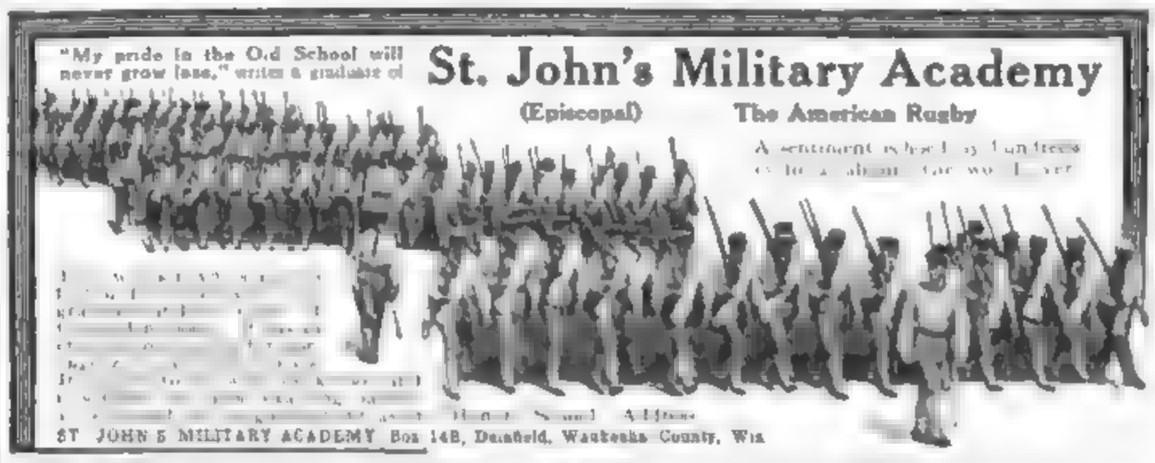

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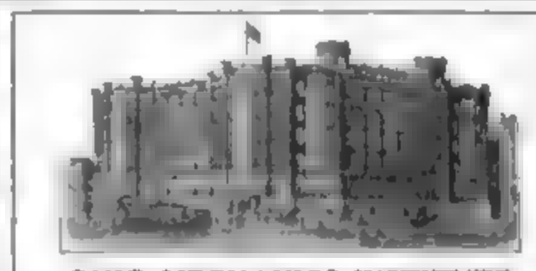

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The ALL-YEAR *Car*

(Continued from Page 54)

as if they had plenty of money, they all look as if everything was made easy for them."

He shook his head.

"But it doesn't last long."

And then I saw this too was a part of the vacation spirit. You feel the same way about a bunch of roses. They are lovely, you enjoy them, but part of your pleasure is tinged with the thought that you must enjoy them while you can. They will not last long. Palm Beach is a trifle hurried. Not many people stay there very long. Even the season is a short two or three months. The majority of people come for two or three weeks. You pay a great deal, you must get all your money's worth, you must not miss anything. Tempus fugits too fast even to read a book here. You just look at the pictures, you do not read the text. The only concentration in all the picture place is done by the hotel.

I did not get back to my luxurious room — at-I-know-not-what-a-day — until after six o'clock, and I barely had time to get into the most elaborate of my two new evening gowns, to clasp about my neck my string of excellent imitation pearls and put on my one diamond dinner ring, before the telephone rang to tell me that Lorena May would meet me in the lobby opposite the dining room in a few minutes.

When I reached the corridor leading to the lobby it had already bloomed into a garden of exotic colors, gold and silver and white shoulders and jeweled necks and braceleted arms. Here, indeed, was the decorative sex. Here were the women for whom men worked. Hundreds of them! It was overwhelming. I had thought my new frock was pretty nice upstairs in my room. But down here it looked like the creation of the village dressmaker when she is held back by the economical mother of six. Here were real-lace robes fit for coronations, massed tulle that dazzled with its contrasting colors, brocaded silks beyond comparison. I sighed. And then, since my eyes were not on where I was going, I ran straight into a man so tall that, as I toppled and he grasped me, I looked like a little reticule hanging on his arm.

He bent down over me and laughed.

"Miss Priscilla," he said in the most pleasant of voices, "I have been looking for you all over the place and I finally had to get the room clerk to find you for me. There he goes now. I heard you had come for the ball and I've saved the whole evening for you."

It would have been all right, but Priscilla wasn't my name and to my knowledge I had never seen the man before. If you've ever tried to say it, it is the flattest thing on earth to tell anybody who is making you a pleasant salutation that you are not the person he thinks you are. Indeed, I believe there are sensible people who just bow and let the error go by rather than confuse the one who has made it. I just smiled vaguely.

Lorena May's Diamond Crown

"How about your coming over and dining with all of us at our hotel?"

"I'm so sorry," I said, and it was the solemn truth, "but I have an engagement to dine. I am just about to meet the women I am dining with."

He seemed pleasantly disappointed.

"Well, then, I'll come over after dinner. I'll meet you here in the lobby at half after nine, in time to go in early to the ball."

The rendezvous he was proposing was not so surprising to me as the hour.

"Why, when does the ball begin?"

"At ten, just as it always has." And then toward me came Lorena May and the D. A. R. And honestly I was so dumfounded at Lorena May's appearance that I gasped. The tall man turned.

"Oh," he exclaimed, "there's that diamond crown the newspapers wrote about. Don't miss it!"

"I'll not be likely to miss it—I am dining with it."

"You—you are—dining—well ——" he gave Lorena May another look—"well, I'm off. Nine-thirty in the lobby." And he sped down the hall.

It was no use. I did not even shrug. The place was unreal anyhow. It was the drop curtain of the theater. It was a movie where the long arm of coincidence arranged all the happenings, and where people moved in crowds, dressed like nothing on earth or in the waters under the earth, and bobbed and smiled and moved their lips, but said nothing at all.

"Good evening," I said to Lorena May, and tried to see what she wore, without showing her that I was trying.

She had on a crown. Yes she did—a crown. The kind you see in the pictures of royal princesses in the magazines, not a tiara but a crown of diamonds that went all round her head and stuck up in points.

"It cannot be real," I comforted myself "It's a stage crown."

She had on ropes of pearls, strands and strands of them that hung to her waist, and once again I said they are not "real." But who was I to know real jewels when I saw them? The crown was real, bought by a doting old man of an impoverished princeling, when the old man was on his wedding trip and the young prince needed money for his bridals. The pearls, too, were real. The customs house had fought over their value. And the great star sapphire on her capacious bosom was as priceless as it was real. I did my best to see the lady and not her jewels, but I must have failed, for I saw the D. A. R. smiling with a touch of mockery.

"Your gown is so neat," said the D. A. R. consolingly. It consoled all right.

Lord Strangeways is Introduced

For all of Lorena May's emblazoned wealth the head waiter carelessly passed her over to an underling, and even the underling had difficulty getting her a table. I marveled; for by the bend of the head waiter's back at luncheon I had gauged the importance of those he ushered in. The underling placed before me a menu bearing George Washington's photograph, cabinet size, and the longest list of things to eat I had ever seen—terrapin, plover, squab, artichokes, alligator pears. I let my pencil hover uncertainly over my ruled paper, and then wrote what I could and let my waiter depart. Not so Lorena May. She picked and chose and took counsel with the waiter, and sent him back and forth many times, and inquired about the handkerchief she had dropped at luncheon. And when the end came and I had paid my modest quarter to the waiter, Lorena May told her waiter she had brought no money downstairs with her, but she would remember him another time. The waiter bowed but a look passed between him and my waiter, and I wondered if it did not hold the secret of our being passed over to an underling. Palm Beach is no place to forget your pocketbook.

If I had thought the lobby was a wonder before dinner, it was nothing to what it was after dinner. There was never anything like that lobby on the night of G. Washington's ball. All the silks of the Orient must have been there, all the jewels of the world, all the glittering shiny things of all the shops seemed to be massed on the moving bodies. They are very bright eyes that can outshine diamonds, and it must be a strong personality that is not hidden by billows of brilliant silk, and so it came about that one looked at clothes and not at women—not at faces.

I strolled the corridor with Lorena May and might as well have been clad in a kimono for all that anybody looked at me beside the becrowned and bejeweled lady at my side.

"You know," she confided to me, "my husband was given a title in Italy."

"How interesting!" I babbled as I looked from right to left. "What is it?"

"The Count of Rapollosa. Are you looking for anybody?"

Behind and above me came a pleasant voice.

"Could it be for me? I have been following you for some time."

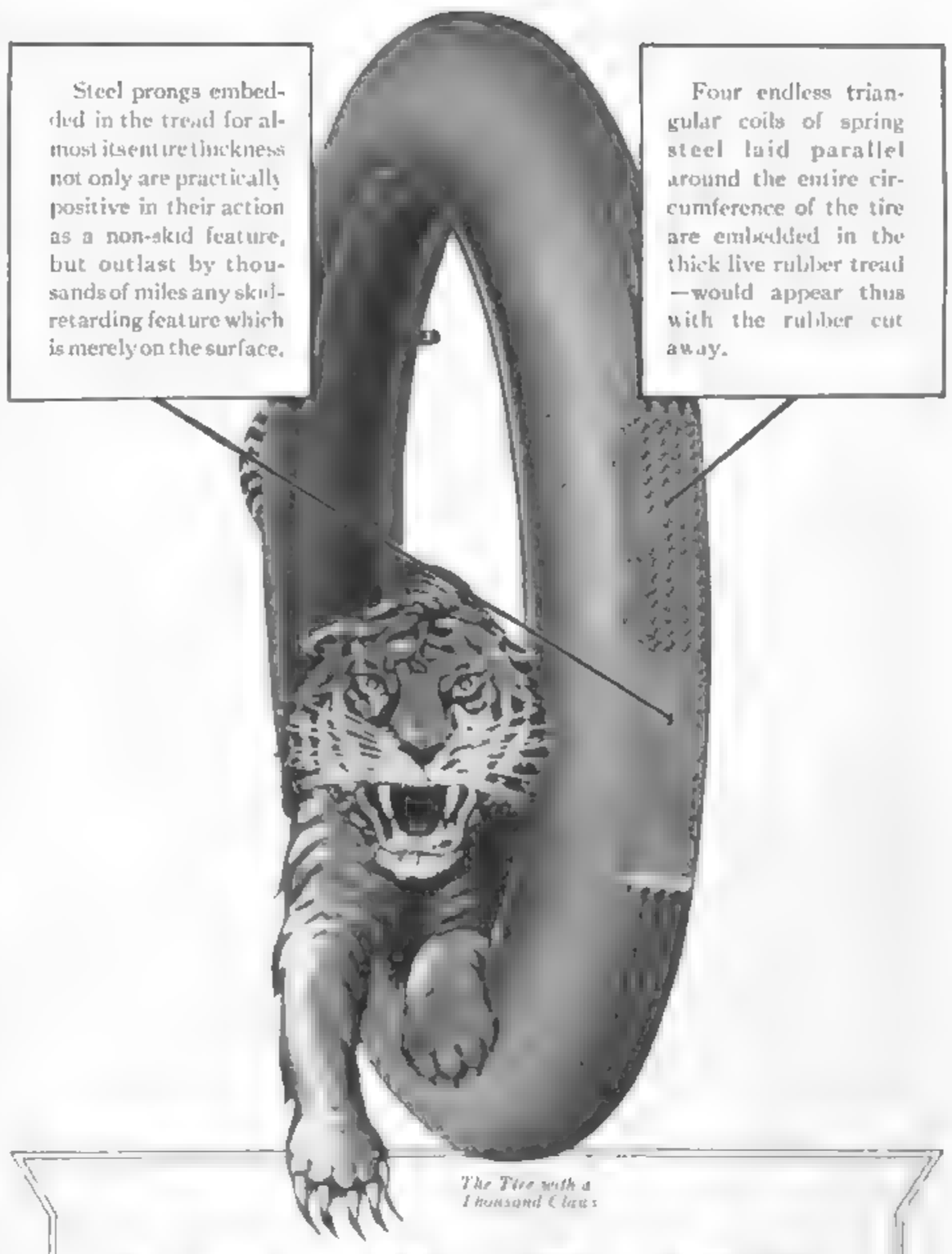
I wheeled about and my companions paused. The tall man stood apparently waiting to be presented, and I realized with panic that I did not know his name. He did not look as if he would supply it; he just smiled down on me. You cannot always see expressions when you are a foot or more below a man's chin, but it looked to me as if there were a bit of malice in the smile. I immediately named the D. A. R. and then I said, "Contessa di Rapollosa, permit me to present Lord Strangeways. He has been invalided home from the front and is recuperating at Palm Beach."

Lorena May was frankly delighted. She fell in beside the tall one, whose shoulders she reached, and left me to follow with the D. A. R. We heard her begin to talk at once, and the names she used were Italian.

"If you want chairs in the ballroom," the man said, "you will have to go in now."

"But the doors are not open," protested Lorena May.

"If you will follow me we will go in through the serving room."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"Oh, you have been to Palm Beach before. Now, when we were last in London ——" We could not hear the rest, but the D. A. R. humped her shoulders.

"She's off," she said. "Why did you let her take your perfectly good man away from you?"

I had no answer to this. No woman really has. So I just tagged behind and we passed through the grillroom, that looks like a real garden, with its trellised walls heavy with real ivy and its gorgeous ferns and poinsettia. We threaded our way between tables and out the serving-room door, across miles and miles of serving room studded with waiters, to the back door of the great dining room that had been made into a ballroom by much festooning and a thousand flags and a band of fifty and G. Washington's picture outlined in red, white and blue lights.

"Do you see what I see?" asked the tall one.

"No, your elevation is higher." He had not even asked me to dance. But as he spoke to me he had put his arm about me and we began to waltz, not as they waltz now, a limping keeping time to what should be a swaying motion. We waltzed.

The Stranger: Small Talk

"*Fräulein, konnen Sie links herum tanzen?*"

"*Ja, mein Herr, natürlich.* I too was abroad last summer when they were learning to reverse."

"Perhaps they invalided you home als·" He grinned down at me. "Do I have to dance with the contessa?"

I remembered the advice given to me by the girl on the steps.

"It's pretty warm to dance every dance."

He paused and surveyed me.

"You are right. Perhaps you would like to see the club. Have you been there?"

I had not, and could not go without a man or without being introduced, or both. That's what makes it a club. Still I hesitated, for after all this was a perfectly strange man.

"The contessa is beckoning to you," said the tall one.

"Well," I answered, "let us give the club a look. Perhaps we may want to buy it."

"Will you gamble?" asked the tall one presently. I shook my head. In the first place I hadn't enough money, and all the other reasons don't matter. But I saw women unclasping gold-meshed bags and peeling off bills from rolls of money. I never carried so much money about with me in my life, even on my way to pay my board.

"If you aren't going to gamble," said my escort, "this is all there is to see. Shall we go back to the ball?"

As we reached the ballroom a bevy of exquisitely dressed women bowed to the man beside me. I had seen them in the crowd at Coconut Grove and I recalled that they bore famous New York names. But the music was beating out a onestep and we swung into the dance.

Playing Cinderella

"It is supper time," my partner said, as the dance ended; "will you have supper?"

I shook my head.

"No, I am Cinderella."

Gay crowds were seating themselves at small tables in the next room, confetti was being thrown in the air, tissue caps were being handed about by waiters and ribboned confetti was tangling itself about chairs and tables. We had paused in the dining-room doorway, and quite suddenly we were surrounded by the group who had bowed to him as we entered the ballroom.

"Shall we save a place for you?" I heard one of the men murmur to him, and I saw him turn to answer. And then I slipped away, the crowd about the door separating us. I was speeding down the long green hall before he could get through the door. I turned a corner and went up a stairway, my chariot a pumpkin shell once more, my white steeds but tiny mice from the kitchen cupboard.

There was no word from the Celebrity next morning, so I wired my friends at Miami that I would join them that afternoon. No matter how expensive my room at Palm Beach was I could pay for one day, and board was free for me at Miami. At eleven I strolled to the bathhouse to look at the swimmers.

The sunlight was very bright, the sea was very blue, the butterfly crowd was very colorful. There swept past me a group of women in the most perfect sports clothes I had ever seen, simple gowns, coats molded to the figure, hats trimmed merely in a band of ribbon. With them were several men in white flannels. The women went inside the bathhouse and all the men disappeared but one, who lounged on the veranda, looking about the crowd as if he were looking for someone. I had a sudden panic. In a moment he would see me, again quite alone as I was last night. I moved hastily to the walk and hailed a wheel chair. The band on the hotel porch began to play. Groups were collecting at small tables on the porch. The very sight of them made me lonelier than ever.

"Drive me about some of these roads," I bade the darky, and we swept down a white shell road beside the sea.

"It's a perfect setting for romance," I sighed. "But all the romance is back there and not on this lonely road." One cannot look at a sunset more than ten minutes, but a human face is another matter. The palms were very stately, the sand very golden, the air like Italy in April, but that gay throng on the porch—— And then behind me came a whir of wheels and a gay voice called:

"Good morning, Cinderella. You are going the wrong way."

Yes, I went back to the hotel. At one of the little tables I had orange juice and cunning little crackers and four kinds of cheese. I danced in the open air, and the palms were still as stately, and the sand as golden, and the sunshine as bright, but they made for gayety and not for loneliness. I said I would like to fly in one of the hydroplanes that ascended every afternoon from the shores of Lake Worth, and I straightway received an invitation.

"But I won't have time," I regretted. "I am going to Miami on the two-thirty train."

He was sorry. I hadn't much time left to pack if I was going so soon. I looked at my bracelet watch.

"Oh, I don't intend to lunch, and I am all packed."

I didn't intend to lunch, because my day was up before luncheon, and if I started another day I might well add five dollars to my bill. But I didn't mention this. I strolled back under the Australian pines to the great golden hotel among its poinsettia and its oleanders, and I wished for many things, chiefly for money, loads of money. I bade farewell most conventionally to a pair of twinkling eyes, and I sighed as I walked to the desk.

The Mystery Solved

"Will you make out my bill?" I asked. "I am leaving on the two-thirty train for Miami. I shall not lunch."

"Your bill? Oh, yes. There is no bill. You are a guest of the hotel."

"No bill!" I gasped.

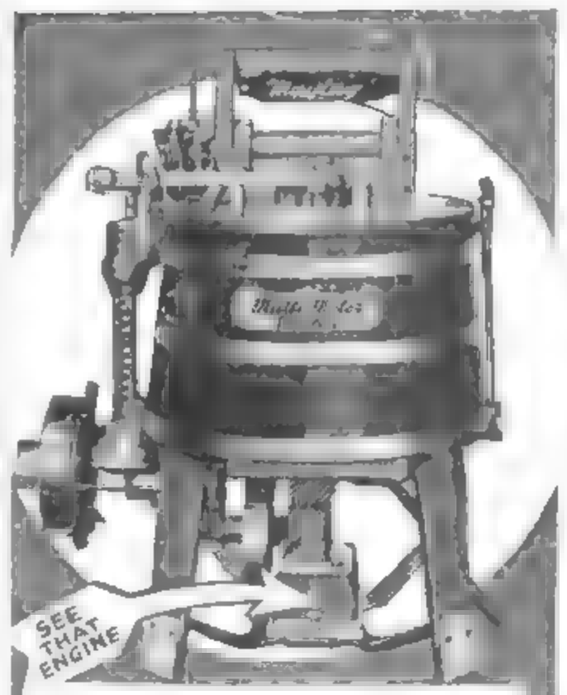
He spoke the Celebrity's name and he smiled. I moved dazedly away, out of the crowded lobby to the long green hall. I passed the dining-room door.

"If that's so," I said, "I shall eat." And I did, a thoroughly comfortable meal entirely free of charge.

I flew to the Celebrity's luxurious room and grabbed my traveling bag. The boy who came for it brought me a letter from the Celebrity, but I could not stop to read it. I had to rush for my train. I was glad the railroad was so close. As it was, I was breathless when I flung myself into the Miami train and it pulled out across the long bridge over Lake Worth. I opened the Celebrity's letter.

It told me that she had been worried over my having no one to go to the ball with and that she had telegraphed one of the nicest men she knew to hunt me up. She had told him that I would doubtless, in his opinion, answer to the name of Priscilla, but not to mind it, as I was probably very lonesome. She bade me keep my wits about me, as the young man was one of the clever new writers sprung from the English peerage, invalided home after some very good fighting, and quite sure that American girls were lovely but neither resourceful nor witty.

I read the letter again and I hadn't any words left. I had been the guest of the most expensive hotel in America, one of the nicest men I had ever met was in that hotel—and I was on the train for Miami, just because I had been lonesome. I looked down the aisle of that moving train and I railed at myself blindly. And then from out of one of the green plush seats a tweed coat detached itself, a long leg kicked aside a smart traveling bag, a very tall man rose and moved toward me. And his eyes twinkled



Do Your Washing in the Shade

—out in the yard, on the porch or any other place desired. Have a whole yardful of snow-white garments on the line before nine o'clock—it's easy to do it if you own a

Maytag Multi-Motor Washer

—the ideal washing machine for the home

touch of the foot starts it. Made of superior materials in the superior Maytag way

FREE—*The Maytag Laundry Manual* with the whole story and complete formulas on laundering all fabrics. Write for copy now.

THE MAYTAG COMPANY
Dept. 25 NEWTON, IOWA

There is a Maytag Washer of every type—hand—belt—gasoline—electric—all built to the Maytag Standard

for you. Write

Watch Your Tires!
With no air whatever in them, your tires would last about an hour.
With not enough air they might last a month.
Ordinarily they will last six months or more if you give them the right amount of air. Measure your air pressure with the
TWITCHELL AIR GAUGE
and save your tires.
PRICE ONE DOLLAR
Manufactured by
THE TWITCHELL GAUGE CO.
1208a Michigan Avenue
Chicago, Ill.

Infants—Mothers
Thousands testify
HORLICK'S
The Original
MALTED MILK
Upbuilds and sustains the body
No Cooking or Milk required
Used for ⅓ of a Century
Free Sample Horlick's, Racine, Wis.

If coming to New York
Why Pay Excessive Hotel Rates?
THE CLENDENING, 190 W.
Bedroom, Private Bath for two persons $2.00 daily.
Write for descriptive booklet G with fine map of city.

Cadillac
Standard of the World

THE BEST INSURANCE AGAINST UNDUE DEPRECIATION IN A MOTOR CAR, is its ability to withstand the hardships of severe and continuous service.

It should retain for the longest possible period, the qualities which characterized it when it was new.

The most drastic trial of stamina, stability and endurance to which a motor car has ever been subjected, was the Cadillac's record-making dash across the continent, a distance of 3371.8 miles, from Los Angeles to New York in 7 days, 11 hours, 52 minutes.

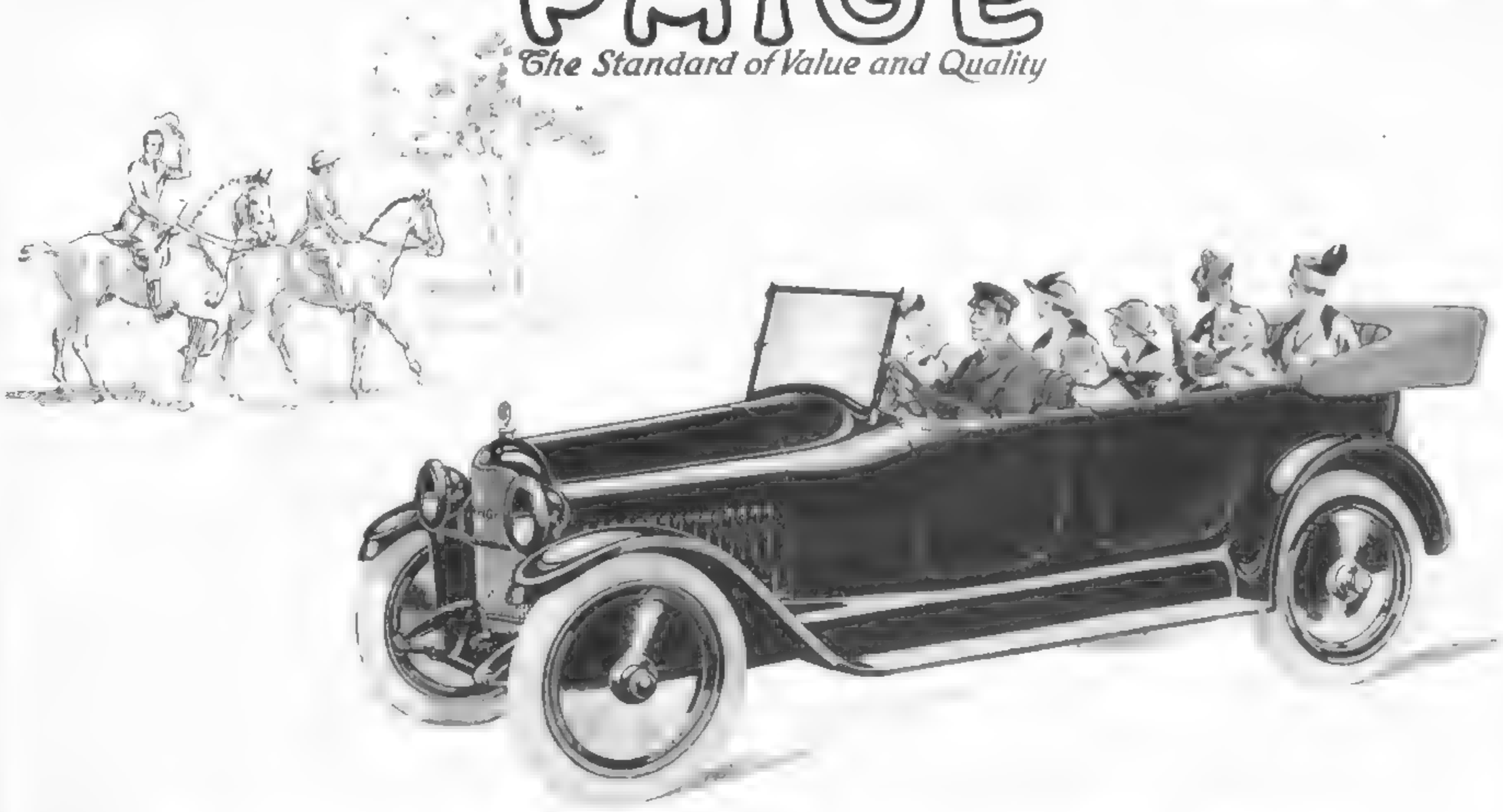
It triumphed over seemingly insurmountable road conditions—such as few motorists would think of attempting, even under the most pressing necessity.

And yet, at the finish, it was in fit condition—without a single adjustment or replacement—to duplicate its performance.

Cadillac Motor Car Co. Detroit, Mich.

PAIGE

The Standard of Value and Quality



Introducing the New Series Paige Fairfield "Six-46"

In the New Series Paige Fairfield "Six-46" we introduce the most completely equipped motor car that can be purchased on the American market for less than $2,000.

This is a broad claim—a sweeping claim. But like every other statement made in the announcements of this company, it is the actual, literal *Truth*. Any comparative investigation will establish the fact to your entire and absolute satisfaction.

And when we speak of "complete equipment," please understand that we refer to every luxury and convenience that can contribute to the comfort of motoring.

When you inspect this new model, you will find many new features—many new refinements which add to its impressive appearance and general utility.

But there are no radical engineering departures or changes in design.

Mechanically, the Fairfield is *right*—so right that the best six-cylinder engineers cannot make it any better. From a standpoint of design, the Fairfield is *right*—so right that Paige owners and Paige dealers would not tolerate substitution of any kind.

But, in retaining all of the Fairfield's basic quality, we have devoted our energies to those refinements and improvements which make the car handsomer, more comfortable, and much more luxurious.

The tires, for instance, are now 35 by 4½. This oversize means not only vastly increased mileage but greater riding comfort as well.

The body is now painted a rich Brewster green and the wheels are set off in a light straw color.

The instrument board is rich mahogany and there is a sloping windshield of the very latest design.

A thoroughly dependable motor-driven tire pump has been added to the equipment. This means freedom from the back-breaking labor of tire pumping. It also means longer life for your tires, because they can be quickly inflated on the road as well as in the garage.

"Long-piped" upholstery of remarkable depth and softness will now be found inside the Fairfield. Leather door flaps protect the body from smudgy finger marks. There is a motor meter to tell you instantly when your radiator should be filled with water.

And, so on—from one end of the car to the other—we have used a lavish hand in bestowing the touches of refinement which appeal so strongly to people of discernment and good taste. As a result, the "Fairfield" is a finished product—a true type of the gentleman's motor car from radiator to tire carrier.

We are proud of our work, and it is with absolute confidence that we recommend this newest and greatest Paige "Fairfield" to your earnest consideration.

Forget, if you can, the extremely low price. Judge this car from a standpoint of its merit alone. On this basis we shall be quite content to abide by your decision.

FAIRFIELD "SIX-46," SEVEN-PASSENGER, $1375 F. O. B. DETROIT
FLEETWOOD "SIX-38," FIVE-PASSENGER, $1090 F. O. B. DETROIT

PAIGE-DETROIT MOTOR CAR COMPANY DETROIT, MICHIGAN

THE MAN WHO TRIED

(Continued from Page 15)

the words but or however. I'm sending Mr. Freeman an extra copy of the Herald every week. By Jove, Doctor, if I thought he was sitting up and taking notice I wouldn't care a hang what happened here!"

"That's all right too," I told him. "You go and see Uncle Hod to-morrow."

"Yes, yes, I will; and thank you." He wrapped up his sketches and held out his hand again. "Good-by, old man," he said. "You don't know how much better you've made me feel. I—I got a letter from Helen to-day and it made me mighty blue. Said how lonesome she was, and hoped it wouldn't be long before I was rich and famous—a private little joke of our own, you know. Of course I haven't told her how things are going here. No use worrying the ladies, you know. Well, good-by, again, old man. See you later."

I heard him whistling as he walked down the veranda steps, but it sounded suspiciously like one of those solos a man sometimes whistles to keep his courage up. I used to whistle a similar tune in those long months when I was waiting for my first patients.

"Poor Jimmy!" I thought. "I guess there's not much difference between the city boy and the country boy, after all. Life's a pretty tough row to hoe, no matter where you begin it."

I began thinking, then, of some of my old dreams—how I was going to be a famous surgeon—how I was going to discover a serum for tuberculosis and have my name go down the ages spelled in letters of gold. It reminded me of a book I had once read in which a wise old Frenchwoman was moralizing on life.

"The poor young graduate!" she said. "He strides along with gallant steps to conquer the world. And always round the corner, m'sieur, the world is waiting for him in ambush, sniggering darkly and wearing number twelve boots, with which he presently shoots out his foot and gives the unsuspecting graduate a good swift kick!"

"All the same," I thought, "if Jimmy makes a hit with that old editor in New York he may land a good job there. And if he makes a hit with Uncle Hod it ought to help some here. I'm certainly anxious to see those pictures."

The Hoxie Herald is published on Thursday afternoons; and on Thursday afternoon—things being quiet—I went over to Ed Burbee's, ostensibly to get a shave, but in reality to see a copy of the Herald. Ed's place is next door to the Herald office and he always gets one of the first papers printed. When I pushed open the screen door of the barber shop Ed—with a razor in one hand—and Frank Kohler—who assists him—and Herbert Parkhurst—lathered but not yet shaved—had their heads together looking at a copy of the Herald, laughing and chuckling to one another in fond delight. Smiling already in anticipation, I went over and added my head to theirs.

Yes; Jimmy could certainly draw. And yet, thinking it over now, it wasn't his skill as a draftsman that made Uncle Hod such a success. It was a certain frank and infectious vulgarity—the ribaldry of a small boy who pulls a face and thumbs his nose behind the teacher's back. That first Uncle Hod picture, for instance, centered round a piece of cheese—cheese which had not only developed defensive and offensive ability, but the power of locomotion as well. Round this central idea Jimmy had drawn his characters: Uncle Hod, Aunt Hannah, Gramper, Silly Billy, Cousin Hat, the Hungry Boarders, and finally the beautiful Molly, who was, of course, the heroine of the series.

Yes; Uncle Hod was certainly the antithesis of refinement, and yet I'm willing to wager that nine out of every ten who saw that picture laughed at it. At first this side of Jimmy's serious character puzzled me, but I came to the conclusion that in Uncle Hod he was balancing his account with Nature, just as those who laughed at it were balancing theirs. I doubt if anyone can live by high thinking alone, and Jimmy had tried it so long that when he finally let down the bars of levity he frolicked round with such abandon that it almost became a riot. It was probably on the same principle that Shakspere put a comic relief in his tragedies, and that everyone laughs at the least excuse in a courtroom.

Wherever I went that day they were talking about the pictures in the Herald. Even Jimmy's signature, "Titch"—from Mr. James Titchenor Osgood had struck the popular fancy.

"Say, did you see those pictures by Titch in the Herald? Say, now, warn't they comical? Wasn't that good where the cheese got mad and went for Aunt Hannah, and she keeled right over backward, with Uncle Hod and two of the boarders holding her nose? Laugh? Say, Doc, honest, I ache from it yet!"

In fact, I think the only person round Hoxie who didn't get any enjoyment out of Uncle Hod was the artist himself. He dropped in at the office next morning for some medicine, looking as melancholy as a blue moon; and when I started to congratulate him he raised both hands in almost passionate protest.

"For heaven's sake," he cried, "don't! You know what ideals I had when I came here, Doctor. Hang it! I wanted to do some good in the world. I wanted to start something that would lift up the whole country, materially, mentally yes, and spiritually too. And now when I put in a few funny pictures, to try to keep my circulation from falling off any worse than it has, why, everybody seems to think I've done something worth while at last. Still —— I suppose I've got to stand for it. So long as people read my editorials, they can laugh at the pictures. What did you think of my Paint-Up editorial this week?"

At that I felt guilty, because somehow I hadn't read it.

"I'll get 'em yet, Doctor!" he cried. He rose, and for a moment he was his own self again, Jovian, Olympic, like Henry Clay and Daniel Webster rolled into one. "I'd like to stay longer," he said, "but I want to write an editorial this morning on rural credits. I've got a few thoughts on the subject for old M. M. to think over. He's a great old bird on economics and I'd like to give him something to make him wonder who's writing the Herald editorials. Well, be good, Doctor! Hope you'll see the paint flying before long!"

Jimmy also lost two more good advertisers: Sternberg Brothers, because he took exception to a statement in one of their ads. and refused to print it; and the First National Bank, because of his editorial on rural credits. Indeed, the only feature in the Herald that seemed to please everyone was Uncle Hod and the Boarders.

I remember the second picture well. Uncle Hod found a nest of eggs and proceeded to make an omelet for the Hungry Boarders. But a hen had been sitting upon those eggs for the allotted twenty-one days, and as each egg was cracked a chick came out and immediately adopted Uncle Hod as its parent. Wherever he went his flock pursued him. He had to teach them to peck, by graphic illustration. He had to chase roosters and fight a hawk. And in the last picture, when Uncle Hod sneaked up to bed that night, the chicks followed him even there and brooded themselves under his whiskers.

Yes; Jimmy's pictures made a big hit here in Hoxie, and Uncle Hod—the one in the flesh—had such a swelled head that he hardly noticed some of his old friends. But, in spite of his success, it was plain to see that Jimmy was worrying. I suspected he was coming to the end of his resources, and I also suspected that his letters from Helen—she of the round chin and smiling eyes—were helping to keep him awake at nights.

One morning I was at the post office when he came in for his mail. I noticed him glancing over his letters with an unresponsive eye, when suddenly he stood transfixed, as though he couldn't believe what he was seeing. The next moment he came over and linked his arm in mine.

"Come to the office, Doc," he whispered; "I've got something here."

The office of the Hoxie Herald was just large enough to hold a crazy little roll-top desk, a safe—lettered Hoxie Foundry Company—and two kitchen chairs. Over the desk, of course, was a dust-covered map of the United States, and in the air was that sharp sour smell which seems to be the natural atmosphere of a country newspaper office.

"What do you think?" beamed Jimmy, dumping on the desk all his letters but one, which he handled as though it were a passport to Paradise; and, without giving me

AFTER THE GAME—

Golf, tennis or other physical recreation—USE

LISTERINE

The Safe Antiseptic

—to provide a cooling, refreshing relief from perspiration—an excellent after-bath application

—to prevent the infection of broken blisters, scratches and small wounds

—to relieve irritations of the throat, impart a sense of cleanliness to the mouth.

USE LISTERINE

How often upon starting out for a ride have you noticed that your car didn't look very bright and "chipper"? It will always be so if you depend on washings at the public garage. But with

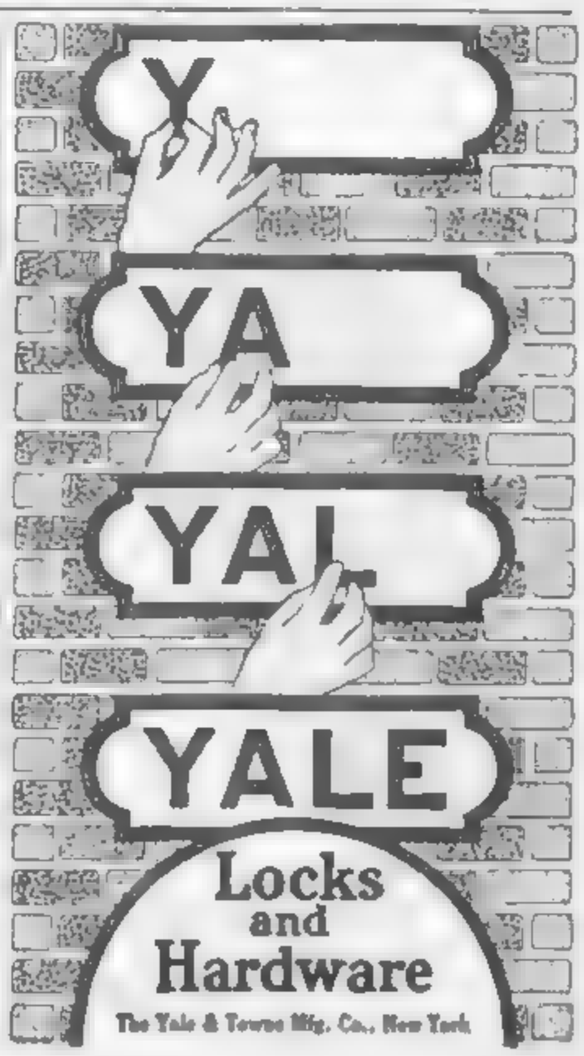
ZIT AN AUTOMOBILE DRY WASH

your boy can tone up the machine while you wait, bring back all the gloss and lustre while you're collecting the family for a spin.

ZIT is a great cleanser, easy to apply with the Westfield Junior Sprayer and absolutely harmless to even the finest finish.

If your dealer doesn't sell ZIT, send us his name and $1.25 for a can and sprayer. Sent postpaid. Guaranteed satisfactory.

WESTFIELD CHEMICAL COMPANY
Westfield, Mass.



DODGE BROTHERS MOTOR CAR

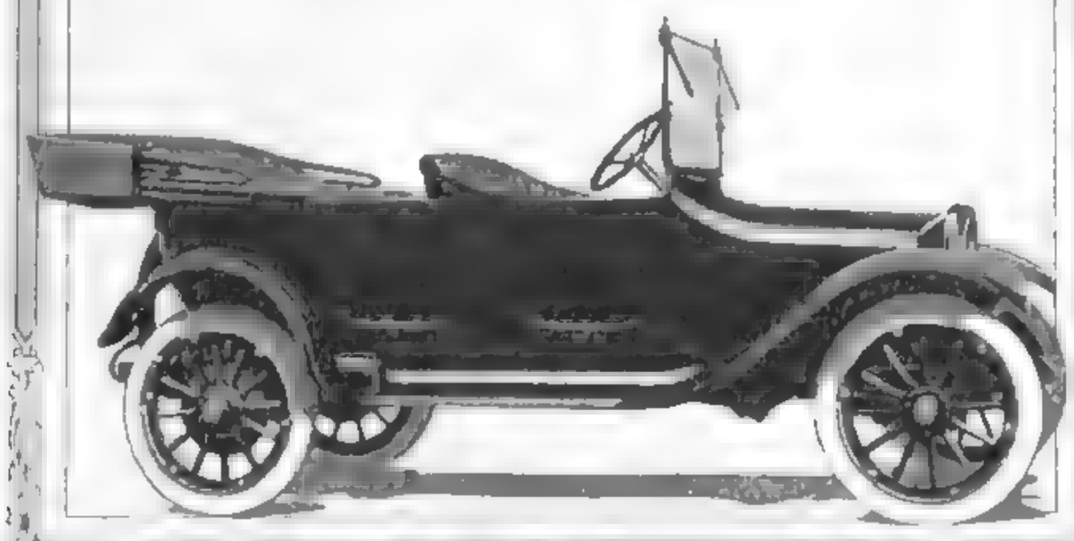
Fundamentally right from the first, it has simply been passing ever since through a period of progressive—and probably endless—evolution

In spite of a continuous process of improvement, not one radical change has been made since the first car was built.

The gasoline consumption is unusually low
The tire mileage is unusually high

The price of the Touring Car or Roadster complete is $785 (f. o. b. Detroit)
Canadian price $1100 (add freight from Detroit)

DODGE BROTHERS, DETROIT



a chance to guess', he proudly answered "I've got a rise from old M. M."

He showed me the envelope, engraved "The Star, New York" and underneath, in smaller letters, "Office of M. M. Freeman." Jimmy laughed in lordly numbers and reached for his letter opener.

"By Jove, Doctor," he said, "this is worth everything! I shouldn't care now if ——"

By that time he had opened the letter, and one glance was enough to make him look as though the ceiling had fallen on his head and stunned him. In silence he handed me the letter and in silence I read it.

"*Editor Hoxie Herald, Dear Brother* What's the idea? Or is it none of my confounded business? For twenty years I have enjoyed the Herald more than I can tell you, but lately it has made me suffer more than you will ever know. What's the news from West Hoxie? How are the folks getting on in Ekonk? For heaven's sake, get back into your good old form again; and meantime, if you will forward the inclosed letter to 'Titch' it will be appreciated by

"Yours sincerely,
"M. M. FREEMAN."

After an effort I roused Jimmy sufficiently to make him understand that he hadn't opened the letter to "Titch."

"Great Scott, Doc!" he groaned, his hair rumpled for the first time I had ever seen it so, tears of disappointment frankly standing in his eyes. "Isn't one crack like that enough for to-day?"

He opened the letter though, perhaps on the theory that nothing mattered any more; and a few seconds later he looked as though the roof had followed the ceiling. The letter read:

"*Dear Sir*—Your pictures of Uncle Hod and the Boarders are almost bad enough to be syndicated in connection with our Sunday Supplement. Can't you come to New York and talk it over with us?

"Yours sincerely,
"M. M. FREEMAN."

That letter brought Jimmy back to life, and at first I thought he would suffocate with indignation. He made a few remarks about "Old M. M." that wouldn't have been greatly admired by the King of Them All if he had been there to hear.

"No, sir!" he concluded. "No, sir! I'll go digging dirt first!"

Then, quite unconsciously, I think, he touched a note of grandeur in which I have often since found just vindication for my first impression of him.

"The things I have dreamed about!" he cried, flinging out his arms. "And now to hire out as a clown!"

I waited until he subsided.

"What about Helen?" I asked him then.

He fetched up short at that and I followed up my advantage. Wouldn't he like to be with her again? Would he be acting square with her if he threw down a chance like this? Didn't some of those supplement artists get almost unbelievable salaries? Couldn't he do it for a few years and then return to his serious work?

The upshot of it was that Jimmy went to New York on the four-eight; and in less than three months Uncle Hod and the Boarders were appearing in I-don't-know-how-many million comic supplements, covering the country from Maine to Mexico. They were always laughable, always vulgar, and always printed in screaming tints of the three primary colors.

Since the afternoon when he left for New York I have seen Jimmy only twice. The first occasion was when he returned to sell the Herald back to Mrs. Turner.

It is now being published on its old lines and we can tell once more how the Canterbury folks are feeling, and how George Collup is getting along with his new barn over in Ekonk.

The last time I saw Jimmy he was touring New England in a limousine that was bigger than most of the garages round here. Accompanying him were his wife—who told me she was having "a perfectly lovely time"—a round-faced cherub called Dumplings, and a nurse in a uniform that is talked about in Hoxie yet.

They stayed and had lunch with me, and afterward Jimmy and I smoked a reminiscent cigar in my office.

"Hello!" he said once, staring out of the window. "I see the Deacon has painted his dog-coop." And, turning to me with a sheepish laugh, he added: "What a young fool I was in those days!"

Manager Joe Tinker of the Chicago Cubs selects his wearing apparel with the same care that he picks players for his team. He wears

PARIS GARTERS

He favors these comfortable garters because they always make good; hold up his socks neatly and give long service.

25 and 50 cents

Look on the back of the shield for the name PARIS.

A. Stein & Co.
Chicago New York

PARIS GARTERS
No metal can touch you

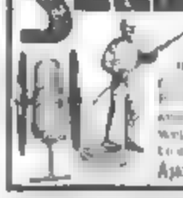
13 CLEANS & POLISHES

CASH FOR OLD FALSE TEETH OR BROKEN JEWELRY

Liberty Refining Co., 423 B. Wood Street, Pittsburgh, Pa.

SELL Chemical Fire Engines

Salesmen Wanted Everywhere



Ajax Chemical Fire Engines

Ajax Fire Engine Works, 97 S. Liberty St., New York City

You're the Man

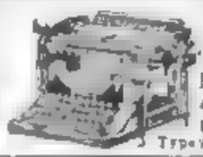
We Want Your Spare Time. Will You Sell It?

All about you are subscribers for *The Saturday Evening Post*, *The Ladies' Home Journal* and *The Country Gentleman*.

You can earn $20.00 a week looking after new and renewal orders.

Agency Division, Box 478
THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY
Philadelphia, Pa.

WANTED NEW IDEAS Write for List of Inventions Wanted by manufacturers and $1,000,000 in prizes offered. Send sketch for free opinion as to patentability.
Victor J. Evans & Co., 727 Ninth, Washington, D. C.



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SOLD or RENTED anywhere at ¼ to ½ Manufacturers' Prices, allowing Rental to Apply on Price. FREE TRIAL. Installment payments.
Typewriter Emporium, 34-36 W. Lake St., Chicago

Iron Clad

A real silk sock that *really wears*

Here is a genuine silk sock with such "adequate defense" against wear that it far outlasts ordinary socks of silk

The [illegible] upper side of foot are fine Japan thread silk, with that sheerness [illegible] sock for summer wear.

The [illegible] (where it shows above a low shoe) are also of pure [illegible] reinforced with strong mercerized yarn.

The [illegible] heel and ribbed top are made of the famous Iron Clad "extra twist" yarn.

No. 699 is the *economical* way to indulge in the luxury of silk hose. Order some today. If there's no Iron Clad dealer near you, we'll supply you direct, and send package postpaid. Colors are Black, White, Light Grey, Palm Beach, Golden Tan and Dark Tan. Sizes 9 to 11½. Price 50c

Did you get our beautiful catalog?

A hosiery guide rich in color illustrations, showing Iron Clads for the whole family. Send for a free copy now.

COOPER, WELLS & CO. 212 Vine St. St. Joseph, Mich.

LONG-LIFE

Kokomo

BICYCLE TIRES

FOR more than twenty years KOKOMO has led the way in the construction of bicycle tires. The first American bicycle tire to be known as a "studded tread" was a KOKOMO. The first bicycle tire using *motorcycle-weight* woven fabric in its construction was a KOKOMO. We believe the first bicycle tire using *automobile-weight* cord construction, was a KOKOMO.

In a Kokomo KORD Bicycle Tire you will find two layers of *cord* fabric—as *heavy* as is used in some *automobile* tires. Kokomo KORD fabric is 100% *better* and *heavier* than the *average* grade.

Kokomo EVERLASTER, too, is an unusual tire. In EVERLASTERS we use a *motorcycle-weight woven* fabric (Sea Island cotton), which is practically *twice* as *heavy* as the *average* fabric.

Two basic materials are used in building bicycle tires—rubber and fabric. The fabric *supports* the rubber, and gives the tire its *body*. You can appreciate, then, the *vital* importance of such fabric as is used in these splendid KOKOMO Tires. They cost more because they are *worth* more—which is true of all *superior* products.

There is a KOKOMO Tire to fit every pocketbook—from Kokomo KORD and Kokomo EVERLASTER at $5 each, down to Kokomo NEW OXFORD at $2.50. You pay for what you get—and you get what you pay for. Each and every KOKOMO Tire will give you in service, convenience and comfort a full return for the price you pay. Ask your dealer to show you KOKOMO Tires today. Invest in KOKOMO Tires, and learn how *good* a bicycle tire really *can* be!

A Leader for twenty years

$5 each

"Kokomo Kord"

"Everlaster"

Ride a Bicycle!

YOU will find convenience health and recreation in bicycling—all at a very modest expense. And when you use KOKOMO Bicycle Tires, you'll get the *utmost* out of bicycling. Kokomo KORD is noted for its easy-riding qualities. White sides and heavy black tread. Kokomo EVERLASTER leans a little toward rougher, harder service. It is pure white, with studded tread. And both tires have almost as many lives as a cat.

KOKOMO RUBBER CO.
KOKOMO, IND.

To Dealers:

Kokomo Bicycle Tires are supplied to dealers through distributors, exclusively. If your stock is low, write your distributor. His name appears in the following list:

ATLANTA	Walker & Hood Co.
BOSTON	Hub Cycle Co.
BOSTON	Ivor Johnson Sporting Goods Co.
BUFFALO	Jos. Strauss & Sons
CHICAGO	Buckley Ralston Co.
CHICAGO	Chicago Cycle Supply Company
CLEVELAND	George Worthington Co.
COLORADO SPRINGS	Lucas Sptg. Goods Co.
COLUMBUS	Sherwood-Crispen Rubber Co.
DALLAS	Cortelyou Supply Co.
DENVER	H. L. Foos
DENVER	George Hamburger Tool & Supply Co.
DETROIT	Harry Sommerard Sales Corp.
ELMIRA	Elmira Arms Co.
GALVESTON	Cummings & Co.
GRAND RAPIDS	W. B. Jarvis Co.
INDIANAPOLIS	H. T. Hennessy Co.
INDIANAPOLIS	Van Camp Hdw. & Iron Co.
KANSAS CITY	Schmelzer Arms Company
LOS ANGELES	Edwin F. Harry
LOUISVILLE	Al Ray Co.
MINNEAPOLIS	Hall-Williams Company
NEW HAVEN	Henry Horton
NEW YORK	John S. Lang's Son & Co.
NEW YORK	New York Sporting Goods Co.
NEW YORK	Parkman Cycle & Auto Supply Co.
OGDEN	Franklin Sptg. Goods Co.
OMAHA	Nebraska Cycle Co.
PHILADELPHIA	Geo. W. Hoch Co., Inc.
READING	Royer Fry
ST. LOUIS	R. J. Lamont Sporting Goods Co.
SAN FRANCISCO	Edwin F. Harry
SYRACUSE	Spalding & Co.
TACOMA	Kimball Gun Store
TOLEDO	Toledo Rubber Co.
UTICA	Utica Cycle Co.
WASHINGTON, D. C.	C. S. Knauber & Bro.
WORCESTER	J. W. Grady & Co.

A Summer Salary For Any Student

These are photographs of a few of the many students who have accepted our offer of profitable summer employment.

They will spend all or a part of their vacations in taking care of the renewals and new subscriptions for *The Saturday Evening Post, The Ladies' Home Journal, The Country Gentleman.*

EACH will receive a salary based on the time given to the work and, *in addition*, a commission on each order taken, or, if he prefers, have his college expenses for next term paid by us.

THE acquaintance that they will make with methods of practical salesmanship will be worth even more to them than the dollars and cents.

MANY of the country's leading institutions of learning have given to the plan both indorsement and active co-operation.

THE Dean of one of the foremost agricultural colleges of the Middle West writes: "I am very glad to have our students associated with periodicals like yours."

WE need new representatives in every section of the country, in the largest cities as well as in the smaller towns.

If sent now, applications will be considered from any students who desire to earn money this summer to pay for next winter's expenses.

EDUCATIONAL DIVISION, BOX 480

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY, Independence Square, Philadelphia

SUDDEN JIM

(Continued from Page 21)

"No. No trouble. I just want to get away. I want you to talk to me and keep me from thinking about myself—and some things. I—I'm afraid to-night, Jim."

Jim bit his lip boyishly.

"Confound it!" he said. "I simply can't get away to-night. Business. But don't I wish I could go with you some place—and talk to you. There are things I wanted to say to you the other night, Marie, that—well, I guess it took time for me to think of. I want to talk to you about the same thing, for I've been thinking about the same thing. I was too abrupt. You were right to give me the answer you did—but I've got some more arguments now, a lot of them."

Marie's face softened. How boyish, how eagerly boyish he was!

"You mustn't talk about that," she said gently. "I can't change. Your work is here. You're tied to it. And I must get away from it—to stay. Can't you understand? Don't misunderstand me, Jim. It wasn't to give you a chance to ask me to reconsider that I asked you to go out with me. No. No. It was to have you to talk to. To have the consciousness that I was with a man—a man who—was—a human being." Her voice faltered. "I wanted you to say to me some of the things you have said before—about people being good, about the world being good, about faith and trustworthiness and honor. I don't know those things, but I want to hear about them—to-night. Because I'm afraid."

"Afraid of what?"

"Afraid of—myself. I talked to you that first day we met—more than I should. So you know me. I am the same girl I was then, but I am not the same girl. Then I knew it would be possible for me to choose the—bitter way. To choose it deliberately as a way of escape. But I did not know then how bitter that way would be. Now I know I should not choose it deliberately, but be forced into it by—by myself."

"You mustn't talk that way. I won't have you say that sort of thing about—my girl."

"It's true, and I am afraid. Can't your business step aside for to-night?"

"It can't, Marie. If it were an ordinary night or an ordinary matter that calls me, I would stay." He stopped, considered. It was his nature to speak little of his affairs, to offer few confidences. To tell Marie the truth seemed his only honorable way of escape from the dilemma. "I'll tell you about it," he said with sudden decision, "and you will understand."

Then he told her, from the beginning in his father's library. He described his difficulties, his war with the Clothespin Club, his bitterer war with Michael Moran. He told her what Moran had done and was seeking to do. He told her his measures of defense and of counter attack, and particularly the plan for to-night. "And so you see," he ended, "I must go."

"Yes," she said slowly, "you must go. And Michael Moran has done those things? You must hate him!"

"Yes," said Jim, "but not for what he has done to me. I hate him because ——" He hesitated, unable to bring himself to utter the thought in connection with Marie.

"Because?" Marie questioned.

"Because," said Jim between his teeth, "he is planning and working to—make you take the choice you have talked about without appreciating what you were saying."

"Yes," said Marie, her eyes shut as though to hide from her a painful sight, "yes, he is doing that. And I have known what I was saying, Jim. I know what I am saying now. I wish you could have stayed with me to-night, Jim. I'm afraid—afraid." She arose and ran from the room.

When Jim left the house it was with a troubled mind. He did not understand Marie; she was not fathomable by him. The evening's zest of adventure lay cold within him.

Shortly after eight o'clock he drove away from the livery barn. As he drove past the Widow Stickney's street he glanced toward the house and saw Michael Moran entering the yard. What he did not see was Marie Ducharme leaving by the back way, hurrying as though pursued, making her way to the edge of town and beyond—beyond until she arrived at the hummock where she and Jim had first spoken. And there she crouched, looking off to the southwest where a silver gleam of the great lake was visible between the trees. It grew darker, but she did not move; dew fell upon her shoulders, chilling her; the lake breeze penetrated her thin garments, but she replied only with a shiver. Her hands were clenched on her breast. "Help me! Help me!" she whispered, her soul crying to a Power outside herself.

III

THE moon lighted Jim Ashe to the spot where Tim Bennett and his company of lumberjacks waited. It must be confessed that Jim's thoughts on the way had more to do with Marie Ducharme than with the enterprise of the night. He thought of Michael Moran, too; hoped in a vague sort of way that the night might bring him face to face with Moran in not peaceful circumstances, for he was young enough to feel the need of settling scores in a physical manner.

Bennett and the men were awaiting him impatiently, though he arrived a full half hour before his time. They crowded about him, appraising him as a leader, for many of them had never seen him before. He satisfied them. Bennett had told them stories of Sudden Jim which they approved. The result was that they were willing, eager to follow wherever he might lead, careless of consequences to themselves.

"I worked for your dad," shouted a huge Irishman.

"Then you worked for a better man than I," said Jim.

"It's a proper son that admits the same," replied the man.

"Boys," said Jim, "we may have a tough job this night and we may have an easy one. We'll figure it at its toughest. You came without knowing why you were coming. I'll tell you. We're going to seize the Diversity Hardwood Company's logging railroad; we're going to take charge of the rolling stock. We're going to capture Camp One with all the logs we can get, and enough standing timber to cut what we need. There's a fair gang in Camp One, but mostly Poles and Hunkies and Italians."

"Lave us at 'em!" bellowed the big Irishman.

"Shut up and listen," said Jim sharply; and the Irishman grinned delightedly. That was the way to speak up to a man.

"The engine is in the roundhouse. Ten trucks stand on the siding near it. There are twenty more trucks at the landings by Camp One. Can anybody here run a locomotive?"

"Me," said a stocky Dane.

"There'll be nobody there but a watchman or so. Take ten men and make for town. Land on that roundhouse at eleven o'clock. Hitch onto the trucks and scoot for the woods with them. Pick your own men and start now. The rest of us hike across lots to Camp One. You didn't forget peavey handles, I see." Jim grinned down at them and leaped from his buggy.

The parties separated, one moving townwards, the other into the woods in the direction of the Diversity Company's cuttings. With the latter went Jim.

They marched through the moonlit woods gayly as to a merrymaking, but withal as silently as such men could march. They jostled one another, slyly tripped each other, found delight in holding down springy saplings so they would spring back to switch the ears of the man coming behind. It was a picnic of big boys—which would be no picnic when they stripped and got down to business.

For half an hour they stumbled along. An unexpected voice called from the obscurity ahead.

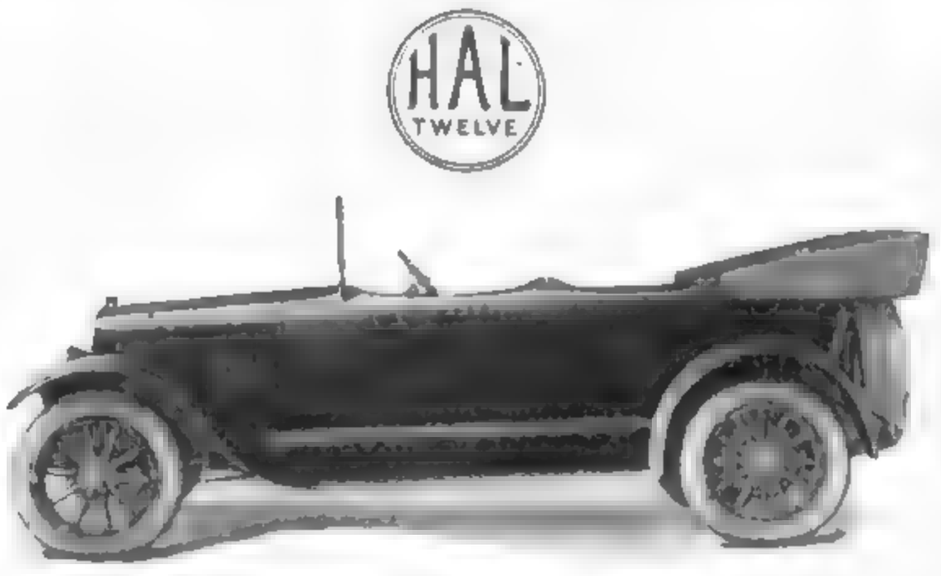
"Mr. Ashe."

"What is it?" Jim demanded. He knew here was none of his own men; wondered who else was abroad in the woods at that time of night. "Who is it?"

"Gilders," said the man, stepping into view. The rifle, which seemed as much a part of his usual costume as his floppy hat, was under his arm. He stopped, was surrounded by Jim's lumberjacks.

"What are you doing here at this time of night?" Jim demanded.

"I am here—many places—at what time of night is best," said Gilders. "Night or day—what's the difference?" He shrugged his shoulders. "I cut across from town to catch you. Moran's warned. He's got a dozen men at the roundhouse. They've telephoned the camps."



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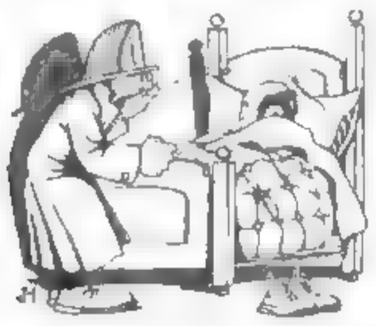
WHERE'S THE FIRE — FLASHES AND PUT OUTS — THE FIRE IS OUT



!!! WHEN a nasty blaze broke out one night in the kitchen of the Colonial Hotel, Knoxville, one of the guests would not get out of bed when notified. He knew the house was protected throughout with Grinnells.

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§ § §

¶ Mr. E. A. Cudahy, the packer, in this month's McClure's and Metropolitan advertising sections—"tells business men how he made four separate and distinct profits out of his Grinnell System."

FIFTEEN thousand Grinnell owners enjoy exemption from the usual high rates for fire insurance. They are $425,000,000 to the good because of this exemption. If you want to join the procession of men whose motto is "Little Fire danger, little Pay", write today for a Grinnell Information Blank. Address General Fire Extinguisher Co., 277 West Exchange Street, Providence, R. I.

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Moran warned! It seemed impossible. Who could have given warning? Jim named over mentally those who knew what was afoot. Zaanan Frame—he had not talked. Allen—he, too, was a safe man. Grierson—oxen could not have drawn a word from him. Marie Ducharme? She knew. Jim had seen Moran going to her but an hour before. Marie Ducharme. He would not believe she could be guilty of such a betrayal of confidence. It was not in her to commit such an act. Yet she had not seemed herself. Something had happened. She had been afraid. Jim closed his eyes, bit his under lip. No one else who knew could have given the warning. The opportunity had been hers. The logic of events bore against her.

Jim turned to Gilders.

"Can you lead me to town the way you came?"

"Yes."

"Tim Bennett, you're boss of the gang that goes to the camp. I'll take ten men away from you. You'll have thirty—it ought to be enough. You"—he pointed to a man—"come with me, and you and you and you." He selected his men. "On the jump," he said to Gilders, and at the heels of their guide they plunged headlong to reënforce the party that had gone before.

Jim held a match to his watch. It was fifteen minutes past ten. They had three-quarters of an hour to reach a point that could not be reached in less than an hour. When they arrived the battle for the roundhouse would have been on a quarter of an hour. If Moran's party were strong enough that quarter of an hour might spell defeat for the whole enterprise. If the first attacking party could hold out until Jim arrived ——

"Hustle," Jim said briefly, and saved his breath for the exertion before him.

The men went silently now, grimly. The smell of imminent battle was in their noses. Ahead of them were comrades facing uneven odds. It was not simply to fight that they hurried, but to succor their friends. Jim's legs, untrained to woods travel, cried out for rest, but his will compelled them on.

At last lights shone below them, the black tube of the Diversity Company's smokestack lifted into the star-shimmering sky—ten minutes would take them to it. They heard a sudden, distant shout, other shouts, a babel of sounds subdued by distance. The fight for the roundhouse was on. The attacking party had struck, had met surprising resistance.

"Run!" shouted Jim.

They ran, stumbling, falling headlong. Men's breath came pantingly; bruised shins were paid for in brief oaths. Each man sought to outdistance his fellows, to be first to add his weight to the tide of battle.

Down the last gully they charged, across the flat before the mills, over the tracks. Before them loomed the roundhouse, now bright with electric light. Before the big doors swayed and writhed a group of men. Other dark figures, two and two, quaintly intertwined, moved and struggled and smote like living silhouettes. Hoarse shouts arose; the thud of blows; the shuffling of feet came to Jim's ears. Then he was in the midst of it.

Even with the addition of Jim's reënforcements his party was outnumbered; but Moran's men, under the shock and surprise of the charge, gave way, but only for an instant. Inside, Jim saw the engine, steam up, a man in the cab. They were getting ready to bring it out. Why? he asked himself, even as the sight of it was shut out and he was hemmed in by fighting men.

It was Jim's first real fight. It came to him suddenly that he could fight, that he was worthy to stand side by side with these lumberjacks, to give blows where they gave blows, and he was glad.

Again he caught a brief glimpse of the interior of the roundhouse as a man before him went down under a blow from his fist. On the tender he saw Michael Moran—not fighting, but watching, directing. He saw a man break away from the mêlée and leap toward the engine, recognized Gilders. His teeth were bared, his hands empty. Jim struggled forward, shot another look, saw Moran, his face distorted with rage, raise a chunk of coal above his head and hurl it. Whether it found its mark or not Jim could not tell.

Jim's men were holding their own. Though outnumbered they were trained to battle of this sort, with inherited talent for it, against men not bred to fight with their hands. But Moran's men fought, and

(Continued on Page 68)

On The List

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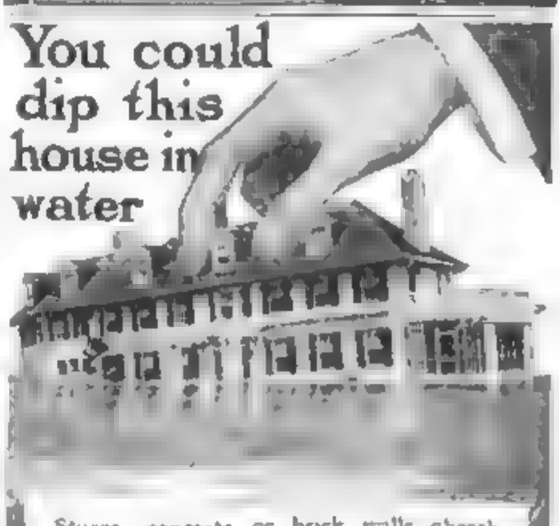

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Your neighbors could not tell which is the real voice of Mlle. Verlet

If Alice Verlet, of the Paris Opera, stood on your verandah, or near an open window, and sang in direct comparison with Edison's Re-Creation of her voice, your neighbors could not distinguish one from the other, nor could you, unless you watched Mlle. Verlet's lips.

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re-creates all forms of music so perfectly that the Re-Creation cannot be detected from the original.

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—*Albany Journal*, N. Y., October 9, 1915.

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—*Chicago American*, November 30, 1915.

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of the Paris Opera, famed Belgian Coloratura-Soprano, is but one of many great artists who have proved by direct comparison that Edison's new art re-creates all forms of music so exactly that the Re-Creation cannot be detected from the original.

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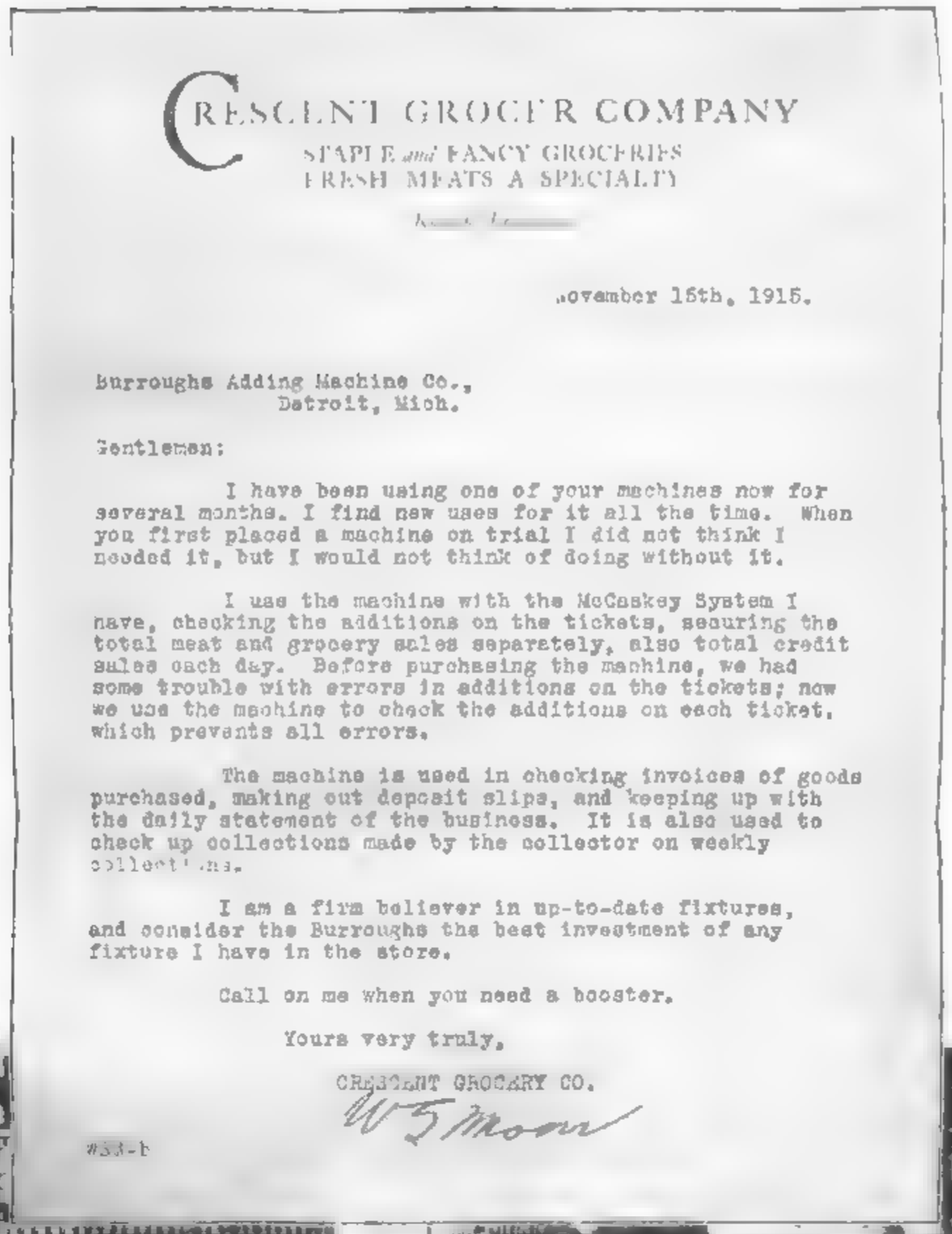
for the announcement of a merchant who is licensed by Mr. Edison to demonstrate and sell this new invention. Then go to his store and hear Edison's Re-Creation of the work of the world's great singers and instrumentalists. *A catalog and the name of a licensed merchant will be sent you upon request.*



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I use the machine with the McCaskey System I have, checking the additions on the tickets, securing the total meat and grocery sales separately, also total credit sales each day. Before purchasing the machine, we had some trouble with errors in additions on the tickets; now we use the machine to check the additions on each ticket, which prevents all errors.

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I am a firm believer in up-to-date fixtures, and consider the Burroughs the best investment of any fixture I have in the store.

Call on me when you need a booster.

Yours very truly,

CRESCENT GROCARY CO.
W S Moore

#33-b

He Thought He Didn't Need It

But He Changed His Mind

No Business is too Small for Accuracy

That letter of William S. Moore might be signed by any of thousands of Burroughs users.

For one of the first things the average retailer says is: "I don't need it" or "My business is too small."

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Addition is the bugbear of almost any business. It's the errors in adding that eat up profits through unseen losses—that make bookkeeping drudgery—that make real knowledge of your business impossible to get without too much time, expense and system.

But Moore has the simplest kind of bookkeeping. He gets accurate totals every day of cash sales and credit sales. He knows that he is not losing money by figure mistakes of clerks. He knows whether he's getting his turnover or not, whether his grocery or meat department is paying as it should, and how his collections are going.

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He doesn't even have a bookkeeper, because he can get those truth-telling totals so easily, quickly and accurately with his Burroughs Figuring Machine

When he says it is a good investment he is qualified to speak; for he uses the cash register, the computing scale, the credit register and a Burroughs—and yet he began business in a mighty small way.

Talk with our representative in your locality—your telephone book or your banker will supply the address—and have him show you how a Burroughs Figuring Machine can be made a profitable part of your business. Or write to the Burroughs Adding Machine Company, Detroit, New York, Atlanta, Kansas City or San Francisco.

FIGURING AND BOOKKEEPING MACHINES PREVENT COSTLY ERRORS-SAVE VALUABLE TIME

PRICED AS LOW AS $125

Burroughs

(Continued from Page 66)

fought well. Numbers made them even, if not superior.

It was apparent they had been told to guard the big door, for as best they could they remained solidly before it. They were not men to take the offensive on their own initiative, nor, Jim thought, would they assume it under orders unless the enemy were in actual retreat. It was a point to be taken advantage of. He wormed and wriggled out of the fight, marked the Dane who could drive an engine, and hauled him out struggling. At random the two of them separated two others from the confusion.

"The engine," Jim panted. "Side door. Come on!"

They scurried to a small door left unguarded, and plunged through. The engine was before them, Moran still on the tender. On the ground lay Gilders. Moran's missile had flown true. The Dane with his companions stormed the cab. In an instant they had hurled down the engineer, hurled him so ungently that he did not rise. Jim dodged a lump of coal which Moran hurled, and himself threw a peavey handle which he had picked up somewhere in the fight. It caught Moran amidships so that he crumpled up on the coal, the breath knocked from his overnourished, undertrained body. Jim scrambled to his side, lifted him and dumped him off with scant regard for how or where he fell.

"Toot the whistle!" he yelled. "Back her out."

The whistle screeched, and in that confined space its voice was the voice of many demons. The wheels began to turn.

"One man up here," Jim ordered, and when the man came he set an example by lifting his voice in battle cry, by hurling lumps of coal at the backs of the defenders.

They turned. Taken in the rear by a new enemy, menaced by a down-bearing locomotive, their morale departed, they scattered to each side, broke, some even turned in sudden flight. Jim's lumberjacks did the rest.

The locomotive moved out on a clear track, backed to the switch where stood the empty trucks. It was Jim who coupled them to the engine.

"We've done the job here," he said to the big Irishman who was his companion on the tender. "Collect the boys and load 'em on the trucks. We're off for the woods. Maybe Bennett's gang is chewing on more than it can swallow. Somebody see to Gilders inside there."

A few moments more saw the little army perched precariously on the trucks. They were bruised, bleeding, clothing was in tatters, eyes were draped in black, clearings appeared where once had grown strong white teeth. But they were jubilant, for victory had been theirs. They celebrated it noisily.

Slowly, with great rattling and jangling, with song and cheer, they moved away from the roundhouse, out of the yard and out upon the narrow-gauge track which led back into the woods. Five miles of uncomfortable travel lay between them and Camp One, but its discomforts were not detectable by them. They had won. It had been a fight worth while, and they had won. Another fight lay before them perhaps. They hoped so.

Perhaps Jim Ashe did not know it, but he had tied these men to him with bonds of admiration. From this day they were his friends, would work for him, fight for him. He had fought shoulder to shoulder with them. His quick thought had turned the day in their favor. He was a man who dared, a man who stood on his two feet and wielded fist or peavey handle like a man—he was one of them.

"What's the matter with Sudden Jim?" somebody yelled.

"He's all right," answered back a tumultuous shout, and Jim was more than pleased. He had been tendered an honor which he knew how to appreciate.

"Look out for Crab Creek Trestle," the Irishman said. "If Moran was on the job he'd jerk a rail and treat us to a drop into the marsh."

"Slack down at Crab Creek," Jim shouted to his engineer. He scrambled forward to the cab, and sat looking forward where the headlight peered ahead, illuminating the track.

"She's bane joost ahead," said the engineer.

In a moment the trestle came into view. As the light rested on it two black figures emerged from the underbrush to run out upon the structure where they stopped. The sound of sledge striking steel came back distinctly through the clear air.

Jim leaped from the engine, half a dozen men at his heels. Out upon the trestle they ran, all undesirable risks for an accident insurance company at the minute. The sledge continued to rise and fall, but when Jim was within fifty feet of the men they dropped their implements over the edge and ran. Jim stopped to appraise the damage. His men kept up the pursuit with success, for in a moment he heard a shout of glee and saw a man performing antics in the air as he descended into the marsh muck below.

Moran's men had been too slow. Another minute or so and a rail would have been loosened, but their few blows had not sufficed. The trestle was safe to pass.

"Four men stop here," Jim said, and motioned the train on.

Ten minutes more and they were at Camp One. There were noises of frolic, but none of battle.

"Get cheated out of your fight?" Jim asked Tim Bennett as the cant-dog man hurried up to the engine.

"Not what you could notice," grinned Tim, displaying a split lip and barked knuckles. "But they was Wops or somethin'. We chased 'em into the cook shanty, where they bide in fear and tremblin'."

"Is there enough moon to load those trucks?"

Tim looked at Jim and grinned broadly.

"There wouldn't be for anybody but you, Mr. Ashe, but these here boys 'ud work for you if it was so dark you couldn't feel a pin stick into you."

"Leave enough men to hold the gang in the cook shanty. Take the rest and load. How many trucks can that engine haul down?"

"Twenty, on a pinch."

"Pick as much maple as you can," said Jim. "You're boss."

Given landings, two score men who know how to use cant-hooks can handle an astonishing number of logs in an hour. Twenty trucks were not filled in sixty minutes, but the train was ready before dawn—twenty trucks carrying thirty-five thousand feet of hardwood logs.

"Now the cook shanty," said Jim. "We need it."

The crew rollicked to the log house which was cook shanty at one end, bunkhouse at the other. Jim parleyed.

"Come out and we'll let you go," he called.

Thoroughly frightened, the foreigners emerged.

"Hit for town," Jim told them. "Your job's gone. Start walking and keep it up we'll be behind you and it won't be healthy if we catch up."

Half an hour later Jim's crew were breakfasting on Moran's coffee and salt pork. It was a species of humor they could enjoy. The night, with its incidents, had furnished them a story to be told on many evenings in diverse places.

"Fifteen men on the train," Jim ordered. "The rest load the other ten trucks. We'll be back for 'em if Moran doesn't eat us somewhere along the road."

Jim rode back in the engine cab, tired, but filled with a notable satisfaction. He knew he had scored heavily, though his victory was by no means permanent. Altogether, perhaps, he was more pleased with himself than the state of affairs quite warranted. The engineer reminded him of this by asking what they were to do for coal when the supply in the tender was exhausted. Jim could give no reply.

However, he gave his reply after the train of logs had passed the Diversity Company's mills, passed them to an accompaniment of cheers and jeers from the men riding on the trucks. For Jim had seen two cars of coal standing on a siding.

"There's our coal," he said to the engineer. "We'll borrow it on the way back."

And borrow it they did, calmly, under the noses of the enemy.

One more trip to Camp One and return Jim made that day. Another thirty-odd thousand feet of timber was unloaded in his log yard. He left Tim Bennett in charge, directing him to handle logs as he had never handled them before, and himself went to his office.

Beam and Nelson followed him gleefully. But the surprise of the day was supplied by Grierson, who emerged from his bookkeeping lair, his eyes not free from a moisture the origin of which was open to suspicion, and grasped Jim's hand.

"I wish your father could have been here to see it," he said, and retreated hastily behind his barrier again.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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Direct factory branches and service agencies throughout the United States and Canada
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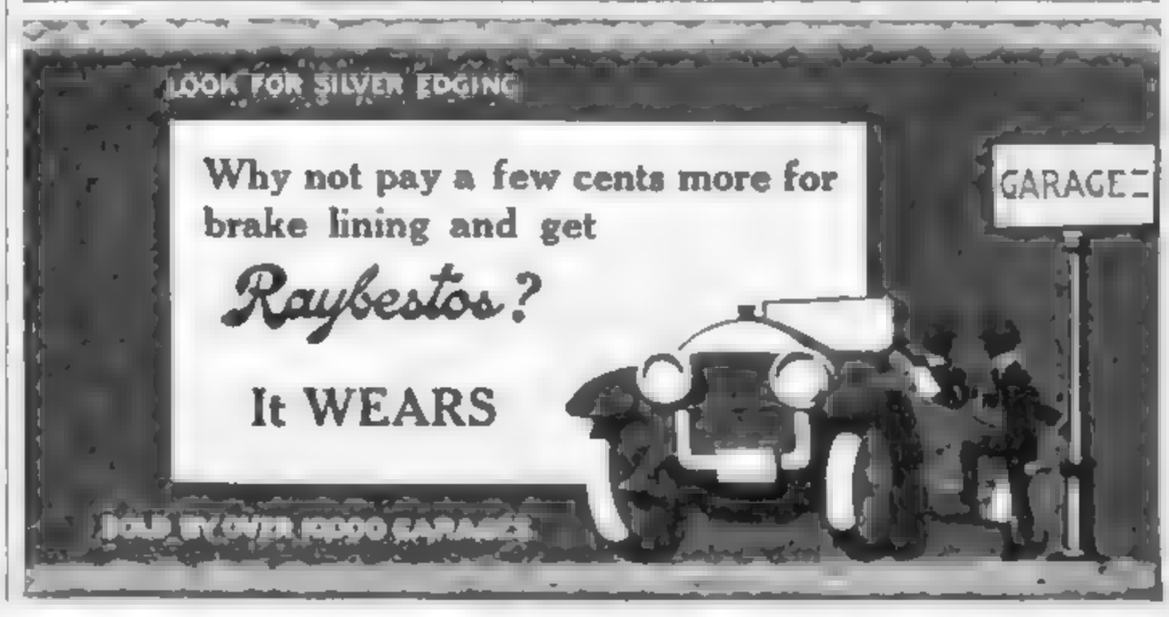
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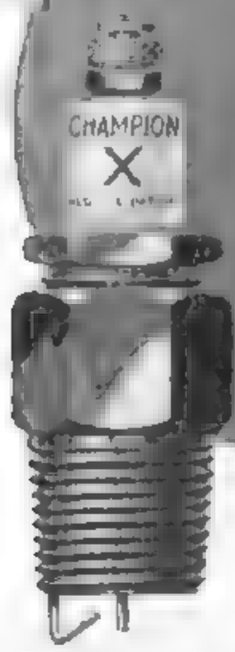

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Notify us immediately if you have any trouble getting Champions and we will see that you are supplied

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CASEY will eat out of your hand;

will carry you anywhere. Even with his hair long, as in the picture, see what a beauty he is. Could any boy want a better companion?

Casey is one of twelve Shetland ponies, with cart and made-to-order harness complete, *that we shall give away to twelve boys that sell our publications.*

Will you be one of the boys who are to receive these ponies? Would you like to own Casey?

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THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY, PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA

FLASHES FROM THE WAR ZONE

(Concluded from Page 13)

their thick fingers, rendered heavy and clumsy by much handling of shells and spades, transferring slowly and awkwardly the fresh moist stem in the right hand to the little sticky bunch in the left.

Along the avenue which bordered the lawn came a little boy, crying. He was a kind of French version of Little Lord Fauntleroy. He wore a pretty white sailor suit trimmed with blue, patent-leather shoes and gloves. One hand was screwed into his eye, and he wept incessantly.

The soldiers looked up from their violet picking with sympathy or amusement on their faces. The nearest among them wore a bandage which covered his head and a whole side of his face. He rose, as the boy approached, stepped over the lawn paling, and took him by the unoccupied hand

"What ails thee, my little one?" he asked

"I've got something in my eye!" wailed the boy.

"There, there, thou must be a brave little boy and grow up to be a soldier! See, I have something worse than that in my eye—and yet I do not cry!" And the soldier in the stained uniform and the bandaged face walked down the path hand in hand with the immaculate little boy. As they turned a corner of the path the little boy was already looking up into his face and laughing.

He was a sailor from South Dakota, which sounds paradoxical, but is the cold truth. That was not the only odd thing about this tall, Viking-looking person in the uniform of the Foreign Legion. He had, for example, the strangest accent I ever heard. For his father was a Swede. From him he got his straight, almost Greek, line of the nose and brow, his stature and his long, fine limbs, which seemed athletic and able even as he stood balanced on his crutches. His mother was Scotch, and from her he got his sandy complexion. So his father's native speech sounded in his "j's," with which he had trouble when he grew excited, and all Scotland burred in his "r's." But he had run away to sea at the conventional age of eleven, serving under a succession of Yankee and English masters, so that he had both a Yankee twang and a Cockney squeeze in his speech. Twice wounded, he was awaiting the issue of that torn and broken leg to see whether he was going to be "reformed" or sent back to the line. "I enlisted for experience," he said. "And, by gee, I got it!"

He told of his two great battles, of brushes in the trenches, of his funny chum from Texas who always kept him heartened up with jokes; but time after time he came back to his one great adventure in life and death; and always he peered into my face as though looking for some justification, some approval, of a deed quite outside of any moral standards which he had ever been taught—a deed which belonged to a region of new and special morals.

His regiment had attacked gloriously and successfully. He had gone in without rifle as a bomb thrower. The Germans had been driven out; his company was "consolidating" the broken, shell-torn, flesh-strewn ground, which had been a series of trenches before the French opened that terrible, concentrated artillery fire of theirs.

The Men in the Bombproof

"We came to a bombproof," he said; "it was all wrecked. I heard somebody talking or groaning, making a little bit of a noise. We sneaked up and listened. They were groaning in German. We looked in. I said in English: 'For God's sake.' The fellow nearest me turned his head and said: 'For God's sake, Kid, give me some water!' Just like that—plain United States. 'I ain't got no water for myself,' I said. 'Twas the truth. Charging is dry work. My canteen was empty, and my tongue was as dry as a bone. 'Where do you come from to be talking United States?' I said. 'From all over the States,' he said; 'lived there most of my life!' He didn't say it straight off like I'm saying it. He was groaning and grunting all the time—and weak. 'Then if you got no water,' he says, 'stick a bayonet into me, Kid. I'm suffering horrible and there ain't no chance for me. I'd do the same for you!'

"His legs—well, I couldn't fix my legs the way his was. All twisted like a corkscrew. But he kept talking about his back. I turned him over and looked. They—they hung out of his back like ropes. There were two others. One had his brains leaking—he was as good as dead a'ready. The other was rattling in his throat. 'Twould be hours before our *brancardiers* would come along with dope to ease up their last minutes.

"Then he raved and begged me.

"Well, I couldn't. I might 'a' shot him if I'd had a gun, but I couldn't stick him. I couldn't do anything to ease him. He was past first aid, and I hadn't any water.

"My mate was a Greek. I told him in French what was the matter.

"'There's some grenades back there,' he says.

"We went back and found the grenades—loaded our pockets. We sneaked up to the bombproof sudden, so he wouldn't know we were coming, and primed 'em and threw 'em all inside. After we'd got through there couldn't be anything alive in there——

"I'd 'a' thanked him to do it for me if I'd been in that fix. Wouldn't you?"

And his eyes again searched my face, for sympathy and justification.

This is a sample of thorough European police methods:

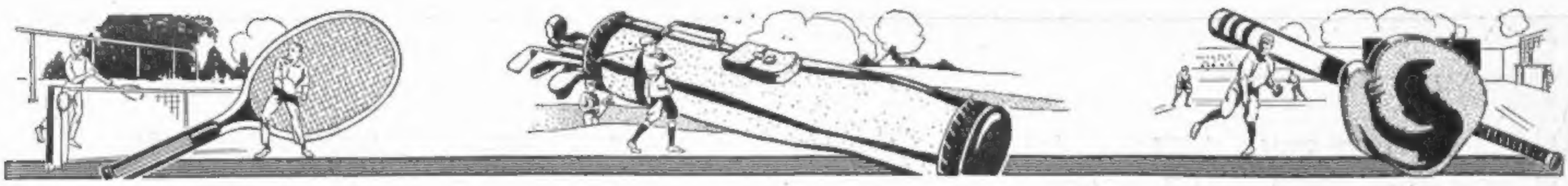
I had been traveling from five o'clock of one day until noon of the next day—from an Italian railroad terminus near the Swiss border to a city near the Adriatic. Three times I had changed cars. I had slept by snatches, with soldiers snoring all about me. When I myself settled down to sleep a member of the military police waked me to find what an alien with German-looking blond hair and spectacles was doing in the War Zone. I had started the trip pretty well worn out. By the time I crawled out at Mestre, the railroad junction just across the lagoon from Venice, for breakfast and the last change of cars, I was as stupid as though I had been drugged.

Nothing Lost in Italy

When at last I arrived at my destination my camera and field glasses were missing. I could not remember when I had seen them last, but running over the confused memories of the night I was sure that I had them when I got off the train at Mestre. I notified the station master at my destination. On my way back I investigated at Mestre. No one had seen anything of my lost property. I did not notify the military authorities, because I felt that they were too busy with the war to bother with the property of an alien civilian, there by courtesy and sufferance.

Two weeks later, in Paris, I received a letter, asking me if by any chance I had lost a camera and a pair of field glasses. I sent on a description of my property. In due time the camera and field glasses arrived, with a letter of explanation.

I had done exactly what I could have sworn I did not do. I had left them on the train from which I transferred at Mestre. That train went on to Venice. There the conductor turned my property over to the military police. Neither camera nor glasses bore any mark of ownership. However, the camera, of German make, had been bought in Fifth Avenue, New York, as the little metal brand of the dealer showed. There was a clew for the police—it belonged probably to an American or one who had lived in America. Still there are two hundred thousand Italian-Americans in the Italian Army. However, there was a roll of exposed films inside. The military police had them developed, revealing six views of a regimental staff on whom the Associated Press man and I had been billeted. We two Americans appeared in one of the prints. For this picture I had handed my camera over to an Italian sergeant. The Italian military police put two and two together. This was an American-bought camera. The two civilians in the picture looked like Americans. What kind of civilian Americans were likely to be in the zone of operations fraternizing with officers? Correspondents, most likely! Besides, correspondents usually have cameras. The military police sent the photographs to the censor. He identified us as two correspondents who had passed inspection a month or so before. The censor wrote to us both; and now my camera has come home again. "You see nothing is ever really lost in Italy!" said the letter of advice.



The Greatest of All Sports

Invigorating Fun That Can Now Be Enjoyed Right In Your Own Bath Tub

YOU bet. I'm an ardent believer in the doctrine that all indoor work and no outdoor play makes Jack a dull boy.

Many's the time I've played Hookey from business to squeeze in a little exercise.

I know all the fascination of chasing an elusive, self-willed golf ball from hole to hole—and all the tantalizing exasperation; for I'm no Travers or Ouimet.

I can get just as much fun out of a stiff tilt at tennis as McLaughlin or Williams—and just as much exercise; even if I haven't carried off any cups.

Also I know the exultation of lambasting a two-bagger with the bases full.

I'm strong for all outdoor games. They're all fine fun—and all do a man a world of good.

But when you come right down to it, the best part of any outdoor sport—to my way of thinking—is the *indoor* sport at the end.

Makes a Man Feel Fine

My notion of real sport—and I'll bet money, marbles or chalk that you'll agree with me—is the fun and exhilaration a man gets when he turns on the shower after his outdoor fun is finished.

That's the sport that puts Snap and Go into a man—that sends new Life and Energy racing all through you from your heels to your head.

Half the fun of working up a good perspiration at any game is in washing it off again under a refreshing makes-you-feel-fine shower.

And to my way of thinking, any man who likes the good things of life is simply cheating himself, and cheating his family, if he doesn't provide for enjoying this greatest of all indoor sports every day in the year—right in his own bath tub.

Bathe in Running Water

Maybe I'm a bug on it, but unless my philosophy is all wrong, a shower beats a plain tub bath on every count.

When you fill a tub, you finish in the same water you start with—finish in **dirty** water—water filled with impurities washed out of the pores. At least, that's the case unless you empty the tub and do the job over again.

But when you take a **shower** you stand up in **running** water—a constant **rinsing** process—every drop from the first to the last absolutely fresh and clean.

Then a shower is far **quicker**—no waiting for a tub to fill.

Keeps You at Your Best

Another thing: as any doctor will tell you, the stimulation of a daily shower is mighty good medicine for the whole system—one of the most effective aids ever discovered for keeping at your best, both mentally and physically, every day in the year.

Especially invigorating first thing in the morning. That's why out of bed and into a shower is getting to be the great American eye-opener.

Fits Any Tub—Easily Put Up

And here's Good News:—I'm going to tip you off to a brand new kind of shower—a real He-Man's shower that turns any bath tub into the equivalent of the finest all-enclosed built-in shower ever installed in any millionaire's mansion.

Does away with all need for a curtain—there's nothing to spoil your fun. **Works on a brand new principle**—a patented feature makes all the water **hug** the body and run down into the tub instead of spattering off—**all splash is eliminated.**

I'll vouch for that—for my wife is just as fussy about the bathroom as your wife probably is.

Like a Dip in the Ocean Surf

Another point that makes a hit with me—and also with my wife. It's a **needle** shower—shoots all the water **direct against the body** instead of first drenching the head.

And the extra zip and kick in the hard-hitting needle-sprayed streams seems to make either hot or cold water about twice as invigorating and refreshing.

A great thing this hot weather—every member of your family will simply revel in it; a cool-you-off shower two or three times a day is almost as good as spending the whole summer at the seashore.

Simplicity Cuts the Cost Down

In every way this new kind of shower is a revolutionary improvement.

Yet the cost complete—with four fine models to choose from—is only $6 to $25. All due to simplicity—to cutting out all costly complication—to eliminating the curtain and other parts heretofore necessary evils.

At Wide-Awake Stores Like These

This is only a partial list. Look for the stores showing a big colored picture—like that opposite—in their windows. Or send coupon for free book and name of dealer.

New York City
Liggett-Riker-Hegeman Co.
Gimbel Bros.
Stern Bros.

Brooklyn, N. Y.
Frederick Loeser & Co.

Philadelphia, Pa.
Gimbel Bros.
Strawbridge & Clothier
Liggett-Riker-Hegeman Co.
Lit Brothers
Berg Brothers

Boston, Mass.
Liggett-Riker-Hegeman Co.
R. H. White Co.

Utica, N. Y.
Robert Fraser

Buffalo, N. Y.
Walbridge & Co.
D. L. Hamil Co.
Weed & Co.

Rochester, N. Y.
The Hunting Co.

Hartford, Conn.
Brown-Thompson Co.
G. Fox & Co.

New Haven, Conn.
C. S. Mersick Co.

Washington, D. C.
O'Donnell's Drug Store
S. Kann Sons Co.

Memphis, Tenn.
J. Goldsmith & Sons Co.

Atlanta, Ga.
King Hdw. Co. (6 stores)

Newark, N. J.
L. Bamberger & Co.

Passaic, N. J.
J. Abbott & Son Co.

East Orange, N. J.
R. H. Muir Co.

Pittsburgh, Pa.
Weldon & Kelly

Erie, Pa.
Erie Dry Goods Co.
West Side Drug Emporium

Milwaukee, Wis.
Gimbel Bros.
P. H. Gross Hdw. Co.

St. Paul, Minn.
The Golden Rule
Schuneman & Evans

Minneapolis, Minn.
Voegeli Bros. Drug Co.

Duluth, Minn.
I. Freimuth Department Store

Seattle, Wash.
Frederick & Nelson
Ernst Hdw. Co.

Chicago, Ills.
Marshall Field & Co.
Mandel Brothers
Alexander H. Revell & Co.
Orr & Lockett

Fort Worth, Tex.
W. C. Stripling

Cleveland, O.
The Kinney & Levan Co.
William Taylor & Sons
The May Company

Cincinnati, O.
The John Schillito Co.
The Schaefer Rubber Co.
Mabley & Carew Co.

Toledo, O.
The Lion Store

Columbus, O.
The Z. L. White Co.
Wm. H. Conklin Co.

Dayton, O.
M. J. Gibbons
Riker-Kumler Co.

Detroit, Mich.
T. B. Rayl Co.
Schaefer Rubber Co.
J. L. Hudson Co.

Grand Rapids, Mich.
Foster-Stevens Co.

Indianapolis, Ind.
L. S. Ayres Co.

Evansville, Ind.
The H. E. Bacon Co.

Los Angeles, Calif.
Sun Drug Co.

Nogales, Ariz.
Roy & Titcomb

Denver, Colo.
A. T. Lewis & Son Dry Goods Co.
The Joslin Dry Goods Co.
Daniels & Fisher Stores Co.
The Strickland Drug Co.
The Geo. Mayer Hdw. Co.

New Orleans, La.
D. H. Holmes Co.

Kansas City, Mo.
Owl Drug Co.

St. Louis, Mo.
Famous & Barr
Scruggs-Van Dervoort & Barney
Hommett Gas Appliance Co.

Dubuque, Ia.
H. B. McCarten

Billings, Mont.
Hart-Albin Co.

Tacoma, Wash.
The People's Store
Wm. B. Coffee Plumbing Co.

Spokane, Wash.
The Crescent Store

Portland, Ore.
Woodward Clarke & Co.
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Or if your dealer hasn't stocked up, simply write to us. We'll fix you up by mail—**lend** you a shower for a 10-day see-for-yourself test right on your own bath tub.

In either case the trial won't cost you a single cent unless you are thoroughly satisfied, unless you want to keep the shower.

A Free Book That's Worth Real Money

Next to your bank book I'll wager you'll find the boiled-down, quickly-read book pictured here—"Keeping Well by Keeping Clean"—about as interesting as any you've ever had in your hands.

It's chock full of sound common sense about how to keep at your best, both summer and winter, simply by getting more invigoration out of soap and water.

Also tells all about all four models of the Kenney Needle Shower, why they don't splash out, how they never interfere with filling the tub, and how any model will be loaned to you for 10 days' see-for-yourself enjoyment without any obligation to keep it.

Don't let old Put-It-Off put one over on you—you'll be missing a trick if you pass this book up.

I know you're busy these prosperous times, but it will take you only a minute to tear out the coupon and start it on its way—or if any easier, simply slip the coupon in your pocket and let your stenographer do the hard work when you reach the office tomorrow. W. H. C.

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Please send along that book which "W. H. C." says is so good—"Keeping Well by Keeping Clean."

(Write name and address in margin.)

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Inch Sizes	Q. D. Straight Side	Q. D. Clincher	Red Inner Tubes
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32 x 4	24.90	$24.90	4.65
33	25.65	25.65	4.25
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35	34.75	34.75	5.90
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37	41.90	41.90	8.35
Also made in soft bead clincher size 31 x 4, price $22.25			

You will find that Michelin Universals cost only a little more than the cheapest tires, and from 26 to 30% less than other quality makes.

In addition to this advantage of moderate price, Michelin Universals have an extra, added, long-wearing tread, and extra rubber and fabric, each casing weighing from 12 to 15% more than the average.

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Remember—Sunkist oranges are a *fresh-picked fruit the year 'round*—as fresh and good in *summer* as in winter.

Both Sunkist oranges and lemons are sold by first class dealers everywhere.

Ask *your* dealer for Sunkist Valencia Oranges.

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Toasted Corn Flake Co.

DOWN to breakfast early these summer mornings for a big bowl of Kellogg's Toasted Corn Flakes with milk and ripe red berries. Nothing quite approaches the delicious flavor of these crispy golden flakes in combination with the fresh fruits of the season.

There are eight wonderful toasting ovens at Kellogg's. One is the biggest in the world: as high as a 5-story house, it cost $10,000.

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